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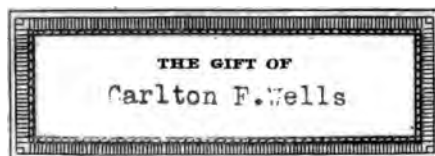
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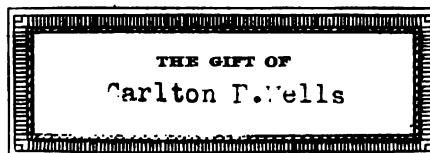
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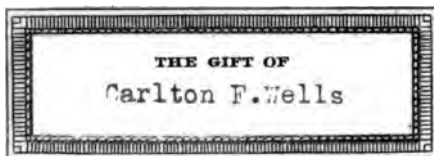
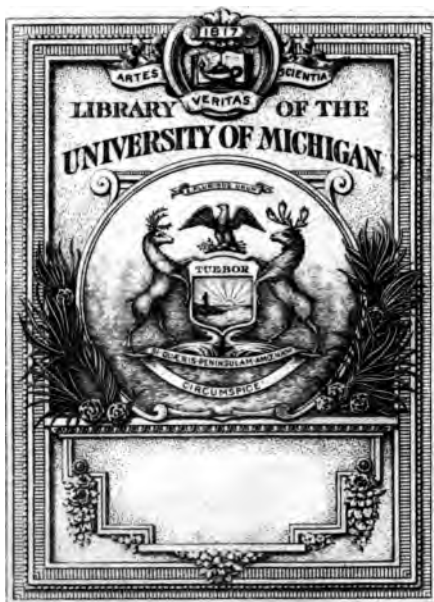
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**BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY
STUDIES**

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY STUDIES

BY
ALBERT H. CURRIER

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIFE OF CONSTANS L. GOODELL, D. D."

"THE PRESENT-DAY PROBLEM OF CRIME"

"NINE GREAT PREACHERS"



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By Albert H. Currier

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DEDICATION

**TO MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER,
WHOSE DAILY "GOOD MORNING" MAKES EACH DAY
GOOD, AND WHOSE PRESENCE IN MY HOME
IS TO ME A CONSTANT JOY, THIS
VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR**

Gift
Carlton F. Wells
5-8-48

PREFACE

CUSTOM has made it seem fitting, when an author publishes a book, that he should give in a "foreword" something like an apology for his action, lest he be charged with presumption for inviting public attention to his work. Has his book *une raison d'être*? That depends on the general interest and value of the topics presented and whether the author has shown intelligence and literary skill in his treatment of them.

St. Augustine rewards every new study of his life and character. A kind of fascination invests his name on account of his parentage, the striking incidents of his life, his interesting personality, his Christian virtues, his great genius, his enduring influence through his powerful writings. His writings moulded and confirmed the religious faith of Christendom through all the Dark Ages. Like the far-reaching flash-light of a steamer groping its way along a tortuous and perilous river, those writings illumined the darkness of the long mediæval night and gave spiritual assurance and stability to the Church of God in its defense of the Gospel of Christ.

John Knox, the Scottish reformer, the subject of the next and longest essay, inspires an interest that is quite dissimilar to that felt for St. Augustine. He was made of harder, rougher stuff, and his character was sterner, lacking, largely, in

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those amiable qualities of gentleness and tenderness that were noticeable traits in the North African Church Father. We do not discover that he had a mother like Monica, to shed upon his youth and early manhood the sanctifying influence of her constant prayers and affectionate solicitude for his spiritual welfare. He was great as a determined reformer of decadent Christianity rather than as a writer and profound thinker upon religious subjects. But as a reformer he displayed extraordinary qualities—courage, heroism, persistency of purpose and an unfaltering devotion to worthy ideals; and, because of what he was, and did, he is credited by the most eminent historians with the high honor of being the chief among the makers of Modern Scotland. The story of his life and achievements, when thoughtfully and candidly considered, is, in the main, excepting his religious intolerance—the fault of his age—healthful and stimulating to our souls.

In George Herbert, we have another type of character, saintly, Christ-like and lovable, spent with the people of a small English parish, three hundred years ago, on the eve of the Puritan Civil War, whose annals were “The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood,” “far from the madding crowd,” in the retiredness of which noble achievement seemed impossible; but, there, nevertheless, he lived a life, the story of which, as written by Walton, possesses an undecaying charm, because of the beauty of its Christian aims as glorified

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by Herbert's poetic genius and that of his biographer.

Thomas Fuller deservedly ranks among the great authors of English literature. He was a man of original genius and extraordinary affluence of mind, the quality of whose productions was superior. There is scarcely a dull page in all his writings, or one that does not offer to the reader striking and brilliant thoughts—both witty and wise—which linger long in the memory and are pleasant to recall. His style is as excellent as his thought for its clearness, precision and terseness. It is, indeed, hard to find in his books any obscure or turbid paragraphs. It is like the water of a sparkling mountain stream—pure, living, without the least suggestion of staleness.

But notwithstanding his great merit as an author, Fuller is but little read in our day. He has been placed by this unappreciative generation among the "*Worthies of England*," whom he endeavored to preserve from oblivion. The notion seems to prevail, even among intelligent people, that writers of his remote age, however gifted, have had their day, and that their works may be now relegated without loss to the shelves of old books that are seldom read, because obsolete, and on which the dust lies undisturbed because they are unopened. But this notion is a great mistake, fraught with much loss to those who make it. Those old writers of far-off days, like Bacon, Hooker, Bishop Hall, Shakespeare and Fuller, cannot become worthless. They con-

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tain inestimable and inexhaustible wealth. It may be, for a time, forgotten or overlooked on account of the attractive appeal of contemporary writers of inferior genius, but its value will be surely recalled and recognized. "A good book," as Milton says, "is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. We should be wary, therefore, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books." Such books are like inexhaustible placer gold mines to which men return again and again to search for the riches to be found in them.

So Fuller's writings after a period of neglect were found to be of great value in our Civil War. The American people then appreciated their worth as applicable to their need. Having suffered another period of neglect since then, it is time, we think, to call attention to them once more as of rare value, that his "Good Thoughts for Bad Times" may become again current coin in the land.

"Where is Charlie?" This essay records an afflictive experience of family life, but the author thinks it may fairly claim a place with the other biographical essays, as "a meditation on a little boy that died." It is likely to appeal to a much larger class of readers than anything else in the book; for the affliction described is common to most households and a similar shadow darkens the brightness of human life everywhere. The music of children's voices hushed in death, and

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the desolation of heart which follows—who does not know somewhat of these? or can be insensible to them? since they are closely related to the primal affections and universal experience of mankind. Such sorrows leave an indelible mark upon those afflicted. Time, through the influence of religion or philosophy, may heal the wounds they make, but the scars remain, and the ache of the wounds recurs occasionally. It is the part of wisdom to cultivate resignation to these afflictions and to soothe the bleeding heart, in the beginning and whenever its pain returns, with those spiritual remedies that human experience has found to be efficacious. Any one who gives us consolation by reminding us of them in our affliction or by telling us how they have been successfully tried under a similar affliction, is our benefactor. The benefit of such readers is the author's chief aim in presenting this essay. "If you have knowledge," says old Thomas Fuller, "let others light their candles by it."

"The Value and Uses of the Imagination in Preaching and Religious Literature" is a topic that needs no proof. Every one possessed of average intelligence is convinced of the truth of it and takes pleasure in examples of it. One might, therefore, as well propose to argue seriously in support of the beauty of the morning or sunset sky, which no one denies, as undertake to defend it.

"The Psychological Value of Self-Forgetfulness" is not quite so obvious, though nearly so,

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when recognized through illustrations of the mental disturbance caused by self-consciousness. "A mind at leisure from itself" is the condition of its best active or passive operation. Without this its force and powers of apprehension are more or less paralyzed.

The author is under special obligation for invaluable aid received in his "Biographical Studies" from "St. Augustine and His Age," by Joseph McCabe; from "Augustine, the Thinker," by George W. Osmun; and from "John Knox, His Ideas and Ideals," by James Stalker, D.D. The author wishes also to express a great debt of gratitude for "Saint Augustin," by Louis Bertrand, translated by Vincent O'Sullivan, and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It is characterized by the vivacity, insight and clear graphic style of a gifted Frenchman, combined with thoroughness of investigation and description of the important facts and events in the life of its illustrious subject. His comments upon these are just and sometimes striking: and he displays throughout his interesting narrative a fine historic imagination, that adds beauty and vividness to it.

The essay upon "The Value and Uses of the Imagination" appeared nearly in its present form in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* eight years ago. It is now republished with some alterations in this volume by permission of the publishers of that quarterly.

ALBERT H. CURRIER.

Oberlin, Ohio.

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ST. AUGUSTINE

Men are what their mothers made them.

—*R. W. Emerson.*

**The ornament of a house is the friends that frequent it.
The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.**

—*Robert Browning.*

ST. AUGUSTINE

A. D. 354-430

AUGUSTINE was born at Tagaste, near Carthage (about forty miles south of it), North Africa, November 13, A. D. 354, seven years after the birth of Chrysostom. No greater name is to be found in the history of the Christian Church, ancient or modern. "In him," says Dr. Schaff, "the whole Western Church of antiquity reached its highest spiritual vigor and bloom;" and he quotes with approval and entire assent the words of Dr. Bindemann—one of the best of Augustine's biographers:—"Augustine is one of the most extraordinary lights in the Church. In importance he takes rank behind no teacher who has labored in her since the days of the Apostles."

The parents of this extraordinary man were worthy of special mention. His father, Patricius, was a man of considerable social rank and influence,—a member of the City Council of Tagaste—a man of generous impulses and good feelings, but not a Christian until a short time before his death, and of a passionate temper and dissolute habits. His mother, Monica, was a most rare and excellent woman. Her name, whether derived from *monos*, unique—or from *monnos*, a jewel—did not belie her character. A more complete and lovely character is not to be found in

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the whole range of female biography. She had great gifts of mind and heart. She participated in the discussions of the highest and most abstruse themes, themes of philosophy and religion, with such wisdom and sagacity and strength of intellect that the men forgot her sex and thought that "some great man was in their circle." Her rare qualities of heart were shown in her conduct beneath the trials she endured from her husband and her wayward son. "To the violent passions of her husband," we are told, "she opposed an angelic meekness, and when the outburst was over she reproached him so tenderly that he was always ashamed. His conjugal infidelity she bore with patience and forgiving love. Her highest aim was to win him over to the Christian faith,—not so much by words as by a truly humble and Godly conduct and the conscientious performance of her wifely duties." "She travailed in spirit for her son," he says, "more than she had done in body when she bore him." For thirty years she prayed for his conversion, until after manifold cares and burning tears, in all of which she neither murmured against God nor lost hope, she had her prayers answered, forming a bright example and encouragement to mothers for all time.

Born of such a father and mother, Augustine possessed the traits of both. In the progress of his life and the development of his character, it seems as if there was a struggle between the two natures he inherited from them as to which should

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have the mastery. In his youth and early manhood the father's nature was the stronger and prevailed within him; but as he grew older the mother's nature waxed stronger and stronger through the assisting power of God until they rescued him from the powers of evil that had enthralled him, and led him to give himself wholly to the service of God.

In the brief biographical sketch I shall attempt to give of him I would keep and have my readers keep this thought in mind—how the superior qualities he inherited from his mother gradually overcame the inherited paternal qualities that were base; or sanctified and won over to the service of God and the Christian Church those that were good and noble. For some of the paternal qualities he inherited were certainly of the highest value. They contributed much to his greatness and power. His power as a preacher and his power as a writer, as revealed in his "Confessions" and "The City of God," were due largely to the passionate, flaming heart he derived from his father. As the lava of volcanoes, when cooled, oxygenized and mellowed by the atmosphere, forms an excellent soil for gardens and vineyards in which the grapes and the olives and delicious fruits of various kinds flourish to an extraordinary degree,—so these passionate, flaming hearts, when chastened and refined by religion, produce the rarest fruits of poetry and eloquence.

Augustine, early sent to school by his father,

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who was ambitious for his worldly advancement, did not at first show much promise. He was precocious only in the lessons of sin and mischief. He hated mathematics and the rudimentary studies of school, was very fond of play, in which he cheated and stole, and often was severely chastised by his teachers for neglecting his lessons. But after the stage of rudimentary instruction was accomplished he exhibited more fondness for study and made rapid advancement. The works of Virgil kindled his imagination, and those of Cicero awakened his enthusiasm for the study of oratory and philosophy, and he raised himself to such a grade of scholarship by his talents as to awaken in the minds of his parents the fondest hopes as to his future. His father designed him for the honorable calling of rhetorician, or teacher of forensic eloquence, and to this end his studies were bent. His father died when he was seventeen; his mother, though left with a meager estate, still adhered to the design of her husband in regard to Augustine. Fortunately a wealthy patron, Romanianus, was found to provide the needed funds, and for its better fulfillment she sent him to Carthage, the metropolis of Northern Africa, to complete his education.

Northern Africa in the fourth century of the Christian era was a far different land from what is found there now. It was called by Salvianus, a Christian writer of that time, "the Soul of the Empire." This, because of its agreeable climate tempered by the neighboring sea, its teeming

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population, fertility, wealth and ease of access from Italy. It was, in fact, the chief jewel among Rome's vast possessions. "The land," says McCabe, "fell in a series of broad plateaus, with steep ridges, down to the shore of the Mediterranean. Large and beautiful towns, frequently models of Rome in African marble, met the eye at intervals, connected by the famous imperishable Roman roads. The country was divided into immense estates which were chiefly in the hands of the Emperor or of Senatorial families." These great estates, tilled by slaves, or tenant farmers, and producing plenteous harvests of grain and other crops, constituted the granary of Rome, and yielded her great wealth and luxury. Its mild climate and fertile soil had attracted thither many Roman citizens of enterprise and rank who found it a delightful land to dwell in. They found that they lost but little and gained great material advantage by their removal from Italy. But many received harm also. "The Romans," says McCabe, "brought all their pleasures and their vices with them into the new colony; no exiled Roman citizen was allowed to settle in Africa, it was too Roman." Some of the towns reproduced the magnificence and civic attractions of the Imperial City. This was especially true of Carthage, the metropolis, when Augustine went there to complete his education. It came but little, if any, short in splendor and wealth of the ancient city destroyed by Scipio five hundred years before. Its double harbor was

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filled with merchant galleys of commerce, and the triremes of war. Magnificent temples in honor of Æsculapius, Saturn, Cybele, and Astarte, "the Celestial Virgin," whose worship was unspeakably corrupting, occupied the most prominent sites.

Its inhabitants were excessively fond of the games and sports of the amphitheatre, the circus and the theatre. But "the moral atmosphere into which Augustine was now introduced," says McCabe, "was wholly morbid and vicious," and he quotes Salvianus,—a priest of Marseilles, who wrote with a view to proving that "the barbarian invasions of Africa were a providential punishment for the vice of the Empire,"—as declaring that "Carthage was the cess-pool of Africa, and Africa the cess-pool of the world." How could this be, one may ask, when Roman Africa had long before this received the leaven of Christianity? Here the first Latin version of the Scriptures, the "Itala," originated, and Africa had produced long previously its illustrious martyrs, confessors, and eloquent apologists. "A century and a half before our date," observes Osmun, "Tertullian had hurled his defense of Christianity against the pagan." From Tertullian we learn that even so early the triumph of the Church had been far-reaching. "We leave you your temples only," he could exultingly say; and "the influence of Cyprian," the saintly and learned bishop of Carthage (who suffered martyrdom in the religious persecutions of Christians in the

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reign of Valerian one hundred years before this), still "hung as a halo over the city."

Two things had contributed to the decadence of the early vital Christianity of Carthage and the North African provinces: the Donatist schism, of which we shall speak further on, and the acceptance by Christians generally of the prevalent pagan standard of morality. "The growth of Christianity in the city of St. Cyprian," says McCabe, "had had but little influence on its life. The vehemence of Salvianus is directed equally against the Christians and the pagans, he says, without distinguishing pagans from Christians: you might as well say an African was not an African as to say that he was chaste."

The *acta* of the Councils of Carthage tell a sorry story. Though there were many nominal Christians, they were far from being models of purity and sobriety. They held that sins committed before baptism were of little account,— "a wooden notion of this sacred sacrament," says Osmun, "on account of which the Church made little effort to resist the postponement of it." "Probably Monica found some consolation," says McCabe, "in the current Christian phrase, 'He is not baptized yet,' when Augustine's sin of unchastity distressed her."

Briefly then, this is truly said of the moral condition of Carthage at the coming of Augustine to it in 370 A. D.: "It was then full of people; and yet more full of infamy." Such was the case

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all his lifetime. "The master passion of that time, with nominal Christians as well as pagans, was not their religion but the games and public spectacles." These were sufficient, on festal days, to deplete the Christian congregations of worship. Even Augustine, when at the height of his power as a preacher, had to experience the humiliation of preaching on such days to a small audience on account of the diversion of both men and women to the places of amusement. And so it came to pass that, "although Christianity had with imperial assistance conquered Africa, i. e., the Proconsular—or Carthaginian—*province* (Numidia was not annexed to the Empire until under Julius Cæsar, and Mauritanea, under Claudius), it had not conquered, but had been conquered by its vices," says McCabe, "when the Vandals arrived in 429. It was reserved for the chaste Vandals—that army of Puritans, as Mr. Hodgkin calls them ('Italy and her Invaders'), to remedy in a day the corruption that Christianity had failed to overcome. Genseric found Carthage in a condition of revolting disorder. The Vandal chief—let us not use the word 'Vandal' too lightly—strode in, sword in hand, and purified the long-sullied streets of Carthage." But not until nearly sixty years after Augustine arrived did the Metropolis of Africa experience this purification by Genseric. Then its "Nominal Christianity" covered a pagan way of thinking and doing, and he fell among vicious companions with great damage to his morals. At eighteen he took

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to himself a mistress and lived with her, unmarried, for a period of thirteen years, having a son by her, Adeodatus by name. This sin, though condemned by the Christian Church of that time, was common in the best heathen society and sanctioned by the Roman law. It did not diminish in the least his respectability in the eyes of the world and was connived at by the Church in young men not yet baptized. By reason of this common estimate of it in that age, he should not be thought of by us as an utter profligate on account of it. It did not imply the degradation and turpitude which would be indicated by the present standard of virtue. But it was black enough, and that he felt it to be a great sin is evident from the way he refers in his "Confessions" to the companion of his wickedness. "She walks veiled," says Schaff, "through the 'Confessions,' a memory without a name, and disappears with a sigh of repentance."

But there is evidence that he did not become utterly depraved. Years afterwards, Vincentius, an opponent in the Donatist controversy, who had been his school-mate in Carthage, admits in his polemic correspondence with him that in those early days he was considered "a quiet and respectable youth." Furthermore, "the fact that he was faithful to his mistress for fourteen years indicates unusual moderation. Such fidelity, even among married Christians, was then almost unknown in Africa," says McCabe. What restrained him? Unquestionably, the reading of

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Hortentius—a lost book of Cicero—written by the illustrious Roman orator as an exhortation to the study of philosophy. It cured him of the thirst for wealth, and “it spurred me on,” he says, “to love and seek and attain and embrace, not this or that sect, but wisdom itself, wherever it might lie.” His love of study and his natural susceptibility to high ideals saved him. “Chance put it into Augustine’s hands,” says Bertrand, whose interesting account of the circumstances under which Augustine read it and of its effect on him we quote. “He was about nineteen—still a student; the time had come for him to read and explain this philosophical dialogue. He took it as a student, because it figured in the schedule. He unrolled the book and began it with calm indifference. All of a sudden a great, unexpected light shone between the lines. He awoke from his drowsiness. Before him shone a marvellous vision.

“He has preserved for us some phrases of this dialogue. Especially does he admire one passage with its praise of wisdom: ‘If, as pretend the philosophers of old time, who are also the greatest and most illustrious, we have a soul immortal and divine, it behoves us to think that the more it has persevered in its way, that is to say, in reason, love and the pursuit of truth; and the less it has been intermingled and stained with human error and passion, the easier will it be for it to raise itself and soar again to the skies.’

“This ideal, impossible to pagan wisdom, Au-

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gustine was called to realize in the name of Christ. That had dawned upon him, all at once, while he was reading the *Hortentius*. And this ideal appeared to him so beautiful, so well worth the sacrifice of all he had hitherto loved, that nothing else counted for him any more. For wisdom he felt himself ready to give up the world. Augustine set himself to reflect: The ancient philosophers promised him wisdom: Christ also promised it. Was it not possible to reconcile these? And was not the Gospel ideal essentially more human than that of the pagan philosophers? Suppose he tried to submit to that, to bring the faith of his childhood into line with his ambitions as a young man of intellect? To be good after the manner of his mother, of his grand-parents, of all the humble Christian souls whose virtues he had been taught to respect, and at the same time to rival a Plato by the strength of thought,—what a dream! Was it possible? He tells us that the illusion was brief, and that he grew cool about the *Hortentius*, because he did not find the name of Christ in it. He deceives himself probably. At this time he was not so Christian.

“But what remains true is, that feeling the inadequateness of pagan philosophy, he returned for a moment toward Christianity. The Ciceronian dialogue gave him the idea of knocking at the door of the Church, and trying to find out if on that side a practicable road might not be found for him. This is why the reading of *Hortentius* is one of the great dates in Augustine’s life. He

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recognizes in it the first sign and a promise of his conversion: 'Thenceforth, My God, began my upward way, and my return to Thee!' His mind had been set in motion. Nevermore was he to know repose till he had found truth!" But "the *Hortentius*," says McCabe, "could not have lighted this flame in the mind of the youth, if he had been as corrupt in those unregenerate days as he himself and most of his ecclesiastical biographers pretend." "God had hung in the skies an ideal," says Osmun. It arrested his soul, but did not give him rest.

Besides this aberration from virtue, which distressed his mother, he fell into another error while there at Carthage, which still more troubled her. It was the error of embracing Manichæism—a specious heresy of that time, of which we should have no knowledge but for the writings of Augustine. It was a kind of pleasing mixture of heathenism and Christianity, very captivating to such as had felt to some extent the truth of Christianity, but were not yet ready to accept it in its purity and entireness. As a system it was all the more dangerous for the slight tincture of truth it contained. When Monica learned of her son's having become an ardent adherent of the system her mental distress was extreme. She mourned for him as a lost soul. She found comfort from two things—a dream and an assurance from a Christian bishop to whom she had resorted for advice. Her dream was that a shining youth appeared to her in her distress and told her that

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her son should stand just where she stood, which she interpreted as signifying that he would ultimately embrace her religious faith. The bishop, of whom she had sought advice, recommended that, instead of arguing with him, she should continue to pray for her son with the confidence that “gradually, of his own accord, through study and experience he would come to a right understanding,”—adding, “As sure as you live, it is not possible that a son of such tears should be lost,” an assurance which she treasured up as a prophetic voice from heaven.

It was nine years, however, before his mind was emancipated from the delusive doctrine that had taken it captive. It happened as the bishop had predicted:—“gradually, of his own accord, through study and experience he came to a right understanding” of the shallowness and falsity of those doctrines. It was the result of an expansion of mind. To this the influence of his mother’s teachings and early training contributed somewhat, as well as the voices of the Church and of the Spirit of God bearing witness to the truth. “In the midst of his furthest wanderings,” says Dr. Schaff, “he still heard the low, sad echo of his youthful religious impressions, was attended by the guardian genius of his praying mother, and felt in the depths of his spirit the pulse beat of that strong desire for God to which in the opening of his ‘Confessions’ he gives utterance in the words:—‘Thou, O God, hast created us for Thyself and our heart is without rest until it rests

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in Thee.' ” The great festivals of the Church,—Christmas and Easter and Whitsuntide,—as they recurred, greatly affected him. Seeing Christians flock to their churches on those occasions and comprehending their religious significance and the joyful hopes they inspired, it was hard for him to bear that he could not participate in their joy.

Bertrand well says of the feelings that agitated Augustine of that time: “The nostalgia of predestined souls took hold of him. He had an indistinct feeling that these human loves were unworthy of him, and that if he must have a master he was born to serve another master.”

With his longing to be in accord with the faith of his mother and of the Church in which he had grown up was the consciousness that the doctrines of the system he had embraced were losing their power to satisfy his heart. His searching intellect discovered flaws where at first he had seen only perfection, and doubts arose which the most skillful and eloquent defender of the system, Faustus, the famous Manichæan teacher, could not answer to his satisfaction. Augustine compared him to “a cup-bearer who gracefully presented to his thirsty lips a jewelled goblet with nothing in it.” Of his smooth and plausible discourses he says:—“They did not appear better because beautifully spoken, nor true because eloquent, nor spiritually wise because the look with which they were given was expressive. God has taught me in wonderful and

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hidden ways that a thing should not seem true because portrayed with eloquence." "Thus, this Faustus," says Dr. Lord, "was the very man who loosened the net which had ensnared Augustine for so many years."

When Augustine had finished his course of study in Carthage, he set up as a teacher of rhetoric and elocution, first in his native city of Tagaste, and next in Carthage. He had the qualities which win success, and drew to him many admiring pupils, some of whom became very close and intimate friends. One of the dearest of these fell sick and drew near to death. When nigh to death he abjured his faith in Manichæism, which he had embraced through the influence of Augustine, and was baptized a Christian. Augustine derided him for this, but he withstood Augustine with a courage and force of reply that amazed him. In the shadow of death, Manichæism gave this friend no comfort; the faith of Christianity alone could support him in that critical hour. His death filled Augustine with anguish. It completed his deliverance from the error that had held him; it also made him realize the frailty of friendship and other earthly joys and created a desire for such a relation to God as neither time nor death can destroy. "Blessed is he, O Lord," he exclaims, "who loves Thee; no one loses Thee, but he who forsakes Thee."

Agitated and restless through the mental disquietude that filled him on account of his religious uncertainty and the loss of his friend, he

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desired the relief offered by a change of scene. "My fatherland became a torment to me," he says; "gazing off over the sea," he longed to cross it and visit Rome. Ambition to find there a larger theatre for the display of his talents added intensity to his desire. He resolved to go, but concealed his purpose from his mother. She, however, with the keenness of maternal love, divined what was in his heart and desired either to prevent him from going, or to go with him. She watched his every movement. One evening he went down to the harbor to take a ship soon to sail for Italy. She followed and overtook him. He told her he wanted to see a friend that was on board the ship and urged her to turn back. As she would not return home without him, he persuaded her to go into a small chapel by the shore dedicated to St. Cyprian and there to wait for him, promising soon to rejoin her. Thus evading her he went on board the ship, which soon weighed anchor and set sail, while she spent the night in the chapel praying to God with distressful tears that He would interpose and stop her son from going away from her. He went, notwithstanding her prayer. "Thou, O God," says Augustine, "didst not do what she then prayed for, that Thou mightest do for me what she continually implored," i. e., God did not grant her prayer, because through the denial of it the purpose of it—his salvation—was fulfilled. Across the sea the effectual agencies for his conversion to Christ were to be found.

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When morning came and Monica found the ship had gone, she became resigned to what God had permitted as probably best, and returned to her home with a trustful heart to pray on and wait still longer for her son's conversion. Soon after his arrival in Rome a severe illness overtook him with wholesome spiritual effect. "Thou, O God," he says, "didst make the son of Thy handmaid whole in body, that he might become one on whom Thou couldst bestow a better restoration." A lucrative opening for the practice of his profession drew him after a few months to Milan.

Ambrose, its illustrious bishop, was at that time the great man of Milan. From all that we can learn of him he was one of the best and noblest of the princes of the Church. We have the testimony of the great Emperor, Theodosius himself, to Ambrose's greatness. After his humiliation by Ambrose, who excluded him from the basilica on account of his sin in ordering the massacre of the people of Thessalonica, returning to Constantinople he said:—"I have learned at Milan the insignificance of an Emperor in the Church. I know not any bishop save Ambrose who deserves the name."

What he had heard of the personal character of Ambrose and his renown as a preacher made Augustine desirous to hear him. His interest in his preaching, at first, was chiefly professional,—the interest of a teacher of rhetoric and elocution. "I often listened to his public discourses," he says, "not with a pure motive, but only to

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prove if his eloquence was equal to his fame. It was not my wish to learn what he said, but only to hear how he said it." God used his curiosity, however, as he often does with such sinners, as a cord to draw him to Himself. "Along with the words which I loved," says Augustine, "there stole also into my spirit the substance which I had no care for; while I opened my heart to receive the eloquence which he uttered, the truth also which he spake found entrance, though by slow degrees."

Time forbids that we should describe his progress step by step to the light. Besides the preaching and more private instruction of Ambrose, various agencies contributed to his advancement. His mother after a while came to him. He enrolled himself among the catechumens, or avowed pupils of Christianity. He read the Scriptures; he frequented the society of Christians. He yielded himself to the impulse of those gracious influences which drew him to God. Under the combined operation of these agencies and influences, after a long period of spiritual conflict and intense anguish in which he was made to feel bitterly the bondage of sin and his subjection to it,—from which, he says, "Thou, my God, alone knowest what I suffered,"—he was at length emancipated in his thirty-third year under circumstances most interesting and impressive.

One day, sitting in his garden, under a fig tree, in great anguish of soul, he suddenly threw himself down on the ground and cried:—"O Lord,

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how long yet wilt Thou be angry? Remember not the sins of my youth! How long? how long? Tomorrow, and again tomorrow? Why not today? Why not now? Why not in this hour put an end to my shame?" As he thus supplicated and wrestled with God he heard, as though from heaven, a sweet voice saying, "*Tolle, lege; tolle, lege;*" "Take up and read." He received it as a divine direction to open the Scriptures which he had lately been reading with his friend Alypius, and which lay near by, and to read whatever might be offered to his eye. He did so, and the place to which he opened, and on which his eye fell, was Romans XIII., 13-14:—"Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in revelling and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and jealousy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." He read no further. He had read enough. Here his sin and his duty were clearly declared as by the voice of God. So he received it, and in humble penitence obeyed it, and instantly peace and conscious deliverance came into his soul. The unintelligible "Word" was changed by his obedience into a personal, living Christ, who now came to him to rule his life with divine love and sympathy.

The conversion of Augustine is one of those mysteries of Christianity which neither worldly wisdom nor science can explain. It stands as a conspicuous waymark in the history of Christianity, illustrative of the saying of the apostle

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Paul—"The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation." We do not venture any other explanation. "What appears as certain," says Bertrand, "is that those terrible passions, which turned his youth upside down, never more play any part in his life. From the moment he fell on his knees under the fig tree at Milan, his sinful heart is a dead heart. He has been freed from almost all the wickednesses of his old nature, not only from its vices and carnal affections, but from its most pardonable lapses. What is seen at once is an entirely pure heart fired only by the divine love."

Unnumbered souls have found peace and deliverance in a similar way, through some text of the Scriptures.

Thus the Bible has been shown to be the Word of God with a message of light to those sitting in the darkness of bondage to sin. What a treasure to have! what a privilege to expound and enforce its teaching in the work of the Gospel ministry!

Tarrying in Milan and its vicinity a little while longer until he should receive baptism at the hand of Ambrose, he purposed then to return with his mother to their home in North Africa. While thus waiting, he was invited by a friend, Verecundus, who owned a country house near Milan at Cassiciacum, the modern Casciago, to make use of it as a retreat, where he might find rest of body and composure of mind. Far from the excitement and noise of the world, it was like a paradise in its seclusion and lovely scenery, in-

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cluding within the horizon Monte Rosa, and glimpses of the Italian lakes to the north.

Dr. Alexander Whyte suggests, that Augustine, like Saul of Tarsus after finding Christ and retiring to "the silences of Arabia," "needed this autumn and winter of isolation, in order to work over his thinking and get adjusted to his vision." He needed to get rid of "the false and vulgar conceptions of God," which he had received from Manichæism, and which still clung to him; and to obtain a clearer apprehension of spiritual things. "He longed," as Osmun says, "to be as sure of spiritual things as he was that seven and three are ten." He had found it difficult to "hold fast to the elusive idea of an unseen realm. He could not free his mind from the flux of phenomena, the mysterious and harassing play of the transient. Back to his mind, again and again, swept the crude and disgusting notions which for so many years he had harbored there. 'God changeable!'—'God the object of the successful onslaught of evil!'—this especially perplexed him. Plainly, it made God a weakling, or a monster. For, if the vast wrong was not here because of a divine debility, how else was one to account for it, except as existing by divine direction?"

Who does not know something of these perplexing, harassing thoughts? No thoughtful mind is free from them. Soon or late, we have to wrestle with them. They come to us in the sorrows of bereavement, or of public or private

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calamity, if not when the sunshine of life is unclouded and we meditate upon the facts of human life with troubled thoughts.

Augustine took with him to his retreat, to share its benefits, his mother, his only brother, Navigius, his son, Adeodatus, his pupil and life-long associate, Alypius, and the sons of his patron Romanianus, to whom he gave instruction, and other pupils. Through a period of tranquillity and leisurely meditation, it was not spent in idleness. They read together the works of Cicero and Neoplatonists; they discussed the books read, Augustine being the leading spirit, "putting his superior strength beneath them to bear them up, or to direct them in their flight, like an eagle teaching his eaglets to fly." In fair weather they talked together beneath a shady tree in a meadow near by; and, when driven indoors by inclement weather, they carried their discussions into the spacious bath-house which contained, besides the baths, commodious rooms for recreation and quiet. Those discussions started trains of thought and interesting topics, which Augustine wrought, through the thinking of his meditative mind quick to receive and elaborate new ideas from little incidents, into valuable treatises.

This interesting example is given us by Osmun in "Augustine, the Thinker": "It was his habit, after evening prayers, to surrender himself to deep and long-continued meditations. One night, as he lay philosophizing thus, his attention was attracted by the gurgling of the stream which ran

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behind the baths near the house. As he listened to the soft, irregular murmur, his mind sought the cause of the irregularity, and from that passed to pondering on order and the lack of order in the universe,—trying to establish the truth of a uniform reign of law. Several days were given to the elucidation of the question of a mysterious divine stream of influence running through all things. Such was the origin of the book ‘On Order,’ a treatise with leanings toward the Christian thought of Providence.” Another treatise, entitled “Soliloquies,” upon the conception of God, and one upon “The Immortality of the Soul” were notable products of his mind at this time.

In the spring, the pleasant household closed their studies at their retreat and returned to Milan to prepare for their admission to the Christian Church by baptism. Instruction in the essentials of Christian faith, and an examination in what was called the “Scrutinies” were required. By Easter the candidates were ready, and on April 4th, A.D. 387, Augustine, with his son Adeodatus and Alypius, were admitted to the Church by the rite of baptism administered by Ambrose. Soon after this event he proceeded to fulfill his purpose of going back with his mother and son to Africa.

His mother,—the desire of her heart accomplished in the conversion of her son,—as if she had nothing more to live for, died at Ostia on the way. Her last words to him were, “Lay this body

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anywhere; let not the care of it in any way distress you; this only I ask, that wherever you be, you remember me at the altar of the Lord,"—a charge that indicates that the practice of praying for the souls of the dead and belief in its efficacy had then become established to some extent in the Church. To the question, whether it did not distress her to think of being buried so far from her fatherland, she replied, "Nothing is far from God, and there is no fear that He will not know at the end of time where to find and raise me up."

After his return to Africa he went with a chosen company of friends into a kind of retreat for religious seclusion and study, at a country seat inherited from his father, near Tagaste. To him and his friends this retreat was something like a monastery, a place of retirement from the world, where they might pursue unhindered those studies and spiritual exercises that were thought to be helpful to growth in piety. The experience of this time probably furnished the germ of the monastic order which afterwards received Augustine's name. Martin Luther belonged to it.

Soon Augustine acquired in that region a reputation for sanctity and wisdom in the knowledge of God's Word. Such a reputation marked him out for high office in the Church. He shrank from it; but he could not evade it, though he tried. "So exceedingly did I dread the episcopate," he says, "that I would not go to any place

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where I knew there was no bishop." An errand of public duty called him to Hippo. "I came," he says, "as being safe,—the place having a bishop." While there he attended a public service conducted by the bishop. In the course of the service, the bishop told the congregation that they needed a priest to act as his associate in the office. The people, knowing of his presence, called out for Augustine, and he was forced, with tears and reluctantly, to consent to be ordained to the priesthood. He was ordained priest and entered on his duties as associate bishop at Easter A.D. 392 in his thirty-eighth year, and at the death of Valerius, three years later, he became his successor in the episcopate, which he held for the rest of his life, a period of thirty-six years.

His religious life was marked from the first by great zeal and earnestness. In labors abundant for the extension of Christ's kingdom he put forth extraordinary efforts as a preacher and author. He deplored his conversion to God so late in life. "I have loved Thee late," he said. "He now acted," says Cardinal Newman, "like a man whose slowness to begin a course was a pledge of zeal when he had once begun it."

In the time covered by his bishopric, Augustine gave himself to three lines of effort in the service of the Church, in each of which he achieved extraordinary distinction. They were:—(1) The work of the ministry involved in the duties of his episcopal office; (2) the work of training suitable men for the priesthood and the Chris-

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tian ministry; and (3) the work of his prolific mind in authorship.

Considering the amount and the quality of the multifarious work thus done, it was amazing. His bishopric at Hippo was one of the smallest in North Africa, but in power, weight of character, and influence he was the primate of the whole country, the central sun around whom all the other bishops—some of them his superiors in ecclesiastical dignity—revolved. Unlike some of the bishops of the Catholic Church in later centuries, he was unwearied as a preacher of the Gospel. In this respect he was the model and inspiring leader of the clergy of his diocese. He never forgot his slavery in youth to sin and the manner of his redemption from its power; he was thus ready eloquently to warn men of its seductive dangers, and to bear witness to the grace and power of God in delivering men from it. When out of the fulness of his grateful heart he thus spoke in proclaiming the truth of the Gospel, his face, his voice, his whole person evinced emotion. He felt that he had a wonderful message to declare, and that language was inadequate to express in a suitable manner the thoughts and feelings of his soul.

His qualifications for preaching, natural and acquired, were of the highest order. He was a powerful reasoner, and with his great reasoning powers he united a poet's imagination. "Of all the Fathers of the Latin Church," says Villemain, "St. Augustine manifested the most imag-

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ination in theology, the most eloquence and even sensibility in scholasticism."

This power of imagination irradiated with attractive interest and splendor the different subjects of his study. He is a good example of the truth emphasized in the sixth Essay of this volume as to the value and various uses of it to the preacher and religious writer.

His imagination was united with an orator's passion and fluency. These qualities are apparent in some of his writings. They remind one of the description of Fox's eloquence, as "Logic on fire." There are numerous passages in "The City of God," which for combined strength and beauty and passion are like precious fabrics enwrought with flashing jewels. One cannot read them without having his heart kindled to a sympathetic blaze, and we can easily believe that if such fire dwells in them now, 1500 years after they were written, marvelous, indeed, was the living flame of eloquence that glowed in his public speech.

He possessed to a rare degree the art of coining felicitous and memorable phrases. We have evidence of this, also, in his writings; in such examples as these:—"To serve God is true liberty." "No misfortune can break him whom no fortune corrupts." "Truth only is victorious [in controversy] and the victory of truth is love." "Faith precedes knowledge." "Distinguish times and the Scriptures will agree." "The New Testament is concealed in the Old; the Old Testa-

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ment is revealed in the New." "Thou madest us for Thyself, O God, and our heart is restless until it repose in Thee."

"Up to his last breath," says Bertrand, "he continued to love rhetoric. He handled words like a worker in verbals who is aware of their price and knows all their resources. If, after his conversion, he condemns profane literature as a poisoner of souls he absolves the beauty of language: 'I accuse not words. Words are choice and precious vessels. I accuse the wine of error that drunken doctors pour out for one into these fair goblets.'" (See *St. Augustin* by Louis Bertrand, D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1914.)

Such power of apt expression, whereby the profoundest and most weighty truths are embodied in striking phrases that live in the memories of men, to be often quoted, is the prerogative of the highest genius. It is characteristic of the greatest orators and preachers. Wendell Phillips had it, and Lincoln, Garfield and Beecher. Uttered with the glow of passion their words produce delight, enthusiasm, or conviction, according to their tenor.

Like Chrysostom, Augustine was master from long study and practice of the arts of elocution and rhetoric; like him, also, he had an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures, and a deep, real experience of their truths. His mind was saturated with them, and such was his spiritual insight into their meaning that he brings forth

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from them great treasures of hope and inspiration. We have not, as in the case of Chrysostom, many full and detailed descriptions of Augustine's eloquence, nor many striking instances mentioned. One impressive example of its power, however, has been preserved for us:

The people of Cæsarea, in Mauritania, had been long rent by a fierce and deadly feud, in which neighbors, fathers and even sons and brothers were divided into warring factions, and armed with stones and clubs fought one another annually, sometimes for days together and with fatal results. Such feuds handed down through generations and growing in bitterness and animosity are hard to cure, as the examples we have read about found in the Highland Counties of West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and in Ireland, prove. ✓

Augustine, grieved at the folly and wickedness of that one in Cæsarea, in which many Christians were involved, resolved if possible to bring it to an end. "I strove with all the vehemence of speech I could command," he says, "to root out and drive out from their hearts and lives an evil so cruel and inveterate." His eloquence elicited from them applause, and then subdued them to tears, responsive to his own. Accepting the tears as a sign that he had prevailed, and that the evil was overthrown, he called upon them to give praise and thanks to God for the result. The feud was effectually healed, never again to break out into those fierce and relentless animosities, by

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which the community had been torn and rent asunder.

In his preaching he set before himself, he says, "as the supreme aim of religious oratory to preach his hearers, of every class, and himself with them, into Christ, so that all might live with Him and He with all."

In his office of bishop he was the spiritual shepherd and father of his people and signalized his episcopal fidelity by his unselfish devotion to their welfare. He was the guardian of orphans, the protector of the rights of widows and their defender from oppression. "To them," as Dr. John Lord says, "he was alike saint, oracle, prelate and preacher. His person was accessible. He interested himself in everybody's troubles, and visited the forlorn and miserable. He was indefatigable in reclaiming those who had strayed, or were straying, from the fold. He won every heart by charity, and captivated every mind with his eloquence." It might have been said of him as was said of George Herbert's parish priest:—"He holds the rule, that *nothing is little in God's service; if it once have the honor of that name, it grows great instantly*. Wherefore neither disdaineth he to enter into the poorest cottage, though he even creep into it, and though it smell never so loathsomely; for both God is there also, and those for whom God died."

Of the extent of his episcopal influence, Dr. Lord says:—"As bishop he won universal admiration." Fellow bishops found him insistent

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upon "a square deal." Injustice aroused his indignation. Councils could do nothing without his presence. His voice in them carried great weight; his opinion everywhere counted. Emperors condescended to sue for his advice. He wrote letters to all parts of Christendom, so that Hippo—a little African town—was no longer "least among the cities of Judah," since her prelate was consulted from the extremities of the earth, and his influence went forth throughout the crumbling Empire, to heal division and establish the faith of the wavering—a Father of the Church Universal.

With his commanding genius he united great amiability, nobility of mind, generosity and personal charm. He would not tolerate evil speaking of the absent at his table. His friendship was an inestimable treasure to those who possessed it, and he was not sparing or exclusive in giving it. He was affable, courteous, full of sympathy and kindness. Once a friend, he always remained a friend, constant in his attachment and binding the love of others to himself as with hooks of steel. Take, for example, the mutual friendship of Augustine and Alypius. "Alypius was born in the same town with me," says Augustine, "of persons of chief rank there, but he was younger than I. He studied under me, both when I first lectured in our town, and afterwards at Carthage, and he loved me much, because I seemed to him kind and learned; and I loved him for his great towardliness to virtue, which was eminent in one

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of no greater years." The attachment thus early formed between them was lifelong in its duration. Alypius was called his "little slave" on account of his devotion to Augustine; he was rather like a younger brother to him, and shared in all his more notable religious experiences. They studied the New Testament together in the garden in Milan, where Augustine heard the mysterious angelic voice saying, "Take up and read," which wrought the great transformation in his character. It was the Bible of Alypius which then gave Augustine the saving text. Alypius was baptized with him and his son Adeodatus by Ambrose, was one of the group which gathered for Bible study and religious observances in the retreat on his ancestral estate in North Africa, held the bishopric at Tagaste near that of Augustine's in Hippo, toiled thus as a fellow-laborer with him in the work of the ministry, meeting one another from time to time with mutual delight in the various Conferences and Provincial Councils which were held by the bishops of that country, and, finally, holding each other in a fond embrace when Augustine was dying. Such a friend is man's best treasure. "'Tis a gracious possession forever."

AUGUSTINE'S SERVICE TO THE CHURCH IN TRAINING SUITABLE MEN FOR THE PRIESTHOOD

In his zeal for the extension of Christianity Augustine established a sort of private Theological Seminary within his diocese, which educated

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and sent forth to the work ten bishops and many inferior clergy. Of this seminary he was the president and the whole faculty. How well and ably he instructed his students in Homiletics, we can judge from a remarkable treatise on "Christian Doctrine," which he prepared for their instruction, which, Dr. John Ker says, "is really the first Manual for Preachers that was written in the Christian Church and the high tide mark of Homiletics for many a day."

The work consists of four books, or chapters; the first three relate to the substance of Scripture teaching and the method of ascertaining it; the fourth tells of the most effective way of communicating it.

The following quotations will give some hint, perhaps, of the contents of the work and of its value as a manual of instruction.

Of the substance of Scripture teaching:—"Scripture asserts the things to be believed in regard to things past, present and future; it is a narrative of the most important facts in the past, a description of the present, a prophecy of the future. All these tend to nourish and strengthen charity and to overcome and root out lust. Scripture enjoins nothing except charity, and condemns nothing except lust, and in that way rightly fashions the lives of men."

Much of Scripture is biographical; its teaching is through examples and object lessons. Of the impression which the record it gives of the sins of great and good men should make, he says,

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“When one reads of the sins of great men (like Moses, Saul, David and Peter), let him put the fact of their sin to this use,—learn from it not to dare to vaunt himself in his own good deeds and to despise others as sinners, when he sees in the case of men so eminent the storms that are to be avoided and the shipwrecks that are to be wept over.”

Of the value of homiletic, or rhetorical, studies as an ally of truth he says, “Who will dare to say, that those who are trying to persuade men of what is false, are to know how to introduce their subject so as to put the hearer into a friendly, or attentive, or teachable frame of mind, while the defender of truth shall be ignorant of that art? that the former are to tell their falsehood briefly, clearly, pleasantly; while the latter shall tell the truth in such a way that it is tedious to listen to, hard to understand, and not easy to believe? that the former, while imbuing the minds of their hearers with erroneous opinions, are by their power of speech to awe, to melt, to enliven and to rouse them, while the latter shall, in defense of the truth, be sluggish, frigid and somnolent? Who is such a fool as to think this wisdom? Since, then, the faculty of eloquence is available to both sides, and is of very great service in the enforcing either of wrong or right, why should not good men study to engage it on the side of truth?”

“Eloquent speakers are heard with pleasure and profit. The latter is most desirable. What

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is better than wholesome sweetness, or sweet wholesomeness?"

"There is a kind of eloquence that is becoming in men who justly claim the highest authority,—that of persons charged with God's message. With this eloquence the sacred writers speak. I am struck with admiration at the way in which, by an eloquence peculiarly their own, they so use this eloquence that it is not conspicuous by its presence; for it did not become them to make an ostentatious display of it. In those passages where the learned note its presence, the matters spoken of are such that the words in which they are put seem not so much to be sought out by the speaker, as spontaneously to present themselves;—as if wisdom were walking out of its house—the breast of the wise man—and eloquence like an inseparable attendant followed it without being called for."

Augustine recommends to the preacher to pray for divine help in the preparation of his sermon. "If Queen Esther," he says, "prayed when she was about to speak to the King touching the temporal welfare of her race that God would put fit words into her mouth, how much more ought he to pray for the same blessing who labors in word and doctrine for the eternal welfare of men?"

This interesting treatise ends with these words:—"I have in these four books striven to depict, not the sort of man I am myself (for my defects are many), but the sort of man he ought to be

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who desires to labor as a preacher of Christian doctrine."

We think, notwithstanding this modest disclaimer, that he was a good model for his students; and his undertaking to train up a ministry needed to evangelize the whole country of North Africa indicates his ardent zeal for the work.

AUGUSTINE'S REMARKABLE WORK AS AN AUTHOR OF RELIGIOUS BOOKS

His mind was exceedingly fertile in thought; a suggestion only was necessary to excite its prolific powers to action and enable it to produce copious results. His writings numbered more than a thousand distinct productions; a large library in themselves; they were not only numerous, but of the highest excellence, and, except the controversial ones, of enduring value, so that they have been the delight of the greatest minds through the ages since down to modern times. His fame, the shadow of a great mind, has lain across the centuries of a millennium and a half. "His various works," says Dr. John Lord, "were the food of the Middle Ages. He lived in the writings of the sainted Doctors of the Scholastic Schools. He furnished a thesaurus, not merely to Bernard and Thomas Aquinas but even to Calvin and Liebnitz, Bossuet and Pascal." His "City of God" powerfully influenced the mind of Erasmus and Gladstone. His "Confessions," from its extraordinary affluence of thought and its fervid kindling style, is still numbered among those few

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books of Christian devotion that are read and cherished as a means of grace by saintly souls. Longfellow, as is well known, finds in his words the text for one of his familiar and most stimulating poems, entitled "The Ladder of Saint Augustine":—

"Saint Augustine, well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame," etc.

He was given much to deep and prolonged meditation upon religious themes. There is scarcely a theological question which he did not revolve in his thoughtful mind over and over again. He ascended the loftiest heights and sounded the deepest depths of religious speculation. He was not what technically would be called a great scholar. He knew nothing of Hebrew and but little of Greek. In learning he was inferior to Origen, Jerome and other Christian Fathers, but, in the judgment of Dr. Schaff and other eminent scholars, "he surpasses all the Greek and Latin Fathers in originality, depth, and in richness of thought." He was indebted for the excellence of his thought to his native genius enlightened and stimulated by the Spirit of God, rather than to his learning.

He possessed a daring and adventurous spirit, which grappled with the most abstruse subjects, undaunted by their difficulty and not discouraged when he found them insoluble. Among the leg-

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ends cherished by the Catholic Church we find this beautiful one concerning him:—"While walking on the seashore pondering on the difficulty of explaining to men the doctrine of the Trinity, upon which he wrote a treatise much studied and admired, Augustine perceived a little child scooping water out of the sea with a shell and emptying it into a hole in the sand. 'What are you doing, my child?' he asked. 'Emptying the sea into this hole,' said the child. 'Impossible,' said the learned man. 'No more impossible, Father Augustine, than for you to put the idea of infinity into the mind of man,' replied the angel child,—and vanished."

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The Latin language which Augustine used, and in which his various works were written, was not the classical Latin of Cicero and Sallust, but the provincial Latin of North Africa—the language of the ancient Itala version of the Bible, of Tertullian and Cyprian—which they had found adequate for their use and had enriched with their passionate eloquence and picturesque thought. Augustine also found it a good and sufficient medium for the expression of his ideas, and he also greatly enriched it by his writings.

Of his numerous writings far the greater part were polemical—directed against the Manichæans, the Donatists and the Pelagians.

Of the Manichæans and their delusive teachings we have already spoken. Held in the bondage of these teachings nine years, his expanding, penetrating, sagacious mind and spiritual experience

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led him finally to reject them as false. Their chief defender and ablest advocate, Faustus, eloquent of speech, plausible and dexterous in argument, whom the Manichæans depended upon to hold in their ranks this brilliant young man, who, they perceived, was slipping away from them, only hastened his defection. This Faustus, "neither willing it nor witting it," was the very man who loosened the net which had held him so long. Freed from its entanglement, Augustine became their terrible adversary and through his powerful writings dealt Manichæism a death blow, so that it soon became extinct, and is now numbered among those defunct heresies, which once vexed the Church for a while, but trouble it no longer, because utterly refuted by Augustine.

The Donatists were the strict Puritan Christians of their day. They disturbed the peace and concord of the Church by their bigotry and fanaticism, insisting that only men of their rigid stamp should hold the episcopal office and perform as priests the rite of baptism. They also held that the validity of the rite was destroyed if administered by an unworthy priest, and insisted that persons baptized by him must be rebaptized or be excluded from the Church.

They were started on their troublesome career by what seem to have been the veriest trifles. "Ambition and avarice," says Optatus, the historian of the schism, "were two of its three great roots; and the anger of a humbled woman—Lucilla, a wealthy matron of Carthage—was the

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third." It dated back to the year 311 A.D., more than forty years before Augustine was born. At that time a new bishop was to be chosen for Carthage to succeed Mensurius, who had died on a journey to Rome, whither he had been summoned. Cæcilian, his arch-deacon, was chosen, and promptly consecrated by Felix, Bishop of Aprunga, who was accused of being a *traditor*, a term of reproach bestowed upon those who, in the Diocletian persecution (303-305 A.D.), had saved their lives by giving up to the imperial officers the sacred Scriptures. The "ambition and avarice" which the historian refers to, were manifested by Celestius and Botrus on the occasion of Cæcilian's election to the bishopric, because they had failed to get the office for themselves, and the handling of the gold and silver vessels attached to it. Lucilla's relentless resentment had been kindled against Cæcilian, because during his arch-deaconate he had publicly reproved her for the practice of kissing the lips of a martyr before coming to the sacrament, scornfully deriding her for "preferring a dead man's lips to the sacred chalice." This sneer of Cæcilian made Lucilla an unquenchable fire-brand to kindle a conflagration most disastrous to the Christianity of North Africa.

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

Cæcilian having been elected and ordained bishop, Lucilla, an influential woman in Carthage,

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and the two disappointed clergymen—Celestius and Botrus, with Secundus, the leading bishop of Numidia, whom they called to their aid because known to hold a grudge against the bishop of Carthage, combined all their forces to oppose Cæcilian. Lucilla was their leader; she offered her house as a meeting-place for the intriguers and her riches—as much as they needed—to finance the opposition. They refused, in the first place, to recognize Cæcilian as bishop; then they proceeded to excommunicate him for submitting to be ordained by a *traditor*, Felix, Bishop of Aptunga, by whom he had been consecrated,—they holding, at the suggestion of Secundus, probably, that he had committed an unpardonable offense which disqualified him from administering the sacraments, and that, therefore, his consecration of Cæcilian was invalid. It was in vain that Cæcilian offered to resign, that he might be consecrated anew by the bishops of Numidia, of whom Secundus was the Primate; Lucilla's wrath was not to be appeased by this humiliation of her hated foe; and besides he could not now be made fit for this office even by a reconsecration to it by a blameless officiator. Lastly, they chose Marjorinus, a reader of the Church of Carthage, and a favorite of Lucilla, bishop in his place. "Thus," says Osmun, "was set adrift a division of the early Church, destined to a hapless, ugly career."

There were no good grounds for the schism,—it could not be fairly called a reformation,—only

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a petty quarrel, which the originators, if they had possessed any genuine Christian piety, should have quickly smothered and allowed to be healed. For lack of mutual charity—that charity which the Apostle says “suffereth long and is kind, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, etc.,” Lucilla and her fellow conspirators against the peace and welfare of the Church of God, permitted their little grievances to grow into a dissension which disrupted the Christian Church of the land—the Church of Tertullian and St. Cyprian—; which under their zealous labors and steadfast faith, had made most promising beginnings, and was filling the land with thanksgivings to God and a great expectation of the speedy triumph of his kingdom on account of the saintly lives and holy deeds of the Christians, when this awful blight of discord ruined all by disgracing them in the eyes of the pagans about them and paralyzing all good efforts. Oh, that the Christian Church might never forget the lesson! and always make haste to remedy the earliest discordant note that may be heard warning of impending disaster! At any cost, short of sin, stop it!

“It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.”

Though Marjorinus was the first bishop which the schismatics chose to lead their party, Donatus, his successor, gave the sect its name. “He was

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well suited," we are told, "to stand at the head of a party, being a man of fiery, untutored eloquence, and of great energy of action." Under his leadership, the Emperor Constantine was appealed to for his recognition, but the Emperor frowned upon the movement as divisive of the Church, and ruinous of its influence; and when they persisted he took from them their churches and property, and otherwise persecuted them. His immediate successors were of the same mind, though less harsh in their treatment; but Julian had their churches restored to them and their bishops reinstated. Valentinian, Gratian and Theodosius, provoked by their factious violence and uncontrolled turbulence, published fresh decrees with the avowed purpose of exterminating them. But these measures were like the beating of a spreading flame, which scatters the fire instead of extinguishing it. The schism spread over all North Africa, creating "a mournful division in the Church, which gave rise to bitter animosities."

Individual churches, one after another, were torn by party hatreds and feuds similar to that which has been described as blighting the spiritual life of the Church in Cæsarea in Augustine's diocese.

The Donatists, though making pretensions to extraordinary piety, did not confine themselves to peaceful moral suasion. They showed merciless disrespect to the Cæcilianist bishops and desecrated their churches; they shrank not even

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from the destruction of their churches nor from murder. They associated also with themselves, as allies, a roving band of fanatical monks and lazy vagabonds, like our modern tramps, who, refusing to work, wandered about from hut to hut of the peasants, begging or exacting food and shelter. These "Circumcellians," as Augustine called them (from *circum-cellas*), were some of them genuine religious fanatics—who claimed the title of "soldiers of Christ" and flourished their carnal weapons, i.e., clubs, which they called "Israelites," over the heads and on the backs of faithful Catholics in such fashion as terrorized them.

The chief interest of the Donatists' schism lies in the fact of Augustine's connection with it as their chief opponent. Augustine strongly condemned the lawless conduct of the Donatists and earnestly, but, at first, mildly, rebuked them for the mischief they had done and were doing. With all the eloquence of his lips and powerful pen he endeavored to heal the breach which now for upwards of eighty years had grown worse and worse. Nevertheless he was reluctant to invoke penal laws and imperial edicts against them. He "took the position, that compelling men to belong to the Catholic body was only to make hypocrites. . . . The truth must be its own defense;" they should limit their efforts, if possible, to moral suasion. "His attitude was at first," says McCabe, "one of gentleness and forbearance. We have to follow his development step by step until

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he became what Barleyrac called 'the patriarch of Christian persecutors.' "

From the years 392 to 404 A.D. he assented to the contention of the Donatists that "the Catholic Church had no divine right to rule the conscience;" that "the peace of Christ," in the words of their bishop, Gaudentius, "never forces men against their wills," and during those years, acting upon this principle of toleration, he continued to make the most of letters, sermons, public debates and controversial writings, avowing in these "a liberality worthy of John Locke."

But these efforts, long continued, proving futile, his patience and charity became exhausted, and he was at last willing, not only to appeal to the secular magistrates to put a stop to the unseemly strife and turbulence of the schismatic Donatists and their unscrupulous allies, the *Circumcellians*, but to defend the compulsory measures that were used for the purpose, by arguments like these: "The Donatists were like children who needed to learn freedom through restraint and compulsion," or "like a sick man who has lost his reason and, crazed by his mad impulses, fancies and delusions, needs to be restrained from harming himself and others." These reasons seem to be plausible, but the long and oft-repeated experience of mankind has proved them to be fallacious and dangerous to religious freedom and human liberty. We, therefore, must concur in the judgment of Osmun and

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Neander in regard to Augustine's change of mind on this subject: "Too easily did he go over to the side of those who misapplied the words of Christ, 'Compel them to come in' " (Luke 14, 23): and he gave his weighty influence to a theory which "contained," as Neander says, "the germ of that whole system of spiritual despotism, of intolerance and persecution, which ended in the tribunals of the Inquisition."

By so doing he not only contradicted himself, and lost the "jewel" of consistency, but discredited the ripper wisdom of his best years and his sanest judgment by contradictions uttered when his mind had been robbed of its candor on this subject through the blinding influence of passion. So the Donatists could refute his later utterances with his better earlier ones,—as Richard Baxter's controversial opponents, in later centuries, were able to discomfit him by a volume of his irreconcilable utterances entitled "A Dialogue between Richard and Baxter."

This suggests that, in spite of their bad behavior, some good things can be credited to the Donatists, as even "a corrupt tree" can be made to bear good fruit by grafting. It was a good thing for Christianity that they insisted strenuously upon the rights of private judgment and of the individual conscience in religion; upon exemption from compulsion for one's belief; upon the absolute separation of Church and State, so that the one should not control the other; upon the blameless reputation of bishops and ministers,

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though they themselves came far short of their own standard of holiness.

On the other hand, it was right for Augustine to charge the Donatists with sinning against love and humility by leaving the Church and creating schism in it without any good reason; to insist upon the unity of the Church as required by Christ's command; to deny that baptism was invalid, though administered by a *traditor* or otherwise faulty priest; and that those who received it from him must be rebaptized or excluded from the Church; that to place the justification of their sect upon the fact that Cæcilian was ordained by Felix, bishop of Aptunga—though a *traditor*—was an absurd exaggeration of a trifle; and, finally, that the Church was a divine society, established by Christ and his apostles with the design of having it include all of Christ's true disciples—those obedient to his sway in every land—taught by his word, sanctified by his spirit, sealed by his appointed sacraments, and bound together in an indissoluble unity by brotherly love and loyalty to Him.

By his insistence upon the universality and unity of the Church, Augustine seemed to give his assent to the later claim of the Roman hierarchy in arguing the value of unity in government, as well as unity in faith. But this claim gets little support from Augustine's real teaching. "Throughout the whole century of the struggle," says McCabe, "neither Catholic nor Donatist recognized the pretension of the Bishop

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of Rome to a kind of mild supremacy." "Christianity was then a loose federation of Churches . . . without a shadow of a 'supreme head.'" Osmun also says, definitely and positively, "Augustine, himself, has in no place any word which hints at a belief in anything like the later papal authority." Nevertheless, Osmun admits that "in Augustine were the germs of the mighty Roman Church, as he was the defender of Catholic authority, and the apostle of ecclesiastical imperialism. In this, however, that part of the Church which acknowledges the sole authority of a Divine Person, speaking through an unfettered conscience, cannot follow him. There is, however, something to be said in Augustine's favor. He could not have foreseen the inevitable out workings of his theories. Moreover, there was a special appropriateness to that age in the idea of a high ecclesiastical authority. In the presence of the over-sweeping forces of a crude barbarism the majestic power of an organized Church was simply "a providential adaptation of Christianity to a lower environment."

Perceiving how the Roman Empire was crumbling to pieces and approaching its downfall, he fain would put in place of it a Holy Roman Empire with a superior bishop like Ambrose (whom he called a Pope) as its supreme ruler and the other bishops of the Church in harmonious subordination to him, governing the world justly by the administration of divine laws. A fair ideal not yet realized! "But let us remember," says Dr.

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John Lord, "that his idea of the unity of the Church has a spiritual as well as a temporal meaning, and in that sublime and lofty sense can never be controverted as long as 'One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism,' remains the common creed of Christians in all parts of the world."

The Pelagian controversy was even more important, because more closely related to Augustine's distinctive greatness as a theologian. It was his distinctive greatness that he was given the work of establishing man's need of God's grace for his deliverance from the slavery of sin. Pelagius, from whom the controversy derives its name, was a British monk—a blameless man eager for the reformation of society, and believing in the good natural impulses of men, a belief which often characterizes ardent philanthropists. Coming to Rome about the beginning of the fifth century, he tarried there for a time and made himself conspicuous for his activity and opinions. "*The central principle of his teachings was man's ability to practice any virtue independently of divine grace. There was no need of supernatural aid and its work of salvation,*" and "*no need of Christ as Saviour.*" These teachings reported to Augustine stirred his whole soul to their refutation. They were contrary to his own experience and to his understanding of Scripture, and dangerous, he sincerely believed, to human welfare. The controversy was long-continued, and drew forth from his indefatigable mind and unwearied pen fifteen treatises. The result is very fairly

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summed up by Professor John Tulloch in *his* account of Augustine in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, as follows:—"Upon no subject did Augustine bestow more of his intellectual strength, and in relation to no other have his views so deeply and permanently affected the course of Christian thought. Even those who most usually agree with his theological standpoint will hardly deny that while he did much in these writings to vindicate divine truth and to expound the true relations of the divine and human, he also was hurried into extreme expressions as to the absoluteness of divine grace and the extent of human corruption. Like his disciple, Luther, he was prone to emphasize the side of truth which he had most realized in his own experience, and, in contradistinction to the Pelagian exaltation of human nature, to depreciate its capabilities beyond measure. There are few thoughtful minds who would not concede the deeper truthfulness of Augustine's spiritual and theological analogies, in comparison with that of his opponent, as well as its greater consistency with Scripture; but there are also few, who would now be disposed to identify themselves with the dogmatism of the orthodox bishop any more than with the dogmatism of the heretical monk. And on one particular point—the salvation of infants who die in infancy (untainted by actual sin), the Christian consciousness in its later and higher growth, may be said to have pronounced itself on the side of the monk, rather than of the bishop."

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Besides these controversial writings, interest in which is now mainly confined to students of Church history, Augustine was the author of other works of permanent value already referred to. "The City of God" and the "Confessions" are those by which he is best known.

Dr. John Lord characterizes "The City of God" as "his greatest work, the amusement of his leisure hours for thirteen years—a philosophical treatise in which he raises and replies to all the great questions of his day—a sort of Christian poem upon our origin and end, and a final answer to pagan theogonies. In that marvellous book he soars above his ordinary excellence and develops the designs of God in the history of states and empires, furnishing for Bossuet the ground work of his Universal history. Its great excellence, however, was its triumphant defense of Christianity over all other religions."

"The closing years of the great bishop were," as Tulloch informs us, "full of sorrow. The Vandals who had been gradually enclosing the Roman Empire, appeared before the gates of Hippo and laid siege to it. Augustine was ill with his last illness and could only pray for his fellow citizens. He passed away, in the arms of his friend Alypius, during the progress of the siege, on the 28th of August, 430, at the age of seventy-five, and was spared the indignity of seeing the city in the hands of the enemy." "His vacant See had no successor," says Dr. John Lord. "The African province, the jewel of the Roman Empire, spar-

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kled for a while in the Vandal diadem. ~~The~~^{the} Greek supplanted the Vandal, and the Saracen~~d~~^d the Greek, and the home of Augustine was blotted~~d~~^d out from the map of Christendom. The light of the Gospel was totally extinguished in Northern Africa. The acts of Rome, and the doctrines of Cyprian, were equally forgotten by the Moham-
medan conquerors."

One remarkable evidence of his indestructible influence over them, however, still survives. "Nowadays," says Osmun, "travellers often witness a strange sight among the ruins a mile from Bona [ancient Hippo]. On Fridays a band of Mohammedans is likely to approach, burn a few grains of incense, sacrifice a bird and offer a prayer to 'the Great Christian,' seeking his celestial favor, fire their guns, and depart. For even today the Arabs think of Augustine as a mighty friend of God." But the immortal writings of Augustine, strange to tell, were preserved. They were preserved to perpetuate his influence, and the memory of his saintly character, and to fructify the human mind.

Unquestionably his influence upon the thought of Christendom has been immense. "He is among the chief creators of Catholic Theology," says Dr. Schaff. "Through the whole of the Middle Ages, from Gregory the Great down to the Fathers of Trent he was the highest theological authority."

"On the other hand he has powerfully influenced, and, in fact, largely shaped the teaching

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of the Protestant theology. Next to the Apostle Paul he was the chief teacher of the whole body of the Reformers of the sixteenth century. The substance of what has been called 'Calvinism' may be found in his writings, and from the fact that it originated with him, it has also sometimes been called Augustinianism."

It must be confessed that this influence of Augustine has not been altogether good. No man's influence is. With much good there is certain to be mixed somewhat that is evil. This, because of inevitable human infirmity. Great and good men, therefore, through mistaken zeal, hasty judgment, and sheer ignorance have often been authors of mischief. And the greater and wiser a man is, the more mischievous his errors, because of the blind confidence placed in his opinions. Thus it has been with Augustine; the great reverence in which he has been held by them has sometimes led both Catholics and Protestants astray. Examples have already been given. Take still another, viz.: the Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. Protestants consider it an absurd error, plainly contradicted by many instances of a fallible judgment discoverable in the history of the Papacy, and yet the Catholics find support for it in this saying of Augustine:—"*Roma locuta est; causa finita est.*"

But notwithstanding these errors to be found in the writings and conduct of Augustine, Protestants and Catholics are agreed in saying with Tulloch: "None can deny the greatness of

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Augustine's soul, his enthusiasm, his unceasing search after truth, his affectionateness, his ardent self-devotion"—and, let us add—his unimpeachable honesty of mind despite his faults.

Because of this, the errors that can be alleged against him do not forbid a favorable estimate of the value of his works. They abound in passages of striking beauty and eloquence, rich in suggestion and spiritual insight, yielding seed thoughts which fructify the mind and establish our opinions in regard to important religious truth. For this, we number him with

"the great of old;
The dead but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."—*Byron*.

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The great thing in this world is not so much where we
stand as in what direction we are going.—*O. W. Holmes.*

O faithful worthies! resting far behind
In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep
Much has been done for truth and human kind,—
Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap
Through peoples driven in your day like sheep;
Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of light,
Though widening still, is walled around by night.

.
We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time.

—*John G. Whittier.*

JOHN KNOX

TIME works out not only its revenges, but also its vindications. It, thus, sometimes happens that reputations essentially change in the course of time, so that the harsh and unfair judgment of one age is reversed by the better informed, calmer, and juster judgment of a later age. Perhaps no change of opinion of this sort concerning historic personages has been more remarkable among intelligent men than that concerning John Knox, the Scottish reformer. By the Roman Catholic writers of his own and later times, as might be expected, he has been portrayed as a monster; but misrepresentation of his character and work has not been confined to them. Writers like Dr. Samuel Johnson and David Hume, the historian, have come little short of these in maligning him as a political revolutionist, or a ferocious religious fanatic. Johnson, however, was apt to be severe and prejudiced in his judgments of men and things, and Hume, the most formidable opponent of Christianity in modern times, hated especially the reformed faith established in Scotland by Knox, and this warped, no doubt, his judgment of Knox's character and work. Thanks, however, to the careful researches of more recent historians and their greater candidness of mind, the repulsive portrait of Knox as formerly depicted has given place to one of

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noble features and more winning aspect, so that the opinion now generally prevailing in regard to him is that of Froude, who says that he was "the representative of all that was best in Scotland in his day—no narrow fanatic, but a large, noble, generous man with a shrewd perception of actual fact, who found himself face to face with a system of hideous iniquity; who believed himself to have a direct commission from heaven to overthrow it."

John Knox was born, not in 1507, but according to latest and most reliable authorities, in 1513, in the ancient borough of Haddington, East Lothian, Scotland. Haddington, in his time, was one of the important towns of the Scottish realm, possessing an endowed grammar school, some of whose teachers became famous, as John Major, Walter Bower and, later, Edward Irving, the celebrated preacher. This school has long been a nursery of learning and culture to the children of the borough. In its roll of pupils are to be found many distinguished names,—as those of John Home, the author of "The Tragedy of Douglas," and Jane Welsh, who married Thomas Carlyle. The school in the last generation has been incorporated with the "Knox Memorial Institute," which is now housed in a handsome building.

Haddington is pleasantly situated on the river Tyne, here crossed by three bridges, one of which connects it with its ancient suburb of Giffordgate, which Carlyle speaks of as "John Knox's sub-

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urb." An oak tree planted by Carlyle's direction indicates the spot where Knox was born. With that bridge is associated a characteristic incident of Jane Welsh Carlyle's, told by her early friend, Miss Jewsbury: "She was fond of doing everything difficult that boys did. There was one particularly dangerous feat to which the boys dared each other. It was to cross the bridge on the narrow ledge of its parapet overhanging the water. One morning Jeannie got up early and went to the Nungate bridge, lay down on the parapet and crawled from one end of the bridge to the other at the imminent risk of either breaking her neck or drowning."

In the older times when Roman Catholicism was dominant in Scotland, Haddington had considerable ecclesiastical prominence. It contained two monasteries and an abbey with an abbey church, surmounted by a lofty square tower. A portion of this church is now used as the parish church. Besides these monasteries and the abbey, there were several chapels and churches within the limits of the borough, or near by, one of which, on account of its prominence in the landscape, was called the "Lamp of Lothian." Thus, says Dr. James Stalker, Knox "had constantly before his eyes, in the years when impressions penetrate most deeply, the system of religion which he was destined to destroy. . . ."

The time of his birth is significant. It was four years after the birth of John Calvin, sixteen years after that of Melancthon. Luther at the

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time was thirty and Zwingle twenty-nine. The proximity in time of these great reformers, to which other names might be added, illustrates the saying that "remarkable men are like mountains: they appear not singly, but in groups."

The parentage of John Knox was humble, but not of the humblest class. In a reported interview with the Earl of Bothwell, he said to the Earl: "My grandfathers, paternal and maternal, and my father served your lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards." This indicates that his father was a retainer of the house of Bothwell, but though a feudal dependent of that noble house, he was able to give his son a liberal education which, in that age, was not common. His father's name was William and his mother was a Sinclair. In times of danger, to conceal his identity, he sometimes signed his letters "John Sinclair." Beginning his course for a liberal education in the grammar school of the town, he was sent in 1528-9 at the age of sixteen to the University of St. Andrews, where Dr. John Major, formerly teacher of Haddington grammar school, was now Professor of Philosophy and Divinity.

"It is generally believed," says Dr. Stalker, "that Knox owed not a little to this teacher, especially in the formation of his political views." But, "although a bold and progressive thinker, an oracle in matters of religion, Major never severed himself from the Old Church." It may have been through his influence that Knox edu-

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cated himself for the Catholic priesthood. We have, however, but little—almost no—information in regard to his life, mental development and employments from the time of his entering the University in 1528-1529 to 1546-1547, a period of nearly twenty years. As late as March 27, 1543, he pens and signs a notarial instrument as “Minister of the Sacred Altar of the Diocese of St. Andrews, Notary by Papal Authority.” “This betokens,” says Stalker, “that he had become a priest and employed himself occasionally, or regularly, in notarial business, which was included, in those days, among the multifarious employments of the priesthood.”

The education then received in the Scottish universities was not worth much according to our modern standards. Besides instruction and drill in Dialectics and the Latin language, it consisted mainly of barren discussions and lectures in scholastic theology and the Logic of Aristotle. “Learning,” as taught in them, “had a show of wisdom, but was devoid of the reality; it exercised but did not enrich the understanding.” “In this learning of the schools, Knox,” we are told, “achieved no special distinction. His scholarship never was worn, like George Buchanan’s, his fellow pupil, as an ornament. But it was ample for the particular needs of the times. He acquired a practical mastery of the Latin, the medium of intercourse among the learned of that day, and in which the instruction of the universities was communicated. He could, through this accom-

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plishment, refer with facility to the writings of the Church Fathers and to the incidents of Church history. From his teacher, Dr. John Major, he learned the "dialectic resourcefulness" that distinguished him. "Such argumentative aptitude," says Professor Cowan, "blended with moral earnestness, rendered Knox afterwards a potent controversialist, as well as a heroic reformer." He also learned from Major two great revolutionary principles for that day, viz:—(1) That the Church is superior to its officers, since popes and prelates derive their powers from it; that a General Council which represents it may rebuke, restrain or depose them for just cause, and that ecclesiastical censures, papal bulls and bans, if contrary to Holy Scripture, may be opposed as invalid; (2) that the nation is superior to the ruler, who exists for the people's good and not they for his benefit or that of his family; if he is a tyrant and uses his royal power to oppress and destroy his subjects, they may resist him and bring him to trial and depose him. "Those two principles, whose operation was to overthrow the Stuart dynasty," says Dr. S. E. Herrick, "constituted the best part of Knox's acquisitions at the University." Besides the benefits named, he got at the University an impulse that led him into a course of independent research that ultimately issued into the new faith and religious light then dawning upon the world. Not satisfied with the references to the Church Fathers and the meager extracts found in the school men and

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ecclesiastical writers, he sought to obtain a wider and more complete acquaintance with the originals. In this way he became fairly well acquainted with the writings of Jerome and Augustine. By Jerome he was directed to the Scriptures as the only pure fountain of Christian truth, and instructed in the importance of studying them in the original languages. From Augustine he derived religious ideas and sentiments quite opposite to those then taught in the Romish Church, which, while retaining Augustine's name as a Saint in her calendar, had banished, as heretical, much of his doctrine from her pulpits and private teaching. It required some years, probably, to complete his deliverance from the errors that had crept into the Old Church, in which he had been brought up. The change occurred in that period of silence and obscurity that intervened between his entrance to the University and his forty-fifth year. "There are certain parts of his biography," says Stalker, "where we cannot but wish that he had told more. This is one of them. We are left to infer back from his subsequent life which is known, to this part which is unknown."

"Of one thing we may be certain: that he obtained in these years a precise and extensive knowledge of the religious system, as then existing in Scotland, which it was to be the work of his life to pull down. Of this he always speaks as one whose mind is made up and whose knowledge is so ample and detailed that it is of no use for

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anyone to argue with him." His convictions in regard to this were, doubtless, based upon what his own observant eyes beheld of the operations and ministry of the Papal Church, as witnessed from boyhood and his early manhood there in Haddington, where he grew up in familiar acquaintance with the lives, characters and doings of its clergy. The corruption of this Church, which at that time was perceptible and notorious everywhere, had reached its climax in Scotland. The Romish clergy had attained there an exorbitant degree of opulence and power. They dwelt in palatial residences, lived in luxury, and had contrived to get into their possession a large part of the wealth of that rocky, sterile, generally poverty-stricken land. Instead of regarding this wealth as a sacred trust to be mainly used for the educational, social, and religious welfare of the Scottish people, for the relief of their poverty, the enlightenment of their ignorance and the mitigation of the various ills of sickness and misfortune,—they squandered the most of it upon themselves.

The members of the Scottish hierarchy of that time bore but small resemblance to the New Testament model of Christ and his Apostles. The occupants of the abbey and the monasteries of Haddington and its neighborhood were also a long way removed in character and life from St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Bernard and St. Dominic, the original founders of the monastic orders. These were really saintly men with Christian

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ideals and aims, and it was their sincere desire to restore the decadent Church of their times to its primitive sanctity by means of the religious institutions they founded. But these had become, in Knox's time, degenerate in morals and teaching. Instead of adhering to the patterns and examples of St. Francis and St. Bernard, and imitating their humility, industry, and self-denying labors, the members of these orders, which swarmed in the cities and towns of Scotland, lived in idleness and were proud, arrogant, and hopelessly degenerate. The teachings of the Scripture, which Knox studied with diligence and ardor in the original tongues, confirmed his slowly ripening suspicions to almost a certainty. A personal experience confirmed this certainty. Listening one day (in Haddington, probably) to one Thomas Williams, of Athelstanford, an eloquent Dominican friar, who had recently embraced the Reformed doctrine and was preaching it with the ardor of a new convert under the protection of Regent Arran, Knox "first received a taste and lively impression of the truth and was much moved to the earnest study of the Holy Scriptures." Studying, thus, the New Testament and contrasting the pure form of Christianity there shown with the disgusting counterfeit presented by the decadent Romish Church of his time, the eyes of Knox were fully opened to her faults and his soul was filled with indignation over her errors and misdoings. Of real Christian teaching, clearly given, there was but little. Saint worship

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and adoration of the Virgin Mary had nearly supplanted the worship of God in Christ, as revealed in the Gospels and the other portions of the New Testament Scriptures. The bishops and secular clergy rarely preached, but turned this function over to mendicant monks and friars. It is hard to believe that anything so empty, ridiculous and wretched as what is reliably reported could have been preached by them. They diverted the minds of men from faith in Christ and belief in the patient, forgiving love of God to a delusive reliance for salvation upon the efficacy of constant attendance upon Mass, priestly absolution, papal pardons and voluntary penances. The truth of God was almost entirely hid from the generality of the Scotch people. The testimonies of their own historians prove this. Lesley, the last Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross, says that "through the fault of their priests, they were practically without any religion." That the "secular clergy fell from all devotion and godliness to the works of wickedness," and that "foul disgrace infected monasteries and monks through all Scotland." (Cowan) Winzet, also a contemporary and literary opponent of Knox, candidly admits that the bishops and clergy in the age preceding the Reformation were, "for the most part," so "ignorant or vicious, or both," as to be "unworthy the name of pastors."

But what they lacked in Christian piety and intelligence, they tried to make up and did make up in their Churchly zeal and hatred of what they

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deemed heresy, and by their activity and unrelenting efforts to stamp it out. They opposed it with the sword and the blazing fagots of the stake.

The leaders in this cruel persecution were the primates of the Romish Church in Scotland, Cardinals James and David Beaton, Archbishops of St. Andrews, 1528-46. Froude's characterization of one was equally true of the other: "His scent of heresy was as the sleuth hound's, and, as the sleuth hound, was only satisfied with blood." Many were their victims and many scenes of cruelty are found in the Scottish history of that day which were due to their ecclesiastical zeal and blood-thirsty, intolerant spirit. In those scenes each appears utterly wanting in mercy or pity,—a man with a heart of stone. Two examples of their persecuting cruelty may be given:—Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart. Both were from noble families, liberally educated and of attractive personalities, of whom Knox, in his "History of the Reformation," speaks in the highest terms. Hamilton, to complete his education, had visited Germany to study in its Universities. There he came under the instruction and potent influence of Luther and Melancthon, and learned from them the doctrines of the Reformation. Melancthon's theological work, *Common Places*, he translated into his native language for the benefit of the Scottish people, who familiarly spoke of it as *Patrick's Places*. This gave mortal offense to Cardinal James Beaton and his ecclesiastical

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associates. He, therefore, plotted his destruction. Beaton lured him to St. Andrews by a friendly message to the effect that he wished to see him to consult with him in regard to some changes he contemplated in the Church's policy. When Hamilton, thus decoyed into his palace, came into Beaton's presence, the Cardinal treacherously arrested, tried and condemned him as an unpardonable heretic, and had him burnt at the stake, the same day, in front of the old college gates of St. Andrews University. The Cardinal imagined, probably, that if the students of the College who witnessed the piteous spectacle were any of them inclined to the new faith, they would be made to draw back from avowing it, when they saw what might come to them from it. If so, he wrongly reckoned, for afterwards "it was commonly said that the smoke of Martyr Patrick had infected all on whom it had blown."

"Striking evidence of the rapidity with which the new opinions spread," says Stalker, "was afforded by the passing of an Act of Parliament in 1543 (sixteen years later) giving permission to all to read the Scriptures in their own tongue and abolishing all acts to the contrary. 'This,' says Knox, 'was no small victory of Jesus Christ, fighting against the conjured [sworn] enemies of his verity. Then might have been seen the Bible lying on almost every gentleman's table. Thereby did the knowledge of God wondrously increase, and God gave his Holy Spirit to simple men in great abundance.'"

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The other notable martyr of the Scottish Reformation, whom Cardinal David Beaton pursued to his death, was George Wishart, "a man of such grace," says Knox, "as before him was never heard in this realm. He first incurred the suspicion of the Romish hierarchy by teaching the Greek Testament, he having learned Greek at Cambridge University. He preached in the fields to crowded congregations. Dundee of the east coast was the principal scene of his labors; from there he was driven by the Church authorities; going to the west of the country, he was warmly welcomed there. Report reaching him that a plague had broken out in Dundee, he returned thither, and mounting the town wall, he preached to the plague-stricken on one side, and to a crowd of healthy people on the other; he became the idol of the inhabitants." Hounded still by the minions of the prelates, he was forced to flee for safety to Edinburgh, and lastly to Haddington, Knox's native town. Knox heard him and recognizing in his preaching the Christianity which he had discovered from his studies of the New Testament, and had had confirmed by experience through hearing Thomas Williams, he openly declared himself a believer in the Reformed Faith. On his death-bed, speaking of his conversion at this time, he said that "the 17th chapter of John was where I first cast anchor." Attaching himself to Wishart as a body guard, he walked before the preacher with a drawn sword to protect him from the assassins employed by

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Beaton to kill him. Twice they attempted this and were foiled by the vigilance of his devoted followers. Finally, the Earl of Bothwell was instigated by the unrelenting Cardinal to arrest and capture him, and Wishart was hurried to St. Andrews and doomed to die. When Wishart was burnt at the stake, Cardinal Beaton, surrounded by other prelates, lounged out of a window in his palace to observe the sufferings of the martyr, after giving orders that all the guns of the Castle should be pointed to the place of execution, lest there should be any attempt at a rescue.

But, though the Cardinal and his ecclesiastical associates bathed their hands in the blood of the martyrs, their efforts were vain,—the doctrines of the Reformation, like the light of advancing day, filled the air more and more with a flood that could not be stayed. Those who embraced them could not be stopped by any menace of death or torture from proclaiming them. Like the early Christians, they “could not but speak of the things they had seen and heard.”

“Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,
‘Tis man’s perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.’”

Knox had desired to accompany Wishart and share his fate, but Wishart would not permit him. “Nay,” he said, “return to your bairns (meaning his pupils) and God bless you; ane is

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sufficient for a sacrifice." Knox acquiesced in Wishart's advice and went back to his teaching, joining to his instruction of his pupils in the learned languages instruction, likewise, in the principles of religion. His pupils, the sons of the Lairds of Langniddrie and Ormiston, were taught their religion in such a way that the rest of the family and the people of the neighborhood received the benefit of it. He catechised them publicly and read to them at stated times portions of the Bible, accompanied with expository remarks. These religious exercises drew eager listeners in considerable numbers and the report of them was noised abroad. The Roman ecclesiastics heard of them and, suspicious of heresy, sought to lay hands on him. Warned of their designs, Knox was about to flee the country, when the Castle of St. Andrews was opened to him and his pupils with their Protestant parents, as an asylum.

This Castle of St. Andrews, originally the Episcopal palace of the primate, had been recently enlarged and strengthened into a fortress furnished with armament, dungeons and instruments of torture, with a view more effectually to crush and exterminate the increasing heretics, and defy their vengeance, if goaded to resistance. But vengeance came sooner than he had looked for it and frustrated his plans.

A group of the Scotch Nobles who favored the Reformation, and had been warmly attached to Wishart, stirred to righteous indignation by his

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murder, and alarmed for their own safety, surprised and captured the Castle just before it was ready to receive its garrison prior to entering upon its use for more strenuous persecution. Bursting into the Cardinal's apartments, one of their number, James Melville, described by Knox as "of nature most gentle and modest," put his sword to the Cardinal's throat, and saying, "The blood of George Wishart cries out for vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to avenge it," stabbed him twice or thrice till he died shrieking over his baffled plan, "Fie, fie, all is gone!"

The stronghold thus won, May 29, 1546, was held as a refuge and defense of the Protestant party. Knox entered the Castle at the time of Easter, 1547, and resumed with his pupils the lessons and expositions of Scriptures which he had followed at Langniddrie. The people in the Castle and from the town crowded to hear him, and after a while he was invited by the people to exercise his talents in the pulpit as the colleague of John Rough, the garrison preacher. He replied that he "would not intrude where he had not been called," and refused to comply with their request. The people were not to be denied, and at the suggestion of Sir David Lindsay, the poet, then one of the congregation, they sought by stratagem to convince Knox that he was called. They got the minister of the garrison, John Rough, to preach a sermon on the call of ministers, in which he affirmed the power of a con-

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gregation to call to the ministry any one in whom they had discerned the gifts suited to the office, and he strongly asserted that it was "dangerous and likely to grieve the Spirit of God if a person so called rejected the appeal of those desiring his ministry." Having said this, the preacher turned to Knox and solemnly adjured him to accept the office to which the unanimous voice of the people summoned him. "In the name of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ," he said, "I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation, but, as you tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren and the comfort of me, whom you understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of my labors, that ye take the public office and charge of preaching even as ye look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that He shall multiply His graces unto you." Turning, then, to the congregation, he said, "Was not this your charge unto me, and do ye not approve this vocation?" All answered, "It was, and we approve it." Overwhelmed by this solemn and unexpected charge, Knox, after a vain attempt to address the audience, burst into tears and rushed out of the assembly. "It is worth remembering that scene," says Carlyle. "He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptized withal." His agitation of mind continued for some days. He waited on God in prayer to ascertain the way of duty. By this he was calmed and strengthened to take

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up the duty thrust upon him, so that when he came forth from his privacy and ascended the pulpit, it was to deliver a sermon which made all who heard it aware that a prophet had risen up amongst them. "Thus," says Stalker, "were the lips unsealed which had been kept dumb so long and the sluices opened to let out the waters of thought and conviction which had long been accumulating." His religious life from this time onward to its close was marked by great zeal and earnestness. As a preacher of the Gospel especially he put forth extraordinary efforts, acting like a man who, having been slow to take up a duty, feels that he ought to atone for his backwardness by extraordinary diligence after he has assumed it. He was now 33-39 (?) years old,—late in life to enter upon so great a work. He might have said with St. Augustine to his divine Lord who had revealed Himself to him at about the same age with such grace and power as had inspired him to a passionate love for His person and service, "I have loved Thee late, whose beauty is as old as eternity and yet so new; I have loved Thee late."

He came to his great work late, as Oliver Cromwell came late to his, but with intensified power of achievement, of such extraordinary quality and spiritual temper, that he was able to crowd amazing results into the years that remained to him. His labors during the short time that he remained at St. Andrews were attended with remarkable success. Besides the garrison, a great number of

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the inhabitants of the town renounced Popery and made profession of the Reformed Faith.

After a few months, the Catholic party, to avenge the death of Beaton, having called to their aid a French fleet with a considerable land force, appeared before the place and captured the Castle and town. From this time, the summer of 1547 to the spring of 1559—a period of almost twelve years—he was, with the exception of a few weeks, an exile from Scotland. The first part of this period he spent in captivity, through the breach of faith of his French captors. By the terms of the capitulation, Knox and his companions of the Scotch gentry who had found asylum in the Castle from persecution by the Catholic prelates, after being transported to France, were to be set at liberty with freedom to go where they pleased, except back to Scotland. Instead of this, they were held as prisoners of war, some thrown into prisons, and others, deemed the greatest offenders, sent to the galleys. There, in addition to the rigors of ordinary captivity, they were loaded with chains and subjected to various hardships and indignities.

Two striking pictures of Knox during his imprisonment in the galleys have been preserved to us. Through the following winter after his capture, the prison ship in which he was confined lay in the river Loire. Every art of persuasion from solicitation to violence was employed to induce the Protestant prisoners to renounce their faith and conform to the Catholic worship. They

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were even threatened with torture if they did not give the usual signs of reverence when the Mass was celebrated and the "Salve Regina" sung. But, instead of complying, when the service began the Scotsmen put on their bonnets. A gorgeous image of the Virgin was brought on board one day and Knox was commanded to give the "Mother of God" a kiss of adoration. "Mother of God? This is no 'Mother of God,' " he said, "this is a piece of painted wood. Such idols are accursed, I will not touch it." "But you shall," said the officer, and taking the image, thrust it to his lips; whereupon the prisoner seized the image and threw it into the river, saying: "Lat our Ladie now save hirself, she is licht enough; lat hir leirne to swyme." After that the prisoners were troubled no more with their importunities.

In the following summer the galley was ordered to cruise along the eastern coast of Scotland. One day in the grey light of early morning, as Knox, with health impaired by his severe confinement, was bending wearily over his oars, so sick and feeble that few expected him to live, the white spires of St. Andrews were dimly seen in the distance. One of his companions, pointing towards them, asked Knox if he knew the place. "Yes, I know it well," he said, "for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory; and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever as I now appear, that I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall

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again glorify his Holy name in the same place.” This reply, his companion, Sir James Balfour, repeated in the presence of a number of witnesses several years before Knox returned to Scotland. The faith that God destined him in His own good time to do some great work for his country never deserted him through those dreary years of captivity and exile.

After spending nineteen months as a galley slave, he was set free, but how, we know not, and went to England early in 1549. There for nearly five years, during the reign of the youthful Edward VI., he labored under a government commission with great zeal. Archbishop Cranmer, then the primate of the Church of England and director of its ecclesiastical affairs, pursued a broad and statesman-like policy. In the scarcity of able and effective Protestant preachers then existing in the realm he did not hesitate to employ men of talent holding the Reformed opinions wherever he could find them, and to send them forth as laborers in the harvest. In those circumstances Knox did not remain long idle. The reputation which he had gained by his preaching at St. Andrews and his recent sufferings recommended him to Cranmer and the king’s Privy Council, and soon after his arrival into England after his release from captivity, he was sent from London to Berwick to preach. In his own History of the Reformation he condenses in one sentence the account of his labors under Cranmer’s direction: “The said John was first appointed

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preacher to Berwick, then to Newcastle, then he was called to London, where he remained to the death of Edward VI."

The labors so briefly described by him were most fruitful and of a picturesque character in some of their incidents. He threw himself into his work with the eagerness and energy of one who had long craved such an opportunity. His preaching in Berwick was especially directed to the exposure of the errors of Popery and the rebuke of immorality which it tolerated. As a consequence, during the two years of his residence there, many were converted by his ministry to the Reformed Faith and better lives. His popularity and success were exasperating to the Catholic clergy, and they made a complaint against him to Tonsal, the Bishop of Durham, for declaring that the Mass in the Romish Worship was "idolatrous." As Knox was laboring under the authority of the protector and Privy Council, the Bishop did not dare to inhibit him, but summoned him on a given day publicly to give his reasons for holding and teaching this opinion. Accordingly, on the 4th of April, 1550, a large assembly was convened in Newcastle; among whom were the members of the Privy Council, the Bishop of Durham and the learned men of the Cathedral, besides many illiterate people attracted by the interest of the question. Knox delivered in their presence his defense with characteristic boldness of thought and speech and impressive eloquence. Acting upon

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his motto, "to spare no arrows," he used in his defense the authority of Scripture, force of reasoning, reproof, irony and ridicule of what he regarded as "the absurdities of the Popish superstition," while protesting that his purpose was "not to misrepresent, but to defend the truth and warn his hearers against errors destructive." Knox's defense was entirely successful; by it he silenced the Bishop and his learned assistants and increased his own fame as a preacher in that part of England.

The following year he was transferred to Newcastle, a sphere of greater usefulness, and in December 15, 1551, he received from the Privy Council a great mark of their approbation in the appointment of "Chaplain in ordinary" to the king (one of six), due to the reputation he had attained in the North of England. Thus, in spite of his Scotch accent and his rude, unpolished style, he enjoyed the dignity of a court preacher, and of having the most distinguished and influential audience in the land. Some of the great nobles of the Privy Council were inclined to make him a Bishop of Rochester, thinking he would infuse needed vigor into the Episcopal body. The Duke of Northumberland said that "he would make a good whetstone to sharpen My Lord of Canterbury (Cranmer)." But Knox did not wish to be an English Bishop, he did not believe there was scriptural authority for the office, and he hoped that the way would open for his return to

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Scotland. He had a hand in the making of the Book of Common Prayer of 1552. The insertion of what High Churchmen call the "Black Rubric," was due to him. This Rubric in regard to the Sacrament declares that by the act of kneeling "no adoration of the bread and wine or of Christ's natural flesh and blood is intended." "A runnagate Scot" (Knox), complained Dr. Weston, "did take away the adoration of Christ in the Sacrament; so much prevailed that one man's authority."

Knox held the young King in the highest respect. "We had," he says, "a king of so godly disposition towards virtue and the truth of God that none from the beginning passed him and, to my knowledge, none of his years ever matched him." But for the great nobles of his Council he entertained less respect, and he fearlessly expressed his suspicions in regard to some of them. On one occasion, preaching before the Court, in the presence of the King and the Council, having for his text "He that eateth bread with Me hath lifted up his heel against Me," he asked, "How was it that the most Godly princes had officers and chief councillors the most ungodly—enemies to religion and traitors to their princes? Both David and Hezekiah, princes of great gifts and experience, were abused by crafty councillors and dissembling hypocrites: what wonder is it, then, that a young and innocent king be deceived by crafty, covetous, wicked and ungodly councillors? I am greatly afraid that Ahith-

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ophel be councillor, that Judas bear the purse, and that Shebna be Scribe, comptroller and treasurer." The people in the audience knew to whom the preacher referred.

At this time Knox was about forty-five years of age, in the maturity of his mental powers and physical strength. What was his personal appearance in those busy, strenuous years?

"He was a man," says Dr. Stalker, "rather under the middle height, with broad shoulders, swarthy face, black hair, and a beard of the same color a span and a half long. He had heavy eyebrows, beneath which the eyes were deeply sunk, while the cheek bones were prominent and the cheeks ruddy. The mouth was large, and the lips full, especially the upper one. The whole aspect of the man was not unpleasing; and in moments of emotion, it was invested with an air of dignity and majesty. So he is described by a contemporary."

July, 1553, the amiable King Edward died, to be succeeded by his sister Mary, called "Bloody Mary," because of her cruel persecution of the Protestants. Before the close of the year the Catholic reaction set in like the Bay of Fundy tide. The work of the Reformation, which had been energetically pushed by Edward, came to a sudden halt and the new Queen, fanatically Catholic, vigorously set herself to restore what her father, Henry VIII., and her brother Edward had pulled down. The leaders, therefore, of the Protestant Reformation were either sent to the block

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and stake, or driven into exile. It has been estimated that a thousand learned Englishmen were thus driven abroad. As Scotland was still closed against him, Knox fled with others to France at the beginning of 1554 and stopped at Dieppe for awhile, uncertain where to go. Notwithstanding his previous diligent labors in England, he now finds himself very poor, so poor that he is compelled to apply to friends in England for the means of procuring bread.

Considerable colonies of English refugees settled temporarily in Frankfort, Zurich, Strassburg and Geneva. In every one of these places were formed separate congregations for worship. For a few months at the end of 1554 and the beginning of 1555 Knox served, at the request of Calvin, the congregation in Frankfort as their pastor. His stay with them was shortened by differences about the use of the English Prayer Book in their public worship. Going thence to Geneva he was chosen by the English refugees of that city to be one of their pastors, having as a colleague, on account of the large size of the church, Christopher Goodman. The English colony of refugees at Geneva was the largest of any found at that time on the continent.

As an asylum to these fugitives from tyranny and ecclesiastical persecution Geneva had then civil and religious attractions in harmony with the natural scenery which still make it a delightful resort for travelers. In the language of Rufus Choate, "there was a state without king or nobles;

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there was a church without a bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates whom it had selected and equal laws which it had framed." The church as organized by Calvin corresponded to Knox's ideal of the divinely authorized pattern. He thought it "the most perfect school of Christ since the days of the apostles," and upon the model exhibited in it he desired to see fashioned, and subsequently did fashion, the polity of the Church of Scotland. But, as Dr. Herrick truly remarks, "Calvin was in no sense his master, but his confrere. Knox was nearly fifty years of age before he saw Calvin. He was *confirmed* by the Genevan, not *conformed* to him." The principles which he had learned from John Major many years before at the University, and which formed the most important of the acquisitions gained there, were identical with the principles discovered by him in the teachings of Calvin. This discovery not only strengthened his confidence in the soundness of those principles, but formed the basis of a warm personal friendship between the two men. His sojourn there in Geneva was, therefore, very pleasant to him. Calvin, then in the zenith of his fame and influence, preached or lectured almost daily upon the doctrines of the Reformation to eager, crowded assemblies. Other learned men discoursed or gave instruction upon important themes. The atmosphere was stimulating to heart and mind, like that of a great university. Important literary work of some sort was con-

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tinually being planned or in process of execution.

Knox, besides sharing in these advantages and ministering to the congregations of English refugees, was occupied with other employments. He learned Hebrew, he assisted in producing the English translation of the Bible known as the "Geneva Version," the version carried in their knapsacks a hundred years later by Cromwell's soldiers. He published in Geneva, but did not write there, "The First Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." Exasperated by the tyranny and religious persecution of Mary Tudor, of England, and provoked at seeing Scotland groaning under the misrule of another Mary, Mary of Guise, Queen of the late James V., King of Scotland, then acting as Regent, he applied his metaphorical trumpet to his mouth ("The trumpet," says Stevenson, "was characteristic of Knox") and blew a blast which startled all Europe. The first sentence of the sensational pamphlet gives the keynote of the whole: "To promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire above any realm, nation or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to His revealed will and approved ordinance, and finally it is a subversion of all equity and justice."

Advocates of woman suffrage and of the absolute equality of women and men in civil and political affairs might find this treatise interesting reading, but it would excite them to antagonism, rather than win them to agreement. It certainly

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had that effect upon some illustrious women. Queen Elizabeth, for example, who soon after its appearance came to the throne of England, was so displeased with it that she would never suffer John Knox to set his foot in her dominions. As a matter of fact it occasioned its author considerable trouble, so that he finally decided not to blow another blast, although it was his intention, when the first was sounded, to follow it with more of the same sort. Calvin condemned it as showing "thoughtless arrogance," and Knox, himself, replying to "a loving and friendly letter" of expostulation from another friend, admits its "rude vehemency." A year afterwards he confesses that his blast "hath blown from me all my friends in England."

Its "rude vehemency" was doubtless due to the impatience which filled his soul at his prolonged exile. He was now past his fiftieth (or as some authorities allege, fifty-fourth) year, and, as yet, it was little that he had been permitted to do for Scotland by the advancement of the Reformation there. "I thought," he writes, when such service was found impracticable, "that it had been impossible that any realm or nation could have been equally dear unto me." Must he spend the best part of his life and strength in strange lands and with foreign peoples, when his heart was breaking with the longing he felt to go back to Scotland and work for her deliverance from the tyranny of Papal thralldom? During his exile of eleven years or more, he had

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toiled with characteristic energy and zeal for the reformed religion wherever he sojourned—in England, in France, in Frankfort, Germany and in Switzerland—and everywhere great success, as a rule, attended his efforts, in spite of his handicap of Scotch accent and difficulties of speech. He longed, however, for the freedom which his dear native land would give him.

Once, for nine months, from September, 1555, to July, 1556, he was given this freedom in a visit to Scotland. From Edinburgh, on ninth November, 1555, he writes: "Albeit my journey toward Scotland was most contrary to my own judgment, yet this day I praise God for them whom He made the instrument to draw me from the den of my own ease, to contemplate and behold the fervent thirst of our brethren, night and day sobbing and groaning for the bread of life. If I had not seen it with mine eyes in my own country, I could not have believed it. The *trumpet* blew the old sound three days together, till private houses of indifferent largeness could not contain the voice of it. Oh, sweet were the death that should follow such forty days in Edinburgh as here I have had three!"

"Thus Knox," says Stalker, "was permitted for several months to go unchallenged up and down the country, by the attraction of his personality and the persuasion of his preaching winning adherents of great social weight in surprising numbers to the cause. But, at length the sleeping enemy awoke; and he was summoned to

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answer for himself in the church of Blackfriars, Edinburgh. Though well aware that the fate of Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart was probably in store for him, he answered the summons by appearing at the appointed day and hour." The fearlessness characteristic of him was then finely illustrated, justifying the words of the Regent Morton uttered beside Knox's open grave—"Here lies one who never feared the face of man." "The opposite party took fright and deserted the diet; whereupon he went on preaching in Edinburgh to still larger audiences." At the critical juncture he received a summons, which he did not feel himself entitled to disobey, to return to his charge at Geneva.

The value of this visit to his native country was incalculable. The men and women whom he was privileged to bring to decision proved to be those on whom the whole weight of the cause was subsequently to rest, and they felt for him the affection and devotion due to the man to whom they owed themselves. He persuaded them to substitute the Lord's Supper, as celebrated in the simple manner of the Reformed Church of Geneva, for the Mass of the Catholic Church and to cease altogether from their attendance upon the Mass, which he called an "idol," attendance upon which he condemned as "idolatry." This opinion he stoutly held and defended to the end of his life. ("The boldness and ardor of his mind," says McCrie, "called forth by the peculiar circumstances of the times, led him to push

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his sentiments on some subjects to an extreme, and no consideration could induce him to retract an opinion of which he continued to be persuaded. From the time that he embraced the reformed doctrine, the desire of propagating it and of delivering his countrymen from the delusions and thralldom of Popery became his ruling passion, to which he was always ready to sacrifice his ease, his interest, his reputation and his life.") Knox was not singular among reformers in this opinion. "Numerous heretics," says the Catholic Encyclopedia, "Wycliffe, Luther (as well as Knox) repudiated the Mass as idolatry." In the battle which they fought against Catholicism, the fight was fiercest around what they considered the Papal standard, the Mass, because the Roman Church, then as now, held that "the offering of the Mass is the Central Act of Christian worship."

If Knox had been willing to regard the *form* of the Eucharist as debatable, and consented to allow both parties—Catholic and Reformer—to celebrate it, each in his own way, as they preferred, both alike regarding it as *a symbol of the central and essential truth of Christianity*, signifying the redemptive love of God in Christ for sinful men, by reason of which their sins, when they repent, are forgiven, and their souls are cleansed from their guilty stains, and they, regenerate, are blessed with His friendship—if Knox could have thus viewed the matter, the fierceness of the battle would have been greatly mitigated and he would have been saved from the alienation

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of some of his most valued friends, estrangement from whom was a great grief to him. They had been his companions in the Castle of St. Andrews when besieged after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and sharers of his captivity. On them the cause of Protestant reform in Scotland mainly had rested during his absence for years abroad, and by them it was chiefly advanced until Knox, himself, returning at their urgent entreaty, assumed the leadership as best fitted by his religious zeal and eminent abilities to take the place of leader in the fight then raging at its hottest. To break with them and lose their cordial support was a heart-breaking affliction to him.

Why, then, did Knox stickle so inflexibly about this thing? Why not with the more moderate and, withal, some of the best and ablest of the reformed party consent to tolerate the Mass in those who conscientiously wished to adhere to and practice it? Because of his native inflexibility of mind, strengthened as this was by a firm belief resting on his observation and experience that the Mass was deadening to vital religion and demoralizing to clergy and laity alike. "A symbol of the central and essential truth of Christianity." Yes, but a symbol unexplained and uninterpreted is apt to degenerate into an idol. That was the case with it, then, in Scotland, and generally in Catholic countries at that time. The indolence and ignorance of the clergy and especially of the uneducated mass of worshipers made this result almost certain. And so their religious

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worship had no grip upon their souls. The heavenly truth wrapped up in it and only faintly suggested by the symbol, with its meaning hid in the Latin ritual, gradually grew dim and unintelligible to them and the service was then tantamount to idolatry; for, says an eminent thinker, "idolatry is every worship that stops short of the Supreme." It may be said that every worship and creed—Protestant as well as Catholic—is exposed to this danger. This is sadly true and it cannot be too often solemnly asserted; the symbols of religion, be they visible images, spectacular ceremonials, or written creeds, *must be unceasingly interpreted, unweariedly explained and illustrated, so that the truth they embody is grasped, its meaning understood and felt*, or they will be profitless to the worshiper and not acceptable to God.

This fact, clearly perceived by Knox, was his excuse for what may be called his "rabid intolerance" in reference to the Mass. The Reformers, therefore, insisted that the *symbol of Christian truth*, the Mass, *unless explained and interpreted, was no sacrament*. Thomas Becon, whom Froude calls "the large-minded Becon," Chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer and contemporary with Knox, thus clearly sets forth the Reformed teaching on this subject: "None of the Lord's sacraments ought publicly to be administered without preaching of the Word, yea, and that not in a strange tongue, but in such a speech as the people understood, or else it were as good

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to speak the words unto geese as unto them that are gathered at the ministration of any sacrament. And this meant St. Austin, when he said, 'Take away the word; and what is water but water? But let the word be added to the element, and it is made sacrament.' The 'word' signifieth here not only the speaking of *Ego baptiso te*, etc., *Hoc est Corpus Meum*, etc., pronounced by the priest in a strange tongue, but the preaching of the word of God uttered by the mouth of the minister in such a language as the people understand, or else how shall they believe? It is not the utterance of God's word in an unknown speech that bringeth faith, but when it is so spoken that it is understood of them that hear it, and that faith through the operation of the Holy Ghost ensueth; which otherwise is cold, lieth idle and worketh nothing in the heart of the hearer. And so may we say of the sacrament of Christ's body and blood. Take away the Word, and what is bread but bread? What is wine but wine? what doth it profit to eat and drink the sacramental bread and wine, seeing the mystery is not known nor understood? But put the preaching of the Word to the elements, water, bread and wine, and so are they made holy and honorable sacraments, full of singular joy and great comfort. As St. Austin says: 'Let the Word be added to the elements and it is made a sacrament.' " (Works of Thomas Becon.)

This teaching, familiar to Knox from his own study of Becon's writings and those of other

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expounders of Christianity, as well as from his own independent reflections on the subject, was his excuse for what may be called his "rabid intolerance" in reference to the Mass. He regarded it, as then administered by the Romish clergy, as absurdly inadequate to convey the truth of Christianity, even of Catholic Christianity, which it claimed to epitomize. As a form of worship it was no better, in his opinion, than the rankest idolatry, and he felt bound as a Christian preacher to denounce it. His intolerance was like that of Lord Shaftesbury in regard to the principles of Dr. Pusey and his High Church party,—blind to the real merit of what he denounced and unfair in its expression of abhorrence. "*You speak of abhorring our principles,*" said Dr. Pusey to Shaftesbury, "*are you quite sure that you know them?*" So Maitland and Murray might have retorted upon Knox's violent utterance against the faith of Queen Mary Stuart and her devotion to the Catholic Church. But, as has been said of Shaftesbury, "There were times when this inflexibility was inconvenient and deplorable. It brought him into conflict with good men and seemed to hinder the progress of truth and the work of God's kingdom. It made him appear 'cantankerous' and produced painful and needless estrangement between him and former friends, with the result of social isolation and its accompanying sadness."

Knox cannot be said to have made no effort to bring his own opinion in regard to the Eucha-

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rist into harmony with the Catholic doctrine. Two or three conferences were held by him with the Catholic champions of their theory. But though in these discussions of the subject they sometimes seemed to agree—the Abbot of Crossraguel saying, that he “would defend no Mass but that only which was instituted by Christ,”—which was all that Knox insisted upon; and Principal Anderson, of King’s College, Aberdeen, saying, “Christ offered the propitiatory, and that could none do but He; but we offer the remembrance,” which is the Protestant view of its purpose—yet when particular texts were given the discussion ended in vain quibbling instead of mutual agreement.

When Knox went back to Geneva in July, 1556, from his visit to Scotland, in which he had accomplished so much, he took back with him a wife, Marjory Bowes, and her mother, whose acquaintance he had made five years before while engaged as a preacher at Berwick. Of this wife we have but little definite information. Her family was of considerable social dignity; her father, Richard Bowes, being captain of Norham Castle, near Berwick, and belonging to a family of whom one had been knighted for his prowess at Flodden. In his religion he was an ardent Catholic. His wife, Elizabeth Bowes, bore him ten daughters, of whom Marjorie was the fifth. Mrs. Bowes was in sympathy with the Reformed doctrines and because of this religious difference after a time parted from her husband. The marriage of Knox,

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avored by the mother and opposed by the father, was apparently a happy one. Calvin's estimate of the personality of Marjorie, based on the impression she made on those who knew her in Geneva as wife and mother, is expressed by one significant Latin word, *suavissima*, and the characterization, "the most delightful of wives." By her, his first wife, Knox had two sons, Nathaniel and Eleazer, who were scarcely emerged from infancy when she died, in 1560, to the "no small heaviness" of her husband. Four years later he married a second wife, Margaret Stewart, much younger than himself (only seventeen years old), of noble family—a distant kinswoman of the Queen. "By sorcery and witchcraft," says a Catholic detractor of Knox, "he did so allure that poor gentlewoman that she could not live without him." By her he had three daughters, the youngest of whom, Elizabeth, became the wife of the famous John Welsh of Ayr. When Welsh, exiled from Scotland on account of his opposition to the ecclesiastical policy of James VI., failed in health, he was recommended by his physician to visit Scotland for the benefit of his native air. His wife applied personally to the king for the needed permission. The reported colloquy between them proved her a true daughter of Knox: "Who was your father?" asked the king. "John Knox." "Knox and Welsh!" exclaimed the king. "The devil never made sic a match as that!" "May be," she answered, "for we never spiered (asked) his leave." King James told her that her hus-

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band might return to Scotland, if he would submit to the bishops. "Please your Majesty," she exclaimed, extending her apron, "I would rather kep (catch) his head there."

The three years following Knox's return from Scotland to Geneva, to minister to his English Congregation there, were years of halcyon peace and sunshine in Knox's stormy life. He enjoyed its social and civil decorum and pure moral atmosphere. "In the streets of Geneva," he says in his "History of the Reformation," "dare no notable malefactor show his face (all praise and glory be to God!) any more than dare the owl in the bright sun; therefore, it is hated (by the Libertines)." "In other places I confess Christ to be truly preached, but manners and religion so truly reformed, I have not yet seen in any other place." He enjoyed, likewise, his association there on terms of friendly intimacy and congenial employment with Calvin and the other Swiss reformers. He yielded to Calvin a deference and respect which he showed to no other man. His advice as to duty was accepted by him as equivalent to divine commands. Though disinclined to go to Frankfort at the invitation of the church of refugees there, because reluctant to hamper himself with pastoral responsibilities, that might prevent his returning to Scotland whenever the opportunity to do so should occur, yet to Frankfort he had gone (in 1554) "at the commandment," he says, "of that notable servant of God, John Calvin." "From him we must con-

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fess, except that we would, in concealing the truth, declare ourselves to be unthankful, that we all have received comfort, light and erudition."

But all the while Knox's paramount concern was for Scotland. His ear was turned constantly in that direction to catch the faintest intimation that he was wanted there. Repeatedly he made trips to Dieppe, France, where intelligence was most likely to be soonest received concerning the progress of the Reformation in Scotland. While tarrying there for information, he was not idle. He preached in the town with such zeal and eloquence that the little band of Protestants living there was greatly increased, and became a vigorous and aggressive church, and "dared to have preaching in broad daylight." Knox's eloquence and mental ability so impressed the people that the tradition concerning it remained in the town one hundred and fifty years, so that a Catholic priest then preparing a history of Dieppe, on the authority of old manuscripts, describes Knox as a "learned man," "vehemently zealous," and "so eloquent that he controlled the minds of men according to his will." The success of his ministry was shown in altered lives as well as in conversions to the Reformed faith.

Besides this great activity and work as a preacher, Knox composed during his three sojourns in Dieppe important literary works, besides the celebrated pamphlet, "The Monstrous Regiment of Women." This famous treatise of Knox, though first published in Geneva, as we

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have already said, actually was written in Dieppe. Having received in 1557 an urgent invitation from some of the principal leaders of the Reformation to return to Scotland, "to advance the cause by his presence," as the time was then especially favorable for an advance, he had started from Geneva to go to Scotland by way of Dieppe. Arriving there, he was stopped by an order from the same leaders and others not to come any farther, as the time for action was not yet ripe. "For weeks he staid with impatience in the seaport, waiting for further orders; while he waited the fire burned and he threw off this unfortunate pamphlet to relieve his feelings." The "fire" and the heat it generated betrayed him into the "rude vehemency" which Calvin disapproved of and Knox lamely and vainly later endeavored to explain to Queen Elizabeth. Knox was as unfortunate in the modification of his offensive opinion that women were not fit to reign, as in its original expression. Elizabeth was not soothed much by his writing to her minister, Cecil, that "her coming to the throne was a miraculous work of God's comforting his afflicted by an *infirm vessel*."

"Confounded and pierced with anguish" at the order of the Scotch Lords not to come any farther, Knox gave vent also to his irritation in a letter upbraiding them for having "fainted in their former purpose for fear of danger." His word, "somewhat sharp and indiscreetly spoken," proved, nevertheless, a wholesome stimulus to

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their reforming zeal. "New consultation, accordingly, was had as to what was best to be done, and on the 3rd of December of 1557, the Scotch nobles favoring the Reformation formed themselves into "a Common Band," uniting in the first of those solemn Covenants memorable in Scottish history. By this Covenant they organized themselves into a league for common action and mutual defense. "We do promise before the majesty of God," the Covenant says, "that we by His grace shall with all diligence apply our whole power, substance and our very lives to maintain, set forward, and establish the most blessed Word of God and His Congregation; and shall labor at our possibility to have faithful ministers purely and truly to minister Christ's Evangel and Sacraments. We shall maintain them, nourish them, and defend them," etc. The subscribers to the Covenant were afterwards called the "Lords of the Congregation"—the "Congregation" signifying those who favored the Reformed.

In accordance with this Covenant, the Lords of the Congregation were resolved to put a stop to the religious persecution of their preachers by the Romish bishops. Some of their preachers, having been summoned by the Regent, Mary of Lorraine, at the instigation of the hierarchy, to appear before her in July, 1558, for trial, prominent Protestant leaders accompanied them. Entering the room where the Queen Regent and the prelates were assembled, these Lords of the Con-

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gregation said to her, indicating the Primate and his fellow Prelates, "They trouble our preachers, they would murder them and us. Shall we suffer this any longer? No, Madam, it shall not be!" and thereupon every one of the party put on his steel bonnet, which was tantamount to a threat of war. The Queen Regent, seeing the necessity of timely concession, attempted "by fair words" to soothe the angry remonstrants. She declared to them that she "meant no evil" to them or their preachers. She called them her "beloved subjects," and turning to the bishops beside her, she forbade them to trouble thenceforth either the preachers or their defenders.

This spirited and courageous action of the Lords of the Congregation was largely due to the inspiration they had received from the letters of Knox. If his letters could achieve so much, what might he not hope to accomplish by his personal presence and voice? The time is at hand when this will be seen.

The death of Mary Tudor, in November, 1558, permitted the Protestant English exiles to return to England, and Knox's Congregation in Geneva was so depleted that he had few remaining to whom to minister. Thus released from his pastoral charge, he left Geneva in January, 1559, having previously been honored with the freedom of the city. He did not reach Scotland until some months later, stopping at Dieppe on the way in the hope of getting permission from the English government to pass through England. But he

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was not permitted to set foot in England even for this purpose, by Queen Elizabeth.

Notwithstanding the delay, his arrival in Edinburgh on May 2nd, 1559, proved to be "so well timed that devout students of history," says Dr. Stalker, "have recognized in this the special Providence of God." It was a critical moment in the development of the Scotch Reformation. The Queen Regent, having gained the object of her temporary toleration of the Protestant preachers, to which she had been constrained the previous year in Edinburgh by the bold and spirited action of the Lords of the Congregation in putting on their steel bonnets, in her presence, after protesting vigorously against the persecution of their preachers, renewed her policy of repression in the spring of 1559 by issuing an order through her Privy Council prohibiting all preaching by "unauthorized persons." When, after this, four notable preachers continued their "unauthorized" preaching, the Queen summoned them to answer for it before her, on the 10th of May, at Stirling. Their friends and sympathizers to the number of thousands, inhabitants of Montrose, Dundee and other towns of East Scotland, arming for their defense, accompanied them as far as Perth. Knox, informed of what was going on, promptly joined them, resolved to stand by his fellow preachers "in the brunt of the battle." Receiving word from the Queen Regent that proceedings against the preachers would be dropped, if they would come no farther, they

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halted at Perth and remained there until the time set for the trial was past, when the Queen Regent, by a breach of faith, proclaimed the preachers outlaws because of their non-appearance. Her perfidy and subservience to the persecuting Romish hierarchy, who had incited her to all this, evoked a civil war, which continued, with varying fortunes for both sides, as long as she lived.

The superior qualifications of Knox for leadership being now generally recognized and acknowledged, he soon became in fact the leader of the Reformers, and remained so to the end of his life.

Within a few days after his arrival in Scotland, he was outlawed by the Queen Regent. This instead of daunting seemed to fire him with more ardor and courage. On the 11th of May, after the news of the outlawry of the preachers had been received, he preached a sermon, "vehement against idolatry," in Perth in the ancient Church of St. John the Baptist. After it, before the congregation had dispersed, a priest proceeded to celebrate Mass. A boy standing "among certain godly men" and voicing perhaps their sentiments, exclaimed: "When God by His word has plainly damned idolatry, it is intolerable that we should stand and see it used despite." The angered priest struck the boy, and he retaliated by hurling a stone at him. The stone missed the priest but broke an image. Like a match lighted in combustible air, this produced an explosion. Others in the church broke out in riotous clamor and joined the boy in throwing stones at the

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“monuments of idolatry,” which soon were demolished. The mania spread through the town, and the Franciscan, Dominican and Carthusian monasteries were similarly desecrated, so that only their bare walls remained. Knox condemned this destruction and said it was the “work of the rascally multitude, not of gentlemen, neither of them that were earnest professors.” But, though he discountenanced them, similar acts of desecration accompanied his preaching elsewhere, in St. Andrews, Scone, Edinburgh and other places. “Knox would have preferred,” says Stalker, “an orderly destruction of the symbols of idolatry by the action of lawful authority, but it would, it is to be feared, be too much to say that in case of its not being done in this way, he would have preferred that it should not be done at all. The saying attributed to him that ‘the nests must be pulled down if the rooks are to be got rid of,’ cannot be traced to any document emanating from him, but it has internal verisimilitude.”

Nothing in all his career has excited more censure of Knox than “the ruins of religious magnificence” produced by his preaching. Dr. Johnson, on his tour to the Hebrides, was surveying one of these demolished establishments when mention was made of the Scotch Reformer. He pointed impatiently to the ruin before them and said: “This is the work of those Reformers; I do not think much of it. Differing from a man in doctrine was no reason for pulling his house

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around his ears." To the inquiry "where was Knox buried?" he gruffly answered, "I hope in the highway," as if the Reformer deserved to have men trample on his grave. Knox vainly cast the blame for those acts of vandalism on the "rascally multitude," since the multitude were quiet and peaceable until his sermons had excited them to frenzy. Those sermons were like the flaming torches which Samson tied to his foxes, making them frantic devastators of the wheat fields and vineyards of the Philistines.

An assembly of Protestant leaders was convened at St. Andrews the 3rd of June. Knox announced his intention of then going there, to fulfill his prophecy made while a captive in the galleys of preaching once more in that place where his ministry had begun. The Catholic Primate, hearing of his intention, sent him word that if he appeared in the Catholic pulpits, he would be shot in the act. The Protestant Lords of the Congregation, therefore, counselled that "the preaching should be delayed for that day," lest his life and theirs be sacrificed, since, if he were attacked, they would feel bound to defend him, and hostilities which they hoped still to avert would be precipitated. But Knox would not be dissuaded from his purpose. "My life," he said, "is in the custody of Him whose glory I seek. I desire the hand and the weapon of no man to defend me, I only crave audience." He accordingly preached, but without molestation, in the parish church, on the "Cleansing of the Tem-

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ple," "with so much effect, that the magistrates, supported by the majority of the citizens, proceeded 'with expedition' to remove 'all the monuments of idolatry' from the Cathedral and other churches of the city" (Cowan), and to adopt the Reformed worship in place of the Catholic.

What was thus quickly accomplished in St. Andrews, Knox hoped to see ultimately accomplished in all Scotland. This meant the general adoption of the new worship in the place of the old; that the churches should be stripped of their idolatrous images and pictures, the altars dismantled, the celebration of the Mass discontinued, and in place of it the Bible expounded and its teaching enforced; that monasteries and abbeys should be pulled down or appropriated for better religious uses, and the land and other property of the Old Church be confiscated for the purposes of national education, relief of the poor, and the maintenance of the new Reformed Church that should supplant the old one. Such was the *plan* which Knox had in mind, and he had only thirteen and a half years to live! An ambitious plan; and a short time for him to work upon it!

It is proper for us to show what means he used for the accomplishment of his aim, and what success rewarded his efforts.

"It was as a preacher, mainly," says Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, "that he did his work, whereby the entire face and future of Scotland were changed. He was a statesman, indeed, as his great scheme of education clearly proves, and the fact that his

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advice was sought by multitudes in difficulties is an evidence that he was a man of wisdom. But, though different excellencies might appear in him on different occasions, in the pulpit they were always in exercise and always at their best. That was the glass which focussed all his powers into a point and quickened them into an intensity which kindled everything it touched. It broadened his intellect, enlivened his imagination, clarified his judgment, inflamed his courage, and gave fiery energy to his utterance. He was never elsewhere so great in any one of these particulars as he was in the pulpit in them all; for there, over and above the fervid animation which he had in such large measure, and the glow of enthusiasm which fills the soul of the orator as he addresses an audience, he had the feeling that he was called of God to be faithful, and this lifted him entirely outside of himself. His words, there spoken, went *in* to men. Like those modern missiles which burst within the wounds which they have made, so his words exploded within the hearts of those who received them, and set them on fire with convictions that flamed forth in conduct."

It was not his practice to write his sermons, but he premeditated them as carefully as if he wrote them. The language in which he clothed his thought was remarkably graphic and forcible. Examples of it may be found in his "History of the Reformation," which, "as a literary work," says Professor Cowan, "holds a notable place on account of its vivid descriptions, its trenchant

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diction and its dramatic union of grim earnestness and bright humor." "His words, in comparison with those of ordinary writers," says Stalker, "are like hail to rain, or like bullets in comparison with arrows."

Of his impassioned fervor and oratorical power, which enthralled and inspired his hearers, we have the striking testimony of the English Ambassador, Randolph. In a letter to Cecil, he said of Knox's preaching: "His voice is able to put more life into men than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in their ears."

That voice during those thirteen years of his ministry after his return from exile was heard all over Scotland. In the changing fortunes of the fierce conflict which occupied those years he was repeatedly compelled to retire from Edinburgh for safety, and he made frequent itinerancies, besides, to different parts of the land for the good of the cause, for the perfecting of the organization of the New Church, and for the strengthening of the hearts of the timid and vacillating among the Protestant brethren. "Often," we are told, "he was sick in body and sicker still in spirit. Yet he was the life and soul of the whole movement, and in moments of despair, which happened not rarely, he was able to pour energy into the veins of his comrades and inspire them with fresh faith in God and in their enterprise." But, whenever and wherever he went on these errands, which took him away from St. Giles (his stated pulpit, in Edinburgh),

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he went as a preacher. In the work of preaching, he found renewal of his failing strength, both of mind and body. A student who heard him in St. Andrews in his old age, when broken in health and feeble in body, says of him, "I saw him go slowly and warily from the abbey to the parish church, with a furring of marticks about his neck, a staff in one hand and gude, godly Richart Ballenden, his servant, holden up the other exte, and by the said Richart and another servant lifted up to the pulpit, whar he behovit to lean at his first entry; but ere he had done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous that he was lyk to ding the pulpit in blads (beat it in pieces) and fly out of it."

"He tuned the pulpits of his nation," says Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, i.e., "gave to them the model of preaching, struck the keynote of their sermons, to which all that is best in the preaching of Scotland to this day is harmonious and true." In this key-note two things were blended—the true homiletic principles shaping the matter of the sermon and the manner of the delivery. As to the shaping homiletic principles: he clearly explained the meaning of the passage chosen; he showed its original application by the sacred writers; and assuming that the principles of right conduct are the same in every age, he showed wherein the text was applicable to his hearers in their circumstances, and urged them to act in view of it in the fear of God. He recognized the explanation of the present in the old inspired

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record of the past, and reading Scottish history in the light of that of the Israelites, found constant opportunity for this kind of practical application.

As to the *delivery* of his message: "It was that of one *possessed* by it for the time being, so that with little thought on his part of what he is doing, it speaks through him, not through his words only, but through his entire personality. When a preacher is thus sermon-possessed, like Knox, the vehemence will seem so natural that it will be lost sight of in the experience of the power of which it is the concomitant, and this has been true of all the best preaching in the land of Knox."

Knox possessed a great organizing genius as well as extraordinary preaching power. This organizing ability characterized the three great *Johns*—John Calvin, John Knox and John Wesley,—through whom Protestant Christianity has widely spread since the Reformation. It is only men of such constructive ability, men like the Hebrew law-giver, that can embody their ideas in enduring institutions, who exert the widest and most lasting influence.

Soon an opportunity was given him, to the lasting advantage of Scotland, to exercise this constructive ability. In June, 1560, Mary of Lorraine, whose shuffling course as Queen Regent had brought Scotland to the brink of national ruin, died. The French troops, on which she mainly had relied, were called back to France;

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by the Treaty of Edinburgh, soon ratified, the Lords of the Congregation and the Roman hierarchy ceased their strife: the French adventurers, officeholders and ecclesiastics, were sent out of the land, and a parliament was summoned to pass such laws and varied legislation as the distracted country needed. The parliament assembled August 1st, 1560—"the most important parliament that ever met in Scotland." It was numerously attended by the nobility and clergy of both parties (Lords of the Congregation being in the majority), who exercised their ancient privilege under the impulses both of religion and patriotism, to enact the laws then demanded for the relief of their country.

The subject of religion was first considered. A committee of six ministers was appointed to frame a Confession of Faith. Knox was its most prominent member and he probably wrote the most of it. We are informed, however, that *Wynram and Maitland of Lethington mitigated the austerity of many words and sentences*. In four days the Confession, so amended, was presented to parliament, and it was adopted, article by article. Although many adversaries of the Reformation were members of the Estates composing the parliament, there was but little expressed dissent. Five Lairds voted "Nay," saying, "We will believe as our fathers believed," and "the Primate, Archbishop Hamilton, and two other bishops contented themselves with giving an adverse vote, on the ground that "they had

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not had sufficient time to examine the document;" otherwise they "spake nothing." Their silence was interpreted as a confession that the Catholic Church was justly condemned. The Earl of Marischal said: "It is long since I have had a suspicion of the papistical religion, but I praise my God, this day has fully resolved me. For seeing that the Lord Bishops here present speak nothing to the contrary of the doctrine proposed, I cannot but hold it to be the very truth of God." "Their apparent acquiescence in the ruin of their cause," Professor Cowan justly remarks, "must have helped to determine the course of other waverers and time servers and thus to turn this parliamentary victory of the Reformation into a permanent ascendancy."

The "First Scottish Confession," thus made by the parliament a law of the land, in its provisions enacted that "the Spiritual Estate (Catholic prelates), on account of false doctrine and dishonored sacraments, should be henceforth excluded from voting in parliament. All doctrines and preachers contrary to the new creed were condemned. The jurisdiction of the Pope within the realm was abolished. Finally, the celebration of the Mass was forbidden, under penalty of confiscation for the first offense, banishment for the second, and death for the third." (Cowan.)

"This was the end of the Papacy in Scotland, and with it an era of darkness, superstition and spiritual tyranny passed away; the misshapen fabric of papal Scotland had perished of its own

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corruption and gone down unhonored and unwept into the abyss of oblivion." (Stalker.)

But the strangeness of its sudden overthrow demands some further explanation. It seems at first thought incredible that the prelates in this parliament should have displayed what Andrew Lang calls the "imbecile attitude" of silence when the question of adopting this "Confession" was up for final action. What paralyzed their tongues that they uttered no defense of their Church?

They were silenced by the accusing voices of their own godly kings and faithful Churchmen in the past: e.g. (a) Of King James I., who, charging the degeneracy of his time to "the covetousness and carnality of the religious orders," had exhorted their governors to a "holy strictness in government."

(b) Of James II., who had petitioned the Pope to suppress a monastery in Ayrshire on account of "flagrant and abominable immorality."

(c) Accusing voices also of faithful Churchmen,—of Bishop Wardlaw and Bishop Kennedy, of St. Andrews, who had signalized their episcopates by earnest "endeavors to suppress disorders which had crept in among their clergy"; the particular "disorders" alleged being "licentiousness," "crass ignorance" (by which intelligent people were scandalized and estranged from the Church) and "unbridled greed."

Their own historians, some of them then living, confirmed these charges of their good Churchmen. They testified that by reason of such

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misdoings of their clergy, and the accumulating disgrace attached to them, they had incurred the contempt and hatred of the common people, so that God's services had become generally neglected.

These accusing voices of the past could not be gainsaid; the sins they bore witness to had not been corrected; they had rather increased and grown worse. The outrages and oppressions of recent times, the murders of Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart and others by the Cardinal Archbishops of St. Andrews, James and David Beaton, were held in remembrance by many there.

The primate, Hamilton, therefore, and the other bishops could answer nothing to the indictment of the Romish clergy in the Confession, and the demand it made that the Old Church should be displaced by that of the Reformation, because *they knew it to be true and in their own consciences they were convicted of its truth*. "In England," says Froude, "the lives of the higher clergy had been outwardly decorous; in Scotland the bishops and archbishops set an example of the most enormous profligacy. Archbishop Hamilton succeeded to Beaton's 'vices with his power'; 'he lived in notorious adultery, and was rather unfortunate in the number of his iniquities which were brought to light than in any special distinction above the other miscreants of his time. Of a Churchman he had nothing in him beyond the appetite for persecution.'"

Another thing, probably, that caused their "im-

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becile attitude" of silence, was the eloquence of Knox in presenting the Confession with its convincing indictment. It was unanswerable in the manner of its presentment, as well as in its matter.

Next to the "Confession of Faith," thus enacted by the parliament, what is known in Scotch history as the "Book of Discipline" was prepared by the same committee as framed the "Confessions." Its purpose and scope, as described by Stalker, was "to give to Scotland a substitute for the system of religion displaced"; to furnish it, as Knox said, with "the face of a Church." The existing reformed ministers, all too few, were located where they were most needed. Knox was assigned to Edinburgh (or, rather, reappointed). It was felt that he was the man for this center. Adam Heriot was sent to Aberdeen. William Christison to Dundee. John Roe to Perth. Christopher Goodman to St. Andrews, etc. Five ministers of distinguished ability were appointed superintendents, to be over extensive districts, in which they were "to plant and erect churches, to set them in order, and appoint ministers." For the support of these and their successors provision had to be made and a plan was outlined "for the employment of the property of the old Church for the support of the new and for the equipment of a national scheme of education and poor relief."

At this task Knox and his companions also worked with diligence and their report was soon

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ready for submission. The parliament of 1560 had not time, however, for its consideration, and its formal presentation was postponed until the parliament of the next year.

Added to the Book of Discipline, and forming an integral part of it, was an Act "creating" an ecclesiastical body to serve as a counterpoise to the parliament," viz., the General Assembly. The first General Assembly was held in December, 1560. "It consisted of forty-two members who assembled as ministers and commissioners of the particular Kirks of Scotland convened upon the things which are to set forward God's glory and the work of His Kirk in the realm." "Many attempts," says Stalker, "were made (by hostile parliaments) to wreck this institution in its early years, but the General Assembly was destined to outlive the Scottish parliament itself, and nearly every other national institution then in existence."

"The Book of Discipline," Stalker says, "is in some respects the most remarkable document of that age in Scotland; and to this day it remains readable in the highest degree. Nothing else bears quite so distinctly the impress of Knox's genius. It presented his ideal of reformed Scotland; it produces a dazzling image of national prosperity. But, unfortunately, it was only an ideal—it was never made an actuality. For this, however, Knox was not to blame."

When presented, "it met with unexpected opposition, and was refused the sanction of Parlia-

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ment. Its scheme as to the disposition of the property of the Old Church was too ambitious for that generation. By the avarice of the Scotch nobility the patriotic plans of Knox were, to a large extent, frustrated; and by the struggle with these land grabbers, many of whom were professors of the Reformed religion, the rest of his life was embittered. The preachers were literally starved; some of them, it is alleged, actually dying of cold and hunger. Young men were discouraged from entering the ministry, and the whole fabric of the New Church was stunted."

To the eloquent appeal made by Knox in behalf of his cherished plan, the majority of the members of Parliament remained obdurate. "Everything," he writes afterwards, "that repugned to their corrupt affections was termed in their mock-age "devout imaginations," and he recalls the ancient proverb, "The belly hath no ears."

"He was sore grieved," says Carlyle, "when he saw greedy, worldly Barons clutch hold of the Church's property; when he expostulated that it was not secular property, that it was spiritual property, and should be turned to true Churchly uses, educational schools, worship; and the Regent Murray [*not Murray*, but cynical Maitland, Lang says] had to answer with a shrug of his shoulders, "It is a devout imagination!"

According to our way of thinking, people of "devout imagination" are the salt of the earth. How much is the world indebted to them, for conceiving and cherishing their ideals of justice,

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righteousness and goodly living, and striving zealously and determinedly to have these realized! We may boldly ask with Carlyle: "Is it not what all zealous men,—whether called priests, prophets, reformers or whatsoever else called,—do essentially wish, and must wish, that right and truth, God's law, reign supreme among men?"

It was the motive underlying and stimulating the endeavors of all the good men and women, the benefactors of the world,—“whatever their name or sign,”—who have labored for the betterment of mankind in the past; not only the Hebrew prophets and the Protestant reformers, but the Saints of the Catholic Church also; the founders of its religious Orders,—Saints Benedict, Bernard, Francis, Dominic, Vincent de Paul, and the illustrious women canonized as Saints,—Saints Elizabeth, Catherine of Siena, and Theresa. They were inspired by a “devout imagination,” to resist the base and degrading tendencies that in their times were corrupting the purity of the Christian Church, and impairing the confidence of men in it, destroying their faith in Christ and their desire to live in the sense of His presence and strengthening power. “How far such ideals can ever be introduced into practice,” says Carlyle, “and at what point our impatience with their non-introduction ought to begin is always a question. I think we may say safely, ‘Let them introduce themselves as far as they can contrive to do it! If they are the true faith

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of men, all men ought to be more or less impatient always, where they are not found introduced. We will praise the hero-priest, rather, who does what is in him to bring them in; and wears out in toil, calumny, contradiction, a noble life to make a God's Kingdom of this earth.' "

True are Lowell's words:—

"Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal,
Outside of self, enduring as the pole,

• • • • •

Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
So long this faith to some ideal good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country,—this ethereal mood
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear."

(*Lowell's Commemoration Ode.*)

In August, 1561, Mary Stuart, daughter of James V. and Mary of Guise, arrived in Scotland to assume the crown inherited from her father. On the voyage from France in the galleys, which conveyed her and her brilliant retinue, a thick fog hid them from the English war ships, that patrolled the coast of Scotland for the purpose of intercepting them, and they landed in Leith in safety. Orphaned and widowed in the space of six months in the previous year, and compelled by the death of her husband, Francis II., to vacate the regal state and splendors of the French Court which she had enjoyed with him as Queen of France for only one year, the dismal fog which

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enveloped the rock-bound coast and sterile soil of her inherited kingdom might have been thought a true symbol of the sad and tragic reign that awaited her there. Knox, recalling it, describes it in his history, as "ominous of ill to the Reformation;" the "very face of Heaven did manifestly speak of dolour, darkness and all impiety."

In anticipation of the coming of their Queen, Knox and the leaders of the Reformed Church and the Protestant nobles were anxious about the effect of her presence in the land upon the fortunes of their Church. There were good reasons for their anxiety. Mary, the daughter of the late Regent, and the niece of the Cardinal of Lorraine and the other uncles of the persecuting house of Guise, could hardly be expected to look with favor upon the new Ecclesiastical Edifice. She had refused to ratify by her sovereign approval the recent Treaty of Leith and the enactment of the Parliament of 1560, by which the Kirk was established. The Catholic bishops had assembled at Stirling in the spring of 1561 in view of the more hopeful outlook, and Mary had "dispatched three hundred letters to various Scots of standing, in the prospect of her early return"; and Knox writes, "The Papists began to brag as if they would have defaced the Protestants."

The Reformers, therefore, endeavored to fortify their position against the hostile attacks apprehended. The General Assembly which met in May, 1561, under the lead of Knox, petitioned the Privy Council for "the suppression of the already

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prohibited Mass, the removal from the churches of all remaining Monuments of idolatry and the further plantation as well as adequate sustenance of Reformed superintendents, ministers, exhorters and readers." These demands were approved by the Privy Council and thus, Knox says, "gat Satan the second fall." Another thing provided against was French interference in the future with the government of Scotland. Through Cardinal Beaton and the Queen Regent, Mary of Lorraine's influence, the country had received great injury in the past from such interference. When, therefore, in February, 1561, ambassadors came from the French court, in behalf of Mary Stuart and Catherine de Medici, the Regent of France, to obtain a renewal of the ancient French alliance, the Scotch Estates, now controlled by the Reformers, replied that they would enter into no such alliance with a nation which had "helped to persecute them as would involve a breach of the existing league with those (the English government) who had helped to deliver them; and as Scotland had forsaken the Pope and papistry, Scotchmen could not be debtors to his sworn vassals." (Cowan's John Knox.)

Two other things secured by the Reformers before the coming of Mary Stuart was the assurance that she would not attempt to overthrow the New Church, and that she would take as her chief advisers those who were now the recognized leaders of the nation. Lord James Stuart, her half-brother, at the request of the Estates, vis-

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ited Queen Mary at the French Court to secure from her these two things. He had but little difficulty in doing so, inasmuch as her French advisers agreed with him in counselling her to attempt no reversal, at least for a time, of the legislation that had established the new Kirk and its declared policy. "It was necessary (they considered) for Mary to temporize in order ultimately to triumph, and for the present, accordingly, it was advised that the two (the Catholic Queen and the Protestant Nation) should walk together," although not "agreed," and she chose Lord James Stuart and Maitland of Lethington to be the chief ministers of State. These were generally recognized as the ablest statesmen of the Reformed party, but while they were honest in their convictions in favor of the Reformed doctrines, they were tolerant toward the Catholic religion and its adherents—so, in favor of allowing the Queen and her Court full liberty to attend Mass and observe the customary rites and worship enjoined by their religion.

In this they were stoutly opposed, of course, by Knox. He and Maitland (also called Lethington from the name of his estate, according to a Scottish custom) often crossed swords and in their argumentative fencing Knox showed himself a match for the statesman.

In accordance with the idea of her leading statesmen, the Queen was permitted, despite the penal statute against it, to have the Mass celebrated, soon after her arrival, in her private chapel at Holyrood Palace. "The service," it

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was publicly stated, "was for the benefit of the Queen's uncles and other Frenchmen, who had accompanied her on her journey." The Queen's personal participation in it was tacitly admitted, but Lord James Stuart stood as guard at the Chapel door in order, as he said, to stop all Scotsmen from taking part in the "idolatry." They considered, as men of the world, that the toleration of a single Mass in the private Chapel of the Palace was a moderate price to be paid for the practical endorsement which Mary had given to the establishment of the Reformed Faith in the land.

Knox's fear was not appeased by these plausible excuses, and on the following Sunday he relieved his mind by declaring from the pulpit of St. Giles that "one Mass inspired him with more terror than would the landing in the country of ten thousand armed enemies." Four years later he said he "had done most wickedly" that day, not because he had spoken too strongly, but because he had not gone further and "done what in him lay to suppress that idol in the beginning."

"Our modern principles of religious toleration," says Professor Cowan, "render it difficult for us to sympathize with Knox's thoroughness." The writer frankly declares that, in his opinion, it was a mistake; that a more conciliatory policy such as James Stuart and Maitland urged him to adopt, might have been chosen without detriment to his cause and to the good of the land. But his

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character and his conscience forbade it. To do what they recommended for the good of the country was "traffic with Satan," "betraying God's cause," "doing evil that good might come." He insisted that the statute against the Mass should be consistently enforced, without excepting even the Queen,—“liberty would be their thralldom ere long.”

The Queen's Ministers, on the other hand, insisted that Knox and his followers in the General Assembly, had no right "to constrain the Queen's conscience," or "take from her the Mass," to which she adhered as an essential part of her religious faith. To this they replied that "as the Mass was an abomination, so it was right that it should be suppressed, and that in so doing men did no more wrong to the Queen's Majesty than they that should by force take from her a poisoned cup, when she was going to drink it." Knox, whether aware of it or not, here used an argument by which the Catholic Church had justified its persecution of heretics.

Another question closely connected with the foregoing, was whether a subject could lawfully resist his sovereign. Maitland and Knox were the disputants in this discussion. Maitland, quoting the word of the Apostle Paul: "Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God" (Romans 13:2), demanded "how may the person placed in authority be resisted and God's ordinance not transgressed?" Knox replying, drew a distinction between the divine ordi-

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nance of government and the person administering it. The former was "constant, stable, perpetual," and therefore unalterably binding. But particular men, "clothed with their authority," are "mutable, transitory, subject to corruption; therefore, the prince who abuses his authority may be resisted, while yet the ordinance of God is not violated." Knox was able to produce a copy of the famous Apology of Magdeburg, made by its clergy in defense of its citizens for opposing the Emperor, Charles V. Maitland glanced over the list of signatures affixed to the document and scornfully remarked "*Homines obscuri*," to which Knox gave the memorable reply "*Dei tamen servi*." (See Cowan's John Knox.)

Maitland, as the Queen's prime minister, sought to avoid a rupture between the State and the Church by curtailing the authority and independence of the General Assembly, in which Knox's influence was supreme. When, therefore, the time for the next meeting of the Assembly, in December following the Queen's arrival, drew near, Maitland denied the right of Churchmen "to assemble themselves and to keep conventions," without the allowance of the Queen. "Take from us the freedom of Assemblies," Knox answered, "and you take from us the Evangel. Without Assemblies, how shall good order and unity of doctrine be kept?"

Knox was no courtier. The honesty of his heart constrained him to use a plainness of speech

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which shocked, sometimes, courtly ears. This was strikingly illustrated in the interviews he had with the Queen. Of Mary Stuart's personality, her beauty and social grace, all historians agree that she was possessed of rare powers of fascination. There were but few that could resist it. However great their prejudices might be beforehand on account of her religion and her relationship as niece to the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine—as soon as they came into her presence and experienced her gracious courtesy they were charmed into loyal toleration. "As the Lords of the Congregation," says Knox, "repaired into the town, at the first coming they showed themselves wonderfully offended that the Mass was permitted; so that every man as he came accused them that were before him; but after they had remained a certain space, they were as quiet as the former," and he quotes with evident gusto a sarcastic saying of Robert Campbell of Kinyeandeleuch, that "the holy water of the Court sprinkled on them took away all their fervency." (Cowan.) "I think," said a Protestant noble, "there is some enchantment here, by which men are bewitched."

Maitland and Lord Stuart thought that possibly Knox might also be mollified in his hostility toward her, if he could experience her personal charm. Accordingly, soon after his sermon in St. Giles against the Queen's Mass in her private Chapel at Holyrood, she invited Knox to the privilege of an audience at the palace, probably at

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the suggestion of Lord Stuart, who was present. Though "they could have little expectation that Knox would persuade Mary to renounce the Mass, they may have had some hope that the Reformer might be won over by the Queen to their own moderate standpoint."

Knox had five interviews with the young Queen, the reports of which are given to us by him alone. If there were other interviews, he is silent in regard to them. Good and quite full accounts of them may be found in the biographies of Knox by McCrie, Stalker and Cowan. The writer must content himself, because of the limitations of this study, with considerable abbreviations of them. Enough will be given, we think, to show that though the young and beautiful Queen endeavored to captivate Knox with her beauty and social charm, he steeled his heart successfully against her every blandishment, and, in spite of her bright intellect, quickness of repartee, and ability in reasoning,—exhibiting a shrewdness beyond her years," Knox afterwards said,—he replied to every thrust aptly and successfully, though not always as courteously as would have been fitting. "It is usual," says Andrew Lang, "to defend Knox's conduct towards his young Queen. Randolph (the English Ambassador) and Lethington (Maitland) did not approve of it; it was calculated to exasperate the humblest spirit, and Mary's spirit was high." The conversation at the first interview soon drifted into a discussion of various charges made against him; that in

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England he had practiced magic and "sedition," that he had produced slaughter, and by his book, "The Monstrous Regiment of Women," had sought to undermine the authority of lawful rulers with their subjects. In reply he said that he, a "wretched sinner," must patiently bear a charge that was made against Christ Himself, who had been defamed as in league with Beelzebub; that the charge of sedition was false, unless to teach the truth of God in sincerity, to rebuke idolatry, and to will a people to worship God according to His word, be to raise subjects against their princes; that his ministry in England, instead of producing slaughter, had resulted in great loyalty to the government and civic righteousness; for example, in Berwick, where bloodshed had been formerly common among the soldiers, by God's blessing on his labors there was as great quietness during the time he resided in that town as there was at present in Edinburgh.

As to her complaint in regard to "The Monstrous Regiment of Women," Knox said the work had been composed with special reference to Queen Mary Tudor, "the Jezebel of England," whose cruel persecution of her Protestant subjects had vexed his soul; and he added, "If the realm (of Scotland) finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman and if she refrained from persecution, her authority would not be hurt by either him or his work."

She next charged him with having "taught the people of Scotland a religion different from that

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allowed by their rulers," and she asked if this was "not contrary to the divine command that subjects should obey their rulers?" "The power of rulers had its limits," he said. "Subjects could not frame their religion according to the appetites of their rulers. The Israelites of Egypt were not of the religion of Pharaoh; Daniel and St. Paul were not of the religion of Nebuchadnezzar and Nero." "But none of those," she answered, "had resisted with the sword." "God had not given them the power," he replied. "Think you," said the Queen, "that subjects having the power may resist their princes?" To this he answered with the comparison, which in the next century became an argument of the Puritan party by which they vindicated their resistance to Charles I. and the tyranny of James II., and justified the principle of limited and constitutional monarchy now generally accepted. "If a father," he said, "became mad and attempted to kill his children, his children might tie his hands and take his weapon from him; in like manner if princes would murder the children of God that are subject to them, their blind zeal is nothing but a very mad frenzy, and, therefore, to take their sword from them, to bind their hands, and even to cast them into prison until they be brought to a sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience because it agreeth with the will of God."

Mary, unaccustomed to such plain speaking, was dumfounded at Knox's bold answer. At

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length, recovering herself, she said, "My subjects, then, are to obey you and not me, and I am subject to them and not they to me?" "Nay," he replied, "let prince and subject both obey God. Kings should be foster-fathers of the Kirk and Queens its nursing mothers." "Yes, but ye are not the Kirk that I will nourish. I will defend the Kirk of Rome, for I think it is the true Kirk of God." "Your will, Madam," Knox rudely answered, "is no reason, nor does your thought make the Roman harlot the spouse of Christ." ("A good-tempered observation," says Lang sarcastically, referring to Carlyle's assertion in regard to Knox, "he is never in the least ill-tempered with her Majesty.")

The discussion was closed by the dinner hour, and Knox took his leave. As if to atone for the rudeness of his speech into which he had slipped ("after the manner of the polemics of the time," says Cowan), in departing the Reformer said, "I pray God, Madam, that you may be as blest within the Commonwealth of Scotland as Deborah was in the Commonwealth of Israel."

In May, the following year, Knox had another interview with the Queen. The occasion of it was a misreport of a sermon of his in regard to a splendid ball given by the Queen at the palace to her foreign servants, to express their satisfaction and her own, over the massacre of Vassy a few weeks before, in which the Duke of Guise and Cardinal Lorraine, her uncles, had attacked with an armed force a Protestant congregation peace-

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ably assembled for worship, killed a number of them and wounded and mutilated others, not sparing women and children. On the following Sunday, referring to the amusements indulged in at the palace, he said that "princes were more experienced in dancing and music than in reading or hearing the Word of God, and delighted more in fiddlers and flatterers than in the company of wise and grave men who were capable of giving them wholesome counsel." As to dancing, "although he did not find it praised in Scripture, yet he would not utterly condemn it, provided those who practiced it did not neglect the duties of their station, and did not dance like the Philistines from joy at the misfortunes of God's people. If they were guilty of such conduct their mirth would be soon converted into sorrow." Information of the sermon was quickly carried to the Queen, and the preacher was next day summoned to the palace to answer for it. Ushered into the royal chamber where sat the Queen in the midst of her maids of honor and principal counsellors, he was charged with having "spoken of her Majesty with disrespect and in a manner calculated to bring her under the contempt and hatred of her subjects." Replying, he said she had experienced what usually happens to persons who refused to attend the preaching of the Word of God. She had been deceived by the false reports of flatterers. She might now be glad to hear what he said yesterday in his sermon. Mary, consenting to hear it, he recapitulated not only the sub-

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stance, but almost the exact language of his discourse, as some in the room who had heard the sermon attested. The Queen, satisfied that she had been misinformed, said, that thereafter if he heard anything about her conduct that displeased him, and he would come to her privately, she would willingly listen to his admonitions. He replied that he "was willing to do anything for her Majesty's contentment which was consistent with his office, but to come and wait at her chamber door and then to have liberty only to whisper in her ear what people thought and said of her would neither his conscience nor his office permit him to do." Mary, offended, turned her back upon him. As he left the room he overheard someone remark with surprise that he was "not effrayed." "Why," said he, "should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman effray me? I have looked on the angry faces of many men and not been effrayed above measure."

The third interview took place four months afterwards, in April, 1563. The occasion of it was the infraction of the statute against the Mass. At the recent Easter the Mass had been celebrated by ardent Catholics in several places. Since the government took no steps to maintain the law, zealous Protestants arrested the priests who had violated it, saying that they would "complain neither to Queen nor to Council," but would "punish the idolaters by such means as they might." Knox being suspected of being the instigator of their action, Mary sent for him and urged him

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“earnestly for two hours,” “to persuade the gentlemen of the West to leave the priests alone and not to take her sword in their hand.” Knox replied that the “gentlemen of the West” were but imitating the Old Testament Saints, Phineas and other zealous maintainers of the law, and frankly told her that the remedy for such usurpations of the magisterial office was for the government to “punish such mass-mongers according to the law.”

The Queen was not pleased with his advice, but thinking it over during the night, and probably talking over the matter with her brother, Earl Moray, or Murray, told Knox on the following day that she would cause all offenders to be summoned for trial. The Queen kept her promise; within about a month forty-eight mass-mongers were tried for breach of the law—and the majority of them (including Arch-bishop Hamilton) were sent to prison, and the report given by Knox of the Queen’s gracious behavior to him operated in her favor on the public mind. But, afterwards, he believed that her compliance with the law was done craftily to allay the suspicion of the Protestants and prevent them from trying to press the Queen with any other thing concerning matters of religion at the Parliament which met two days after.

The fourth interview between Knox and the Queen occurred in the summer of 1563, during the sitting of Parliament. A rumor was circulating that the Queen was about to marry Don Carlos

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of Spain. The rumor greatly disturbed Knox, whose experience in England made him dread to have his Queen marry the son of the Arch-persecutor, Philip II., and thus be exposed to the malign influence of Catholic Spain, as was Mary Tudor through her marriage with Philip. He was moved, accordingly, to say from the pulpit that "whensoever the nobility of Scotland consent that an infidel shall be head to their sovereign, they will bring God's vengeance upon the country." The report of it being carried to the Queen, she was furious at the "interference with her matrimonial affairs as the consummation of meddlesomeness," and summoned him to Holyrood. "In a vehement fume of anger mingled with weeping," she indignantly demanded, "What have you to do with my marriage and who are you within this commonwealth?" Knox replied, "A subject born within the same, and, albeit I be neither earl, lord, nor baron, yet has God made me (how abject I ever be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same, to whom it appertains to forewarn of such things as may hurt it"; and for the nobility to consent that their Queen should be "subject to an unfaithful husband was to do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish the truth from them, to betray the freedom of this realm and, perchance, in the end do small comfort to the Queen, herself."

This reply of Knox, one of the great sayings of history, uttered as if conscious of great services to his country, and of the immense influence

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he then wielded, did not allay her passion or stop her tears. Her emotion was, apparently, sincere, and the heart of the Reformer, to his everlasting credit, was touched by it. He declared that he had "never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures." "I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys," he continued, "whom my own hand correcteth, much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping. But I must sustain, albeit unwillingly, your Majesty's tears rather than dare hurt my conscience, or betray my commonwealth through my silence."

The Queen, unappeased, ordered his withdrawal to the ante-room, where he was kept waiting for an hour. There he stood "as one whom men had never seen"; all his friends, Lord Ochiltree excepted, afraid to show him the smallest countenance. But he, unabashed, spoke to the richly-dressed court ladies there: "O fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours, if it could ever abide, and then in the end you might pass to heaven, with all this gear. But fye upon that knave, Death, that will come whether we will or not." And so moralizing and availing himself of the best company to be had in the circumstances, he passed the time, until he was allowed to depart. Having incurred her implacable resentment there is no question that he now lived in peril from her ill-will. She was only waiting for an opportunity to destroy him.

The last meeting of the Reformer with the Queen occurred in December of the same year,

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when Knox was tried before the Privy Council for treason. The grounds on which the accusation was based were these: During the Queen's absence from the city in the summer, the stipulated agreement that Mass should be celebrated only in her presence was "notoriously disregarded. The domestics whom she left behind her in Holyrood celebrated the Popish worship with greater publicity than was usual when she was present." This boldness offended the Protestants and some went down to the palace to mark the inhabitants who repaired to the service. Perceiving numbers entering, they burst into the palace and presenting themselves at the altar, asked the priest how he dared to proceed in that manner when the Queen was absent. An exaggerated report of the disturbance produced was noised abroad, carried to the Queen, and, at her instance, "the leaders were cited to trial on the charge of violent invasion of the palace." Knox and his close adherents thought that if these two leaders were punished for their act the laws restricting the celebration of Mass would become a dead letter. Accordingly, "he wrote and circulated an epistle to the brethren asking their presence, comfort and assistance" at Edinburgh on the day of trial, not only for the protection of the accused, but lest a door be opened to execute cruelty on a greater multitude. A copy of this letter was placed before the Queen and she thought that it gave her the desired opportunity to punish him for his various offenses against

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her. His act of "convoking the Queen's lieges" without her authority, was constructive treason. She so believed and Maitland agreed with her. "His best friends," says Stalker, "counselled him to make his submission to the Queen beforehand, as they could perceive no way of escape." But Knox disdained to use any artifice, saying, "I praise my God through Jesus Christ, I have learned not to cry 'conjuraton and treason,' at everything that the godless multitude does condemn, neither yet to fear the things that they fear."

The Queen came to the court-room and occupied the chair with no little worldly pomp. When she saw Knox standing at the other end of the table, bareheaded, she first smiled, and then burst into laughter, saying, "Know ye whereat I laugh. Yon man made me weep and wept never a tear himself. I will see whether I can make him cry." The Queen entered into the argument and Secretary Lethington "did his best to fasten the halter round the neck of the culprit." But never was Knox more cool and astute. They were assuming that to convene the Queen's lieges without her permission was manifestly a crime; but Knox boldly denied it, arguing that "he did so every Sunday when he invited people to church; he proved that he had a commission from the General Assembly to call the friends of the church together whenever public necessity required it; and there were those in the Council who had answered such summonses in days gone by."

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Failing to show that his act of sending the letter was treason, she tried then to show that treason was found in the content of the letter because of its warning, "lest a door be opened to execute cruelty on a greater multitude," suggesting that she would act with cruelty. But Knox parried this by saying that "the warning was intended to refer, not to the Queen, but to those 'pestilent Papists' who desired the extermination of 'all such as profess the Evangel of Jesus Christ,' and who had inflamed without cause her Majesty against those poor men." The trial ended in the acquittal of Knox by almost all the members of the Council, including Sinclair, the Catholic Bishop of Ross, who was an enemy of Knox and had brought the supposed treasonable letter to the Queen. Sinclair, being upbraided by the Queen for voting Knox's acquittal, replied, "Neither affection to the man nor love to his profession moved me to absolve him, but the simple truth which appeared in his defense."

Lethington was so incensed at the vote that he recalled the Queen, who had left the chamber, and had the vote taken over again in her presence. This attempt to overawe them displeased the nobility. "What!" said they, "shall the Laird of Lethington have power to control us? or shall the presence of a woman cause us to offend God, and to condemn an innocent man against our consciences?" They then repeated the vote already given, and at the same time praised Knox's modest appearance and the judicious manner in which

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he had conducted his defense. "There is not in history," says Stalker, "a scene more creditable to the Scottish nobility."

We have dwelt thus at considerable length upon these interviews between the Scotch Reformer and his youthful Queen at the beginning of her sad and tempestuous reign in Scotland, for the interesting light they shed upon their characters, mutual relations and attitudes of mind toward each other. This question occurs: Was Knox justified in his attitude of unbending opposition to the Queen, and in his manifestation of it in such a rude, discourteous fashion? His rudeness was manifestly deliberate; he understood well enough what respectful deference was due from him to his Queen and occasionally showed it by the behavior becoming a gentleman. His apologist, Dr. Cowan, says, "The issues at stake required a plain-spoken prophet, not a smooth-tongued courtier." Those issues were, in brief, the prevention by all justifiable means of the re-establishment in Scotland of the old, corrupt, cruel Papal Church, which the Scottish Lords of the Congregation had overthrown, and the maintenance of the New Kirk which they had erected in place of it, as the lawful Church of the land. At their very first meeting, the Queen, be it remembered, frankly said to him, "I will nourish and defend the Church of Rome, for it is, I think, the true Church of God." Her faith in the Church of Rome was natural, only what was to be expected, and not discreditable. She had been cra-

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dled and reared in its atmosphere. Her kindred were among its most zealous and distinguished adherents and defenders; it would have been very strange, indeed, if she had not been at that time an ardent Catholic herself. In view of these facts, the answer of Knox seems to us, we must confess, most unwise, discourteous and exasperating, instead of gentle and conciliatory, as it ought to have been: "Your will, Madam, is no reason, neither doth your thought make the Roman harlot to be the true and immaculate spouse of Jesus Christ." "It may be admitted," says Dr. Cowan, "that the Reformer, even on his own showing, sometimes failed in consideration for her difficult position as well as conscientious convictions, and was needlessly, as well as unwisely, repellent and unsympathetic." Would a more conciliatory treatment of her have won her to the Protestant faith? Probably not. She may have scorned his effort to do so, as her mother, Mary of Lorraine, when Regent, did years before, when he wrote to her a letter warning her "not to be led away with that vain opinion that your Kirk and your prelates cannot err." She read the letter, but "it produced no impression either of conviction or of irritation"; and a day or two later she handed it to Cardinal Beaton with the remark, "Please you, my Lord, to read a pasquil." But the effort, though scorned, would have been creditable to Knox's faith and kindness of heart, and it might have prevailed with the young Queen. Her half-brother, Lord James Stuart,

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himself a convert to the Reformed doctrines held by Knox, endeavored to show her that it would be for her happiness and worldly welfare, as Queen of Scotland and heir to the throne of Protestant England, to embrace the faith of her subjects. If Knox had, in love, patience and gentleness, joined his arguments to those of her brother, might he not have saved her at least from the dreadful moral downfall and tragic end which make her story the saddest in modern history?

He complained that she did not come to hear him preach at St. Giles; but he was stupidly blind to the reason of her refusal to do so. She could not endure to hear his tirades against the Church she loved, or tolerate his vituperative allusions to it as the "Roman harlot." Sometimes she seemed almost persuaded to listen to the Protestant doctrine, said she was willing to hear conference and reasoning on the subject; she was also content to attend the public sermons of some of them, and above all others, she "would gladly hear the Superintendent of Angus, Erskine of Dun, for he was a mild and sweet-natured man."

But Knox, apparently, had none of the mildness and sweetness of nature characteristic of Erskine. He was a prophet of different type,—an Elijah and not an Elisha, because a man of the sterner type was best suited to the times.

Knox's standpoint was not ours, and the religious toleration which we think he would have more wisely displayed, he thought most dangerous to the peace and religious welfare of Scot-

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land. "The liberty taken by the Queen would soon be demanded by all Catholics; the public toleration of the Popish worship was only a step to its re-establishment, and this would be the signal for kindling afresh the fires of persecution." "Thus," says Dr. McCrie, "not only Knox but some of the wisest men in the kingdom reasoned." "God forbid!" exclaimed the Lords of the Privy Council, on the occasion of her futile attempt to fasten on the Reformer the crime of treason—"God forbid, that the lives of the faithful stood in the power of the Papists, for just experience has taught us what cruelty is in their hearts."

And so Knox and the Protestant nobles steeled themselves against any relaxation of their stern objection to toleration of the Catholic religion in the realm, or any concession to the Queen personally in regard to the Mass, or any show of tenderness and softening of heart, because of her tears. "Better," it was said, "that women weep than bearded men."

However much, therefore, we may deplore from our standpoint, the hardness of Knox,—his lack, in fact, of what we deem to be the Christlike spirit,—it was effective in securing the establishment and maintenance of the New Kirk which he stood for, and in preventing the counter revolution in behalf of the Papal Church which Mary Stuart hoped for and labored to accomplish.

Her defeat was due, probably, to her own folly more than to Knox's wisdom and courage. Dr.

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Stalker thus briefly describes the situation immediately following the Queen's unsuccessful attempt to put Knox out of the way on the charge of treason: "Mary's blandishments were slowly undermining the virtue of the Protestant nobility, behind whom there was a considerable body of nobles still Catholic; and by serious riots in Edinburgh it was made manifest that the common man resented the yoke of discipline imposed by the new system. Mary and Knox stood out more and more clearly as rival champions, and an indifferent spectator of the struggle might have predicted with considerable confidence that the beautiful Queen would win in the long run. But, by a sudden and overmastering impulse, Mary threw her chances away, and the game was left in the hands of her grim antagonist."

We have time only to sketch briefly the several stages that led to her ultimate ruin and tragical death by the hand of an executioner in Fotheringhay Castle, England. Her course henceforth was a *via mala*. Unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster. The first step in her downward course was her marriage with Darnley, July 29, 1565. This step was taken despite the remonstrances of her half-brother, James Stuart, the most honorable of the nobility, and the sagacious warnings of Maitland, with the result of alienating these devoted servants of her crown, and kindling against her the enmity of Queen Elizabeth. Darnley's handsome, youthful face and person (he was but nineteen and she twenty-

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three) outweighed in her passionate regard all considerations of worldly prudence and royal ambition. A strange infatuation seemed to possess her, robbing her of self-control and discretion. She soon tired of Darnley and transferred her affections to Rizzio, an Italian musician, who (with Darnley's connivance) was stabbed to death in her ante-chamber at Holyrood, March 9, 1566. Soon, another more daring and dangerous lover, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, won her regard. Her displaced husband was not allowed by her to be present at the baptism of her son, born June 19, 1566, the future James VI. Her paramour, Bothwell, was given a part in the ceremony, from which the father of her child was excluded.

On Feb. 9, 1567, Darnley was murdered in the night, with the Queen's active connivance, by an explosion of gunpowder at Kirk-o'-Field, a spot where the University now stands, but then outside the city. With a show of reconciliation she had visited him in the evening, kissed him at parting, put a ring on his finger and wished him good night. As she left the room, she said as if by accident, but probably to stab him with remorse, "It was just this time last year that Rizzio was slain." Being in no mood to sleep he tried to soothe his perturbation of mind by opening his English Prayer Book to the service for the coming day, and reading aloud the 55th Psalm contained there. The last words, therefore, which passed the wretched man's lips were, "Hear my

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prayer, O Lord, and hide not Thyself from my petition. My heart is disquieted within me and the fear of death is fallen upon me," etc. Surely no better cure for a troubled soul could have been found than this by which his faithless wife's malice was frustrated!

Bothwell was unquestionably the ringleader and director in the plot, and Mary his accomplice. She assisted in making the arrangements in the various rooms of the house of crime that contributed to its success. In a letter to Bothwell she wrote: "Have no evil opinion of me for this—you, yourself, are the cause of it. To obey you, my dear love, I spare neither honor, conscience, hazard, nor greatness." Darnley was then a sick man, weak in body and mind. An inexplicable apprehension of impending evil filled his soul. He was almost infantile in his physical weakness and dread of being alone. It seems strange that she did not feel the appeal of his weakness enough to relent from her wicked purpose. She was, however, more than commonly tender in the early part of that fateful night. "He suspects greatly, and yet he trusts me," she told Bothwell. She was a siren—alternately kind and malevolent. "The grudge never left her heart," but she artfully concealed it by manifesting toward him, when it suited her purpose, all the charm of a loving, fascinating woman. She could not forget that he was her husband and the father of her child, and these thoughts constrained her to a show of wifely devotion, to sit down by his bed-

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side and caress him in his weakness, and inclined her to yield to his wish to stay with him, to shield him from his enemies and throw her protecting arms about him. Two nights she had slept there, and after promising to remain with him this night also, she suddenly remembered that there was a dance at the palace on the occasion of the marriage of her favorite maid of honor, and that she had promised to be there. She rose to go and, turning at the door and throwing back that Parthian arrow in regard to the slaying of Rizzio, closed it forever upon him. "At the end of an hour," says Froude, "he went to bed with his page at his side. An hour later they two were lying dead in the garden under the stars."

Public suspicion at once fastened upon Bothwell as the chief culprit, and associated the Queen with him as an accomplice in the crime. To save appearances and in answer to a placard accusing him, that was affixed to the Tolbooth door, she summoned a tribunal presided over by the Earl of Argyle, which tried him at the Tolbooth. By her contriving the trial was a farce; Kirkaldy said: "The Queen cause ratify the cleaneing of Bothwell." Bothwell was, therefore, acquitted—"nemine contradicente." As he left the court room at the close of the trial, "he fixed a cartel against the Tolbooth door, wherein he offered to fight in single combat with any gentleman undefamed that durst charge him with the murder." As to the guilt of the Queen, the records of the Scottish Parliament at a later date declare that

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“the genuineness of the evidence by which her share in the murder was proved was accepted as beyond doubt or question.” Maitland said to Du Croc, “The unhappy facts are only too well proved.”

Three months later, “Mary Stuart became the wife of Bothwell, the foulest ruffian among her subjects; duped,” says Froude, “by her own passion that had dragged her down to the level of a brute.” “She was married in deep mourning, the most changed woman in the face that in so little time without extremity of sickness had been seen.” Not a single nobleman was present; they held resolutely aloof. The ceremony was performed in the Council Chamber at Holyrood, not in the Chapel. Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who called himself a Protestant, officiated. Bothwell, expecting to gain favor with the Reformers, constrained the Queen to dishonor openly Catholic forms. Not without a pang did Mary Stuart make this last sacrifice to her passion. “So long as they remained together she and her husband were to be Protestants.” In a letter to the French Court in excuse for her consent to marry him, Mary intimated that Bothwell actually violated her person. Just, therefore, is the conclusion of the historian Lang, and we concur in the “regret” he expresses in view of it: “It is the natural inference that she, like many other women, was not proof against the charms of Bothwell. No man can record this opinion without regret. Charm, courage, kindness, loyalty to

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friends and servants,—all were Mary's. But she fell, and passion overcame her, who to other hostile influences presented a heart of diamond. They who have followed her fortunes, cruel in every change, must feel, if convinced of her passion, an inextinguishable regret, a kind of vicarious remorse, a blot, as it were, on their personal honor. Not all earth's rivers flowing in one channel can wash the stain away. As in the tragedy of Æschylus, the heroic Queen sacrificed herself and the noble nature that was born with her to the love of the basest of mankind."

Let it not be assumed because of the epithets which Froude bestows upon him, or because of his crimes and his flagrant immoralities, that Bothwell was a coarse brute of a man. "One thing is certain," says Lang, the historian, "Bothwell was no stupid border ruffian, merely, but a man of courtly accomplishments and of letters; two of his books, French treatises and translations on history and military matters, remain to attest at once his love of reading and his taste in book-binding. Familiar with the Court and the wits of France, he wrote French well in the new Roman hand—elegant, firm and clear. At Carberry, du Croc (the French Envoy) admired in him "a great captain," who could gaily quote an appropriate classical anecdote. (See Froude's *History of England*, vol. IX., p. 89.) He was young, handsome, reckless; he had been loyal in Mary's utmost need, and he had the Byronic charm of a reputation for mysterious guilt. Such

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a wooer needed no magic spells." (See Lang's History of Scotland, vol. II., p. 168. Publishers, Dodd, Mead and Co.)

The whole of Scotland, Catholics and Protestants, felt the disgrace of the Queen's misalliance, and immediately rose in rebellion to cast off their allegiance to her. Vainly she endeavored to stem the tide of revolt. By the sale of a part of her jewels she put a small force in the field. With this force they met the army of the Confederate Lords on Carberry Hill, June 15, 1567. There was really no battle. The opposing forces confronted each other from eleven o'clock until two on the hot summer day. The Queen's troops, having some casks of wine with them, broke ranks and went to drinking it, and in slaking their thirst, strange to tell, quenched their belligerent spirit, instead of kindling it to fiercer ardor. They refused to fight. Vainly the Queen cried passionately to those about her that "if they were men they would go down, all, upon the traitors and sweep them from the field." The order was given for an advance, but not a man stirred. Two hundred Confederate horse led by Kirkaldy of Grange, advanced at length toward them. She sent a messenger with a white flag and requested Grange to come to her. He approached and knelt at her feet. She asked passionately if it was impossible for the Lords to be reconciled to her husband? Grange answered that "the Lords were irrevocably determined to take him, or die. But glad enough as they would

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be to kill Bothwell—she knew well that there were some of them to whom, as a prisoner, he would be dangerously inconvenient—if the Queen would leave the Earl and return with them to Edinburgh, she would be well treated and the Duke (of Orkneys) might go where he pleased.”

“The Queen’s force, having melted away during the day, was now reduced to a handful of Bothwell’s personal followers. Unless allowed by their enemies to escape, escape from capture was now impossible. With a bitter wrench of disappointment the Queen saw that so it must be.” There was nothing left but to bid him farewell. “Promising to be true to him, she wrung his hand, kissed him, and they parted, never to see each other again. Bothwell then sprung upon his horse and galloped off unpursued, and the Queen, turning to Grange, said she was ready to go with him.” The Confederate Nobles took her to Edinburgh. She was made to realize “that she was a prisoner and that the net was closed about her; the tokens of respect with which she was at first received soon passed away,” as they approached the city and she was slowly borne through the crowded streets. Loud cries, such as “Burn the murderess of her husband,” and insulting remarks, too coarse and indecent to repeat, greeted her ears. Grange and others, riding up and down, struck at the speakers with their swords to silence them, but it was to no purpose; the pent-up passion of a whole people was bursting out! Like some fierce animal brought to bay

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and in the clutch of the hounds, she still fought and struggled. Her face was now disfigured with dust and tears. A lodging was given her at the Provost's house at the corner of Grass-market and she sought at once her room, but privacy was denied her by the shrieking mob that crowded the stairs leading to her chamber and forced themselves into her presence till Maitland, whom she saw from her window in the crowd outside and called to her assistance, came up and drove away the intruders. She demanded of him in agony "why the Lords had separated her from her husband?" He replied it was for her good,—to save her from further dishonor, but though skilled as a pleader and eloquent of speech, nothing he could say in regard to Bothwell's wickedness and utter lack of principle, availed to soothe her agitated mind. "She told him finally that she would be content to be turned adrift with Bothwell, in a boat upon the ocean, to go where the fates might carry them."

Mary's regard for Maitland, whom she had recently rescued, at the risk of her life, from Bothwell's wrathful dagger, was changed to bitter, implacable hate by this interview. She resented as an unforgivable offense, the unpalatable truths he told her in regard to her villainous husband!

Left alone, "to brood over Maitland's words," the wretched woman solaced her sore and outraged heart by writing "a few passionate words of affection to Bothwell, which she bribed a boy

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to carry to Dunbar. The boy took her money and carried the letter to the Confederate Lords." The letter kindled their anger and impatience to a greater pitch, and it raised the inquiry, "What can we do with her until she is restored to sanity of mind?" They did not dare to release her, lest like a firebrand she set all Scotland in a blaze of civil war; they did not dare to send her out of the land—to France, or England, or Spain—lest an army of invasion should be sent against Scotland to punish her for rebelling against her lawful ruler and vindicate the divine right of kings. In the discussion of the Council held to consider what was best to do with her, there were voices heard to put her to death for her crimes of murder and adultery. They thought that birth or rank gave no immunity from punishment; if it was unlawful to execute her because she was their sovereign, it was also unlawful to confine her in prison. At length it was determined to hold her in prison, until recovered from her madness, or until they could wisely decide what was best to be done, if her madness persisted. The prison selected for her was Lochleven Castle, the property of Sir John Douglas, located on a small island in the lake half a mile from the shore. There she was immured on June 17th, and remained a captive in charge of Lady Douglas nearly a year. Soon after her incarceration—in the next month—Lindsay and Melville were commissioned by the Lords of the Council to visit her with three instruments for her signature,—

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one, her abdication in favor of her son; another, naming the Earl of Murray, Regent; the third, empowering Lord Lindsay, the Earl of Mar and Morton, to proceed to the coronation of her son, at Stirling. She signed the papers, and Lindsay returned to Edinburgh with them.

During her imprisonment the discussion as to what disposition should be made of her continued and, through the influence of Knox and the General Assembly, the opinion grew that she should be put to death. "Morton, to his credit, interfered at least to protract the catastrophe." Before any decision was arrived at, however, Murray visited her at Lochleven. In their interview "Murray spoke in darkling and ambiguous terms," says Lang, "till an hour after midnight. He left her to go to bed in hope of nothing but God's mercy," that is, with a prospect of imminent death. Next morning he promised her life and, as far as he could, "the preservation of her honor." Thereon, the poor Queen kissed him and asked him to be Regent.

His promise of life was conditioned upon the ability of himself, Lethington and others among the Scottish Lords to stem the tide created by Knox and his ministerial associates against her. "During all these proceedings," says Stalker, "Knox took the worst possible view of Mary—and, in his opinion, a grave iniquity was committed when she was not tried and executed for murder and adultery, instead of being imprisoned in Lochleven Castle."

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The captive Queen made one or two futile attempts to escape. "Her weapons," says Lang, "were but a fair face, and a subtle tongue, and an indomitable courage." But these weapons, as her tragic story shows, were almost irresistible in overcoming obstacles. With her "fair face and subtle tongue," she fascinated George Douglas, the youngest son of Lady Douglas (the Lady of Lochleven, the Regent's mother), and he became Mary's willing slave in her efforts to escape. Young Douglas was, accordingly, banished from the islet. But from the shore his love-sick heart in its fever of devotion plotted incessantly with others for her deliverance. On the 25th of March, disguised in the dress of her laundress, who freely entered her bed-chamber, she almost escaped. This attempt was foiled by one of the boatmen who, observing her muffled face, wisely said: "Let us see what manner of dame this is," and put out his hand to pull down her muffler. The Queen, raising her hands to protect her face, disclosed hands so fair and beautiful, that the rowers instantly suspected who she was and "eftsoons rowed her back again, promising her it should be secreted, especially from the lord of the house."

Another successful attempt was made May 2nd. Lang says, "It seems probable that the Lady of Lochleven, Murray's mother, was no stranger to the plot." The romantic story is told at length in vol. IX. of Froude's History of England. "The Queen, a daring, skillful and tireless horsewoman, rode with her party of devoted cavaliers to Ham-

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ilton in the hours of that May night. Neither strength nor spirit failed her now. Straight through the night they galloped on. A halt was allowed them at Long Niddry, but the Queen required no rest. While the men were stretching their aching legs, Mary Stuart was writing letters at her table. Two hours were spent in this way and then to horse again. Soon after sun-rise she was at Hamilton among her friends."

In five days Mary Stuart found herself at the head of six thousand men, "who had sworn to set her again on the throne of her fathers." Among them there were Protestant nobles as well as Catholic. "It seemed as if the loyal hearts of the Scottish nation had sprung to life to greet their sovereign." But for the promptness of Regent Murray in marshalling an opposing force, the energetic co-operation of "the old tried Lords of the Congregation," and his own better generalship assisted by the military skill of Kirkaldy and Hume, who swiftly rushed to his aid with the veteran soldiers at their command, and, above all, the support of Knox and the General Assembly, the newly-established government of the Confederate Lords might have been overcome and Mary might have recovered her throne. She was "once more herself, the brilliant woman of the world, skilled in every art which could attach a friend, conciliate a foe, or recover a respect which had been forfeited." But she could not turn back the tide of doom. The Providence that was shaping the destinies of Scotland willed her de-

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feat. The Regent soon had at his back a superior force, better armed and equipped and more thoroughly united. The Queen, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of her followers, desired to avoid a battle, and to throw herself into the strong castle of Dunbarton. Thither her troops were conveying her, when Murray threw himself across their path at Langside near Glasgow, and waited their attack in a well-chosen position. It was a hard-fought battle, but the skillful tactics of Kirkaldy, the better discipline of the Regent's troops and the poor leadership of Mary's force by Argyle brought about her utter defeat May 13, 1568. The defeat was a rout, and her army, beaten and scattered, would have been annihilated but for Murray's prompt intervention in sending orders over the field that no more blood should be shed. Two days later Hamilton Castle surrendered and all of the surname Hamilton were prisoners; but the Regent granted a full pardon to all who were captured. Among them was Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh, by whom Murray was afterward assassinated. Mary had watched the battle from a hill a half-mile away and when she saw that her army was defeated, she and her escort galloped off out of sight. She meant, even then, to go to Dunbarton, if possible; but it was now too late. The road thither was in possession of the Regent's cavalry. She, therefore, turned to the south and made for Galloway, the country of her loyal subject, Lord Herries. She and her party rode ninety-two miles in one stretch, without

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stopping. At night they slept on the bare ground, their food simply oatmeal and buttermilk. On the third day they reached Dundrennan Abbey on the Solway. From there she wrote to Queen Elizabeth asking leave to throw herself on her protection and to be allowed to come at once.

Without waiting for a reply, trusting blindly to her royal sister's hospitality and the friendly aid Elizabeth had previously promised to give her, Mary most unadvisedly crossed the Solway in an open fishing boat into England. "She had entered without a passport," says Lang, "the realm of her deadliest foe; the rest of her life was a long imprisonment." Lured across the English border by the "delusions of hope" through her trustful reliance on Elizabeth's magnanimity and promised protection, Mary was in fact entrapped into a dreary captivity of nearly twenty years. Instead of being an honored guest, as she had anticipated, she was received and treated as a felon. "One point was fixed from the first in Elizabeth's name," says Lang. "Let none of them (Mary and her escort) escape!" Closely guarded and confined in different prisons of increasing cheerlessness and rigor, lest she escape, she was finally tried and condemned on a charge of conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth, and beheaded in Fotheringay Castle, February 8, 1587. From first to last she entreated that she might be brought into the presence of Elizabeth and her Council, to exculpate herself from the charges upon which her subjects had based

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their rebellion and wrested from her the throne of Scotland. It was unjust to deny her plea. Finally, she demanded a public hearing in London, at Westminster, before Elizabeth, the peers and the French and Spanish Ambassadors. This plea was also refused. "The refusal was an infamy," Lang says. We believe it was also a great political blunder, for which her Privy Council was largely to blame. It was their duty to advise their Queen to pursue a policy becoming a Christian State. But the treatment given to Mary, in which they had united with Elizabeth, was unworthy of a Christian State. The quick arrest of Mary, when she had trustfully put herself in their power, and the cruel treatment they inflicted upon her was as barbarous as the treatment given in recent times to shipwrecked sailors by the uncivilized people of the South Sea, who, having allured the storm-tossed mariners to the shore by friendly voices and signs of hospitality, then sprang upon them with their weapons and slew them.

The little King, James VI., Mary Stuart's son, crowned in infancy at Stirling, July, 1567 (after her abdication when Murray was made Regent and Knox preached the coronation sermon), sitting as a child of five in the Council Chamber at Stirling with his Councillors and letting his mind and eyes wander, after the manner of children, from the business in hand, discovered a hole in the ceiling and, with child-like simplicity and freedom pointing to it, said, "Your Council has a

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hole in it!" Elizabeth's Council Chamber had a similar defect; it was not a place where a spirit of magnanimity and Christian kindness prevailed to make the policy adopted and pursued one of the soundest wisdom. It lacked the generosity that might have disarmed Mary of any hostile purpose to rob Elizabeth of her crown, and conciliated the large Catholic element among the English people. Instead of this a policy was adopted and pursued which filled Mary's heart with increasing bitterness and resentment, excited the hot indignation of her attached friends, and the sympathy of the Catholics of England and all Europe. Thus, a prolific soil was made for the germination of plots to rescue Mary and of rebellion against Elizabeth and her government. These were, fortunately, frustrated and Elizabeth's throne was firmly established, despite the machinations of her enemies. But at what a cost to herself did Elizabeth swerve from those generous impulses which at first had actuated her to treat with kindness and hospitality her Scotch rival! Two sentences from Froude, her constant apologist through thick and thin, indicate the cost. "Obligations of honor," he says, "were not only occasionally forgotten by her, but she did not seem to understand what honor meant." "English history will continue, probably, to the end of time to represent the treatment of Mary Stuart as the one indelible stain on the reputation of the great Queen."

Too long have we dwelt on the tragic conclu-

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sion of Mary's life and Elizabeth's unkindness to her. It seemed to us proper because of the light thus shed upon Knox's character. He believed that Mary Stuart deserved death for her crimes, and encouraged the English government in its harsh policy in regard to her. In a letter to Cecil concerning Mary as a source of conspiracy and treason, he says, "If ye strike not at the root, the branches that appear to be broken will bud again."

While she lived the people of Scotland were divided into two parties, the Queen's party and the King's party; the former in favor of restoring Mary to her throne, the latter giving its allegiance to James VI. and Regent Murray ruling as his deputy.

The rule of Murray was salutary and efficient for the peace of the country. Knox and the General Assembly and most of the Protestant nobles (though not all) gave to him their support. His administration was counted severe by evil doers, but he tempered his severity with mercy sometimes, when it was not safe to do so—for example, the pardon of the rebels captured at Langside. "The Catholic noblemen might have been conciliated with toleration, but toleration formed no part of Murray's or any other sincere creed in the sixteenth century." The opinions of historians differ as to Murray's character. By some he is accused of a "tortuous" policy, of "looking through his fingers at misdoings, but saying nothing about them." Other historians extol his

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character and life. For example, Froude says, "The Regent will take his place among the best and greatest men who have ever lived. In all Europe there was not a man more profoundly true to the principles of the Reformation, yet no one was more free from sour austerity. He quarreled once with Knox, so that they spoke not together for eighteen months, because his nature shrunk from extremity of intolerance, because he insisted that while his sister remained Catholic, she should not be interdicted from the Mass." As a ruler, he insisted upon the administration of justice. "In the short leisure which he could snatch from his own labors he sat on trials with the judges; and 'his presence struck such reverence into them,' that the poor were not oppressed by false accusations, nor tired out by long attendance, nor their causes put off to gratify the rich." His virtues, however, excited the implacable hatred of those whom his justice had punished and he was assassinated the 23rd of January, 1570, at Linlithgow by James Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh, a nephew of the Archbishop. The assassin had been among those whom the Regent had saved from death, contrary to the advice of some, after the battle of Langside. Told of this as he lay on his death-bed he calmly said that he could "never repent of his clemency."

To Knox his death was for Scotland an inexpressible calamity. He thus expressed in the public prayer made on the following day his anxiety for its welfare: "Seeing that we are now left

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as a flock without a pastor in civil policy, and as a ship without a rudder in the midst of storm, let Thy presence, Lord, watch and defend us in these dangerous days, that the wicked of the world may see that as well without the help of man as with it, Thou art able to rule, maintain and guide the little flock that dependeth upon Thee.”

The death of Murray affected Knox like a personal bereavement. His funeral sermon in St. Giles moved by its pathos the great congregation to tears. The popular sentiment concerning such a ruler unmistakably expresses his character. “Loved as their father, whilst he lived,” writes Spottiswood, “mourned grievously at his death, and to this day honored with the title of the ‘Good Regent.’”

After Murray’s death the King’s party was weakened by the desertion of a considerable number of its adherents (among them Maitland and Kirkaldy), and the Queen’s party reinforced by them. The defection of Maitland, Knox did not mourn over. Knox and Murray, both, had distrusted him as lacking in moral principle and religious conviction. In Scotland the statesmen of the Privy Council seldom dared to contradict or criticise Knox. But Maitland did. For example, he said, “Men know not what they speak when they boldly call the Mass idolatry”; and he thought that “no contemporary of his had a right to imitate and kill people whom Knox called idolaters.” He had long been a thorn in the side of Knox, “this captivating and extraordinary

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man" (so Lang describes him), "a modern of the moderns, cool, witty, ironical, subtle and unconvinced!" Knox was really glad to have him gone.

But, as to Kirkaldy, Professor Cowan says: "The secession of Kirkaldy was a source of special sorrow. Both had been disciples of George Wishart. They had shared the perils of the siege of St. Andrews Castle, the hardships of the French bondage, the toil of the Reformation conflict, and the Reformer never forgot his former friend's early courage and constancy in the cause of the Lord." The victory of Langside was largely due to his skill and valor, and it was chiefly through his courage and activity that Bothwell had been driven from the land. He was now Captain of Edinburgh Castle, having been appointed by Murray.

Because of the accession to the Queen's party of these influential men and other lukewarm Protestants, the partisans of the Queen were careful not to create popular distrust by giving encouragement to an ecclesiastical counter revolution. After Murray's death they expressly purged themselves of any intention to alter religion, and decreed by Act of Parliament in June, 1571, that "none innovate, change, or pervert the form of religion and administration of the sacraments publicly professed within the realm."

The King's party, which loyally supported the successive regencies, and disowned Mary Stuart as their Queen, were far from pleasing Knox and

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the General Assembly. The Church suffered wrong from her professed friends. "Unworthy men had been thrust by patronage into the ministry of the Kirk, and the Protestant Lords were merciless devourers of her patrimony." "If," Knox said, "they can have the Kirk lands annexed to their houses, they appear to take no more care of the instruction of the ignorant and of the feeding of the flock of Jesus Christ than ever did the Papists." These protests and remonstrances of the Church, although approved by the Regent, Lennox, were treated with contempt by the Estates. The Commissioners of the General Assembly were stigmatized as "proud knaves," and Morton, "who ruled all," said he "should lay their pride." It was in Morton's brain that the idea of the so-called "Tulchan Bishops" originated. The government being pressed for money, this scheme was adopted to squeeze it from the Church. "The tulchan" was a stuffed calf's skin before a cow in order to induce her to give milk more readily, and the tulchan bishop facilitated the process of drawing ecclesiastical revenues, of which much the greater part, by a private compact, was appropriated by the lay patron who derived his right from the government.

Signs of the nearing end appeared in the autumn of 1570, when Knox had a stroke of apoplexy. He soon recovered sufficiently from it to resume his preaching; but, like a broken pitcher mended, he did not regain his former

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strength. His infirmity was manifest, so that his pulpit work was limited to Sunday services, and a helper for them began to be talked of.

He manifested his infirmity in particular by his sensitiveness to anonymous accusations affixed to the meeting-place of the General Assembly. These accusations charged him with defamation of the Queen as "an idolatress, murderer and adulteress," and with neglecting to pray for her in the public service. His close friends entreated him to pass over them in silence, but he would not; it was characteristic of him to "answer back." Accordingly, on the following Sunday he replied to the anonymous accuser, by reaffirming the alleged charges against Mary, but he declared that he had never called her a "reprobate, who cannot repent."

As to his neglect to pray for her, he vindicated himself by saying, "Sovereign to me she is not."

The hand of Maitland was detected, it was thought, in the anonymous charges—Maitland, whose criticism had galled him for many years. To him and his set Knox thus paid his respects: "I am not a man of the law, to have my tongue to sell for silver or favor of the world. Railing and sedition they will never be able to prove in me till first they compel Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, St. Paul and others to recant; of whom I have learned plainly and boldly to call wickedness by its own name, a fig a fig, and a spade a spade." His concluding words are prophetically true and touching in their protest: "What I have

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been to my country, albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring all men who have anything to object against me that they will do it as plainly as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world; for to me it seems a thing most unreasonable that in this, my decrepit age, I should be compelled to fight against shadows and howlets that dare not abide in the light."

Knox had a falling out with his former friend, Kirkaldy, the Captain of the Castle, by denouncing from the pulpit some high-handed act of his in the city. Kirkaldy demanded an apology from Knox, which he refused to make. Kirkaldy, in his anger, threatened to kill the Reformer. The threat, noised abroad, evoked a letter from thirteen noblemen and gentlemen avowing the "great care that we have of the personage of that man," and "protesting that the life of our said brother is to us so precious and dear as our own lives." Kirkaldy's anger, however, was not appeased by this intercession of Knox's friends. A shot, fired one night through the window of Knox's house and lodging in the wall before which he usually sat, was taken as a token of Kirkaldy's implacable ill-will, so that the friends of the preacher persuaded him to remove for a time to some safer place.

The antagonism between the two opposing parties became so hot that it broke out into actual conflict in Edinburgh, in April, 1571, which con-

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tinued, with spells of truce, under the name of "the War of Leith and Edinburgh," until after Knox's death. The Regent's forces stationed at Leith, besieged the Edinburgh Castle; and the troops of the Castle, under the command of Kirkaldy, menaced the city, warning all who were not friendly to the Queen's cause to leave the town. Knox refused to go, until his friends said, that if he staid it would be the "occasion of the shedding of their blood for his defense." Moved by this consideration he went with his family to St. Andrews, "where God had first opened his mouth," and sojourned there upwards of a year.

The College of St. Leonard, called a "well of evangelical teaching," from the days of Gavin Logie, being in hearty sympathy with Knox and his party, attracted him to its yard in his leisure hours. He possessed for the students the natural attraction of a famous man, augmented by his affable manner to them, and the charm of his wise, pithy speech. His relations with the other colleges, however, were not especially congenial. Between some of their officers and professors and himself there existed a coolness on account of religious and political differences of opinion. Besides this, "he became involved in the disputes which are apt to agitate a University, with the result that he left as a legacy to the Kirk the advice, "Above all things preserve the Kirk from the bondage of the Universities."

Knox's correspondence indicates a steady decline in his health during his year's stay in St.

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Andrews. In it he speaks of the "daily decay of his natural strength"; of being "weary of the world"; of expecting "a sudden departure from the miseries of this life"; of "lying in St. Andrews half-dead." But the sick man was not idle or unable to work. "Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear." He performed literary work of enduring value and, besides this, he preached regularly in the parish church. One of the best pictures of his preaching and its extraordinary power that have come down to us, is that given to us by a student, James Melville, who heard him at this time. (See page 109.)

In August, 1572, a delegation representing the Congregation of St. Giles, Edinburgh, came to St. Andrews, to ask him to return and resume his ministry there. He agreed to return, "provided he should not be required in any sort to temper his tongue or cease to speak against the treasonable dealings of the Castle." He accordingly returned without delay the last of the month, and he was welcomed by his large congregation at St. Giles the following Sabbath. His voice, grown weak during his absence, was inaudible to many, and a portion of the nave of the cathedral was curtained off from the rest to make a suitable auditorium. Immediate steps were taken, also, to secure a new colleague for his assistance, and James Lawson, sub-principal of Aberdeen University, was called. Knox thus wrote to him on the 7th of September: "Beloved Brother: Seeing that I look not for a long continuance of my

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battle, I would gladly discharge my conscience into your bosom. Haste, lest ye come too late." On the 6th of October, Henry Kiligrew, the English Ambassador, heard him, and wrote: "Now so feeble as scarce can he stand alone, yet doth he every Sunday cause himself to be carried to the church, and preaches with the same vehemence and zeal that he ever did."

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, which occurred about this time, elicited almost the last effort of his failing strength. In his righteous indignation he denounced the wickedness of the French King in scorching language: "Say to the French Ambassador," he cried, "to tell his master that God's vengeance shall not depart from him, nor from his house, and that none who come from his loins shall enjoy that kingdom in peace, unless repentance prevent God's judgments."

His last appearance in his pulpit was November 9th, at the induction of Lawson as his colleague and successor. Having performed the service which "made the marriage between Mr. James Lawson and the Church" with words that were memorable for their tenderness and propriety, but uttered in a voice so weak that "only a few heard them," he went home from the pulpit to his death-bed. His death, which occurred November 24th, after a comfortable sickness, in which he was visited by old friends and the leaders of the Kirk, was such as became a godly Christian man. He prepared for it with a clear, certain expectation of its approach. He called

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for the Elders and deacons of St. Giles "to bid them his last good-night." Three days before his departure he ordered his secretary to get his coffin made. He remembered with solicitude his former friend, Kirkaldy; "the man's soul is dear to me," he declared. "I would not have it perish, if I could save it." He was "earnest with God anent" him, and after praying thus, in his behalf, said, "God assureth me that there is mercy for his soul." On Sunday, the day before his death, he seemed to be in "the delectable land" of heaven's anticipation, breaking the silence occasionally with such utterances as these: "Live in Christ and let never flesh fear death"; "I have been in heaven and have possession"; "I have tasted the heavenly joys where presently I am." On the last day of life, he asked that I. Cor. 15, be read to him, and said after the reader's voice ceased, "Is not that a comfortable chapter?" Later, he said to his wife, "Read where I first cast anchor,"—the 17th chapter of John's Gospel. In his last moments, when he could no longer speak, he was asked, "Have you hope?" He lifted his finger, pointed upward, and died. So to the end he "walked with God, and was not; for God took him."

"The Apostle of the Reformation," Froude says, "had passed away, noble in death as in life, the one supremely great man that Scotland possessed—the one man without whom Scotland, as the modern world knows it, would have had no existence."

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He was buried in what was then included in the churchyard of St. Giles, interred "without external ceremony."

Was the eulogy of Froude, above quoted, true or just? Knox possessed, we must own, great faults. Did those faults so mar his character as to spoil utterly his reputation for greatness? Let us frankly face the indictment composed of his alleged faults, before we answer. Three things are specially charged against him,—coarseness of speech, unchristian severity in judging persons whom he condemned, and religious intolerance.

John Wesley "detested," we are told, "Knox's coarse and venomous speech." His warmest admirers admit the fault. Dr. Stalker says that he "scrupled not to apply to Mary Stuart terms unfit for ears polite"; that words and clauses had to be suppressed "from the extracts taken from his utterances." But Dr. Stalker tries to soften the reproach of it because of the *polemics* of the times. "The relics of by-gone polemics are usually the reverse of admirable to posterity. Despite occasional coarseness and harshness of language, the effect of his teaching was unquestionably good in the purification of morals and the advancement of religion. Had he done nothing more," says Stalker, "than what he did to promote decency, he would have deserved the eternal gratitude of Scotsmen."

Vituperation of any sort is seldom excusable; certainly not in a preacher of the gospel, whose

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lips should never be sullied by it. Addressed to God it is blasphemy; applied to men it is exasperating. But it was, in the case of Knox, a fault due to his passionate nature, which, like an active volcano, emitted fire and smoke to give vent to the fire of righteous indignation within. His closest friends were sometimes sufferers from this infirmity. When the French Ambassador, Du Croc, complained to the Town Council of the disrespectful manner in which the preacher had spoken of his royal master, who was responsible for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, they informed him that there was "no help for it, since they were not able to prevent John Knox from denouncing themselves." If complaint was made to him about it he answered, "Railing you can never prove against me, till first you prove Isaiah and St. Paul guilty of it, of whom I have learned plainly and boldly to call wickedness by its own name," etc. This was not a valid excuse; he ought to have studied and pondered the passage in the third chapter of James, concerning the mischief of the untamable tongue, and heeded the exhortation: "These things ought not so to be." Perhaps he did do this, but was unable to overcome his fault. The repentances and strivings of honest Christian men, on account of their conscious infirmities, are known only to God, who compassionates our infirmities.

Of Knox's severity of judgment in regard to backsliders from the Protestant faith and persistent "idolaters," this, too, must be owned.

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But in regard to this, he had something to say for himself. In his dying address to the session of his Church, he said: "I know that many have loudly complained and do now complain of my too great severity, but God knows that my mind was always void of hatred to the persons of those against whom I thundered the severest judgments. I cannot deny that I felt the greatest abhorrence of the sins in which they indulged, but still I kept this one thing in mind: that, 'if possible, I should gain them to the Lord.' "

We are glad to know that behind his severest denunciations and judgments of wicked men, there was a heart of love. The accent of conviction was usually heard in his voice; pity that it was not conjoined with the accents of tenderness and compassion heard in Christ's lamentation over Jerusalem. "As a Christian," says Lang, "Knox's fault was to confine his view too much to the fighting parts of Scripture and to the denunciations of the prophets. The 'sweet reasonableness' of the Gospel was to him less attractive." . . . He was a wonderful force, but the force was rather that of Judaism than of the Gospel."

We agree with Professor Cowan in regard to Knox's intolerance: "It is impossible, of course, to defend his policy of intolerance and threatened persecution. But, in fairness to Knox, and to what the Lords of the Congregation enacted with his approval against the Catholics, it should be remembered that what was made penal was not

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Roman doctrines as a whole, but one particular manifestation of Romanism, viz., saying or hearing Mass; and this, on account of the blasphemous idolatry which was believed to be involved; and that in no single instance is the extreme penalty known to have been actually imposed in the life-time of Knox. The Reformers' hearts were on this question sounder than their heads; and while they maintained that the idolatry of the Mass was a crime that deserved death, they refrained from urging the civil power to enforce the extreme penalty." There are numerous instances of Knox using his influence for the pardon of criminals. He was, if circumstances required, stern and austere, but not unfeeling. "They go far wrong," says Carlyle, "who think this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all; he is one of the solidest men. This prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man; he had a sore fight of an existence; wrestlings with Popes and Principalities. A sore fight, but he won it." He was a forerunner of Milton and Cromwell, with similar characteristics. "In Knox we see foreshadowed," says Stevenson, "the whole Puritan Revolution, and the Scaffold of Charles I."

We are, nevertheless, still offended with Knox on account of his religious intolerance. "He was fanatical in his intolerance," Hume and others say. "Necessary under the circumstances," is the contention of Knox's apologists, and they appear to prove it. *Perhaps*,—but we nevertheless regret it, and still believe that no damage

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would have come to him or his cause, but a benefit—certainly a far truer Christian spirit would have been manifested by him had he relented and relaxed his asperity of manner and treatment toward the hapless Queen and entertained a more charitable judgment of her faith and that of her Catholic co-religionists. The policy adopted by the Scotch Reformers under the lead of Knox was shaped more in accordance with the spirit and examples of the Old Testament and its stern legislation than with the teachings of Christ and his apostles. Since his time the Christian faith and practice and the religious ideas of the whole Christian world have greatly altered, so as to be more in keeping with the New Testament standard. The change is reflected in almost every sphere of modern life; manifesting itself particularly in the cessation of “ancient forms of party strife” and in the “sweeter manners and purer laws” consequent upon it. Is our Christianity the worse on this account? Have we so lapsed from the faith of the Reformers as to deserve the reproach of being their degenerate children or faithless followers? And do the angels of God probably lament the change? Nay, verily not.

We have recently come upon a story of a distinguished New England minister of the Protestant faith, that has greatly pleased us. In the Civil War he was an army Chaplain, and now in his old age he is fond of telling some of its striking incidents. This is one of them: He had, as

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a fellow Chaplain in his division, Father O'Hagan, afterwards the honored head of the Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and repeatedly a visitor and welcome guest at his home in Hartford, Ct. Both were at the battle of Fredericksburg. "We both," says the Protestant clergyman, "had been active for hours and by midnight were compelled to have sleep. We lay down under the sky. It was very cold and we had only a blanket apiece. After a time Father O'Hagan called to me to ask if I was asleep. 'No,' said I, 'it is so cold I cannot get to sleep.' 'Neither can I,' he retorted, 'let's club our blankets.' We did, and lay there side by side with two blankets over us instead of but one. I was falling asleep when I felt him shaking beside me; he was laughing softly. Finally, he said, 'I am laughing at us.' 'What do you mean?' 'Us two here,—me a Jesuit priest and you a Puritan parson, snuggled up here under the same blankets.' Then he looked up into the sky and said, 'But I shouldn't wonder if the angels like to look at it.' " The remark indicated a good and true disciple of Jesus Christ. Knox would have done better had he fraternized in a similar way with Ninian Winset,—allowed himself to enjoy doing it—and thus had friendly intercourse with him, though a steadfast Catholic and a "Mass-monger," instead of causing his banishment from Scotland.

Winset, Quinton Kennedy, Lesley, Bishop of Ross, and many others, doubtless, in Scotland at

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that time, who loved the old Church and its forms of worship and remained staunchly loyal to her in spite of her generally recognized and confessed faults, were enlisted equally with Knox in the perpetual war with sin and the endeavor to subdue it with their customary weapons. They might have united with him, if allowed to do so, in the effort to bring back to Scotland a genuine Christianity. Though the majority of their countrymen thought the Old Church spiritually dead, they still believed that some seeds of vital piety existed in her which could be quickened into life—sparks of divine, unquenchable fire that could be rekindled into a blaze—that a power of recrudescence, in fact, resided perennially and through all time in her, which might be invoked by the remnant of the faithful, to rehabilitate her in her pristine beauty as in the days of St. Francis and St. Bernard. Would that the Reformers and that faithful remnant of the Catholic Church had united their forces against the common enemy of sin and wickedness! The spectacle of their reunited efforts to save human society would have been honorable to both parties, and more fruitful, we believe, in good results. Emulous of each other in doing good, instead of persecuting each other, to their mutual hindrance, they would have glorified their divine Lord and given to Scotland a speedier prosperity and peace. Their toleration would not have wrought the mischief feared, but resulted in advantage to both; for “gentleness,” says Erasmus, “calls forth gentleness and equity

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invites equity,"—a truth illustrated and confirmed by the poet's lines:

"As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

In spite then of what his apologists, like Carlyle and Froude, and Stalker, urge in extenuation of the fault of Knox, we find it hard to condone it.

But we do not forget that the religious toleration which the Twentieth Century demands for various religions and creeds is not accordant with the ideas and practice prevalent in the Sixteenth Century. The toleration demanded and given now is the white flower of advanced Christian civilization. No better measure of the progress of mankind can be found than that afforded by the difference between the generally received standard of the age of Knox and that of the present age. When we calmly take this into account, we feel that it would not be fair to judge Knox by the Twentieth Century standard, and our condemnation of him for this offense is greatly mitigated—if not entirely removed. As Froude well says: "The change of time has brought with it the toleration which Knox denounced, and has established the compromises which Knox most feared and abhorred, and he has been described as a raving demagogue, an enemy of authority, a wild and furious bigot. But the Papists whom Knox grappled with and overthrew were not the mild, forbearing innocents into which the success

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of the Reformation has transformed the modern Catholic. When their power to kill was taken from them, when they learnt to disclaim the Inquisition, to apologize, to fling the responsibility of past atrocities on the temper of other times, on the errors of their leaders, then their creed could be allowed a place among the *religiones licitae* of the world. But the men who took from Popery its power to oppress alone made its presence again endurable; and only a sentimental ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation of the history of the Sixteenth Century can sustain the pretense that there was no true need of a harder and firmer hand."

The real proof of Knox's greatness is found in what he did. The testimonies of Carlyle, Green and Froude are emphatic as to the inestimable value of his work.

"In the history of Scotland," says Carlyle, "I can find properly but one epoch; we may say it contains nothing of world interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. A poor, barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacrings; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution. It is a country yet without a soul; nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-annual. And now, at the Reformation the internal life is kindled as it were under the ribs of this outward, material death. A cause, the noblest of causes, kindles itself like a beacon set on high—as high as Heaven, yet attainable from earth—whereby the meanest man becomes, not a

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citizen only, but a member of Christ's visible Church. This that Knox did for his nation we may really call a resurrection as from death. The people began to live. Thought, conscience, the sense that man is denizen of a universe, creature of an eternity, has penetrated to the remotest cottage, to the simplest heart. Beautiful and awful, the feeling of a heavenly behest overcanopies all life. There is an *inspiration* in such a people. Let men know that they are men, created by God in His image, responsible to God, who may work in any moment of time what may last through eternity—this great message did Knox declare with a man's voice and strength and found a people to believe him."

This, then, is Knox's great merit: that it was by his agency and influence, mainly, that the humble common people of Scotland, who previously were deemed of no account, were transformed into another sort of people, nobler and responsive to the ideals of Christianity, during those thirteen eventful years which separated his return from exile and his interment in his grave. The poor clay, which, as Froude says, "a generation earlier, the haughty baron would have trodden into slime," had, by passing through the fires kindled by his preaching, experienced a transmutation into something rare and strange.

Consider well the result: The Scottish people, for their intelligence, their thrift, their sterling moral qualities and their piety, are now among the most remarkable in the world. In the national

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character, as exhibited at home in Scotland, or abroad in her emigrants as these are widely dispersed over the globe, are found blended in beautiful union the strong and the tender, pathetic qualities typified in the solid granite of their native hills and the beautiful waters of their romantic lakes. This remarkable people is to a great extent the product of their religion, and their religion is, in the main, the religion taught by the Presbyterian Church established by John Knox. The doctrines of the Reformation as proclaimed by him and his Associates of the General Assembly made over the Scottish people of the later mediæval times into what they are today. To John Knox is due the high honor of being chief among the makers of modern Scotland. From what he made her, from what Egyptian bondage of feudal slavery, ignorance, superstition and animalism, is described by Froude. He led his countrymen of that benighted age into the fair realm of wholesome faith, sweeter manners and purer family life of these modern times.

It was, however, a dark, distressful way, marked by anguish, terror, cruelty and bloodshed. We find it all typified in a personal experience:

Years ago, traveling through Switzerland, the writer stopped at the old town of Freiburg, where there was and still is, he thinks, a famous church organ played by a distinguished musician. At a certain hour of the day he was advertised to play, and the church was filled with travelers from different lands, attracted, like myself, to hear him.

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The composition which he played represented a summer thunder-storm. In the beginning he made us fancy that we were breathing the stifling air and could hear the distant mutterings of the thunder that usually precede such a storm. Nearer and nearer it came, louder and louder grew the tumult of wailing wind and thunder with its imagined lightning, till our souls were filled with awe and trembling as of a great tempest. At the height of the storm there were heard, faint and far off, a few sweet notes, as of a singing bird or a shepherd's lute, prophetic of good. Those notes increased in number and strength until they grew to a jubilant strain, from which every discordant note of the tempest had vanished—telling us that the storm was over, the sunshine had returned, and a sweeter atmosphere had been created. Such was the history and result of the Reformation in Scotland, and John Knox introduced those sweet, transforming notes that mark the new era which now blesses the land and its people.

GEORGE HERBERT

Where a man can live, there he can live well.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

We cannot all live in palaces; but we can all live in the Kingdom of God.—*Lilian Whiting.*

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven into the fabric of the world.—*John Ruskin.*

GEORGE HERBERT

GEORGE HERBERT is the St. Francis of the English Established Church. He resembles his Catholic prototype, not only in the beauty of his character, his refinement, rapt piety and self-sacrificing spirit, but in the brilliant promise of his youth, and in the fact that he also owed much to his pious mother for his religious development and his choice of his sacred calling. When the admiring world and family pride said of him, "He is like a prince," she would say to herself, like the mother of St. Francis, "If he is like a prince, hereafter he shall be a child of God." His life as told by Izaak Walton is very sweetly told. Though brief, it is one of the finest pieces of literary biography in our language. It forms, with four other brief biographies, one of our choicest classics—"Walton's Lives," of which Wordsworth says:—

"There are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen;
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night;

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Or lonely tapers, when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

—*Ecclesiastical Sonnets.*

George Herbert's father and mother were both of noble rank, and he was reared in the enjoyment of all the advantages which high family connections and ample wealth could give. Losing his father at an early age, the care of his education devolved on his mother, a woman of extraordinary intelligence, as well as piety, and of such remarkable personal beauty, even in her advanced years, that the famous Dr. Donne wrote of her at that time:—

"No spring nor summer beauty had such grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face."

She was the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number and Job's distribution. Her wisdom and tender care for the morals of her sons are attested by one of her sayings reported by Walton. In explanation of her solicitude lest the minds of her sons should somehow be contaminated simply by an acquaintance with vice, she said that "ignorance of vice is the best preservative of virtue, and that the very knowledge of wickedness is as tinder to inflame and kindle sin and to keep it burning."

Until twelve years of age George was under a family tutor; then he was placed in the famous

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Westminster school; at fifteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge; at twenty-two he was made Master of Arts and Fellow of his College; and at twenty-six he was chosen orator for the University. This place he held with great applause for eight years.

In person he was very attractive—being tall, erect, graceful. “His speech and motion,” says Walton, “did declare him a gentleman. He had acquired great learning and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with natural elegance in his behavior, his tongue and his pen.” Having these accomplishments he won the regard of King James I. His letters and his addresses to him were expressed in such elegant Latin, and so full of happy conceits, that the king called him “the Jewel of the University.” Being so high in the king’s favor and having so many warm admirers among the most eminent men about the Court—Sir Francis Bacon being one of them—Herbert hoped that he, like his predecessors, might attain to some position of dignity and of great emolument; when, suddenly, by the death of the king and of two of his noble friends, his hopes were dashed to the ground.

After a short season of bewilderment and sadness over his defeated plans, and of struggle with worldly desires not easily relinquished, he decided to enter the Church, “as his mother had often persuaded him to do.” Worldly friends remonstrated. A Court friend tried to dissuade him from it, saying that it was “too mean an employ-

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ment, too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind." His answer shows how complete was his conversion. He replied:—"It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth, but, though the iniquity of the late times has made clergymen meanly valued and the sacred name of priest contemptible, I will labor to make it honorable by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of God who gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him who hath done so much for me. And I will labor to be like my Saviour by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

His life as a clergyman fulfilled the holy purpose thus expressed. Entered upon at the age of thirty-three, it covered only six years and was almost equally divided between Layton Ecclesia and Bemerton. At the former, as prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, he served the parish as a deacon only; but he distinguished his novitiate there by renovating through the help of his kindred and noble friends the parish church, making it "for decency and beauty" remarkable among the churches of England. This was a notable achievement, considering the condition in which the church was found. It had fallen into such decay as to be useless for the purposes of worship, and thus it had been for nearly twenty years,

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the people of the parish having vainly endeavored in that time to raise funds enough to repair it. But the solicitations of their new minister of the gospel were irresistible; his pleas for help to repair the ruined sanctuary were "so witty and persuasive" that those solicited were only pleased to respond, and one of the donors, William, Earl of Pembroke, who "subscribed for fifty pounds, made it fifty more."

Presented by Charles I. with the living at Bemerton, Herbert was made a priest and the rector of this charge in April, 1630. Before his entrance upon his ministry here, he seems to have made a new consecration of himself to his work, which was attended with a special baptism of the Holy Spirit. At his induction into the charge he was shut up in the church after the installation service, according to the custom of those times, and left there alone to commune with God and his own heart, and then to toll the bell at the end of this solitary communion as a signal to the people waiting outside that they might enter and complete the induction service with him. He remained so long shut up in the church before the expected signal was given that his people and friends wondered at the delay, and one of them went and looked in at the window. Mr. Herbert was discovered lying prostrate on the floor before the altar.

While thus prostrate before the Lord, as he afterward confessed, he framed some rules for the future management of his life, and he then

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and there made a vow that he would endeavor to keep them. The ideal of pastoral life thus mentally outlined he subsequently embodied in the single prose volume, by which, next to his poems, he is best known to the world. Such was the origin of the little book entitled: "A Priest to the Temple, or The Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life." This work, it is thought, well describes the pastor Herbert was. So small that it can be easily read in three or four hours, it is a classic of religious literature. Professor G. H. Palmer says of it, "It is doubtful if the same number of pages in any modern volume will bring to the country minister of today an equal amount of ennobling good sense. Changes in belief, in social usage, in civilization itself, have not antiquated this ardent, candid, original and solid treatise." Written in clear, simple style, with an old-time flavor, like that of Bacon's Essays, it is lighted up with occasional flashes of imagination and surprising turns of thought similar to those in his poems. It is full of shrewd comment on men and things in general, and of wise practical suggestions as to the work of the ministry. It has been a favorite book with good ministers; indeed, it has had much to do, through its inspiring influence, in making good ministers. For nearly three centuries it has held up a model of ministerial excellence to the clergy—to the rural clergy, especially—of England and America; and those most eminent for Christian character and pastoral efficiency, like Baxter, Keble

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and the late Dr. C. L. Goodell of St. Louis, Mo. Men of the highest literary culture and refinement, like Professors G. H. Palmer and Austin Phelps, have owned its rare beauty of thought and literary charm.

Detached extracts cannot give an adequate idea of it, but we are constrained to give some examples, in the hope of inducing our readers to get the book and read it entire by themselves. It can be done at small expense of time and money, as "The Works of George Herbert in Prose and Verse, edited from the latest editions with Memoir (Walton's), explanatory notes, etc.," printed on good paper and in large type, have been published by T. Y. Crowell and Co., New York, in one volume which is sold for less than one dollar.

Extracts from "The Country Parson":—"If a shepherd know not which grass will bane and which not, how is he fit to be a shepherd? Wherefore, the parson has thoroughly canvassed all the particulars of human actions, at least all those which he observeth are most incident to his parish."

"When any despises him he takes it either in a humble way, saying nothing at all, or else in a slighting way, showing that *reproaches touch him no more than a stone thrown against heaven, where he is and lives.*"

"Our Savior made plants and seeds to teach the people; for He was the true householder, who bringeth out of His treasure things new and old

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—the old things of philosophy, and the new of grace—and maketh the one serve the other. And I conceive our Savior did this for three reasons: first, that by familiar things He might make His doctrine slip the more easily into the hearts even of the meanest. Secondly, that laboring people (whom He chiefly considered) might have everywhere monuments of his doctrine, remembering, in gardens, His ‘mustard-seed and lilies,’ in the field, His ‘seed-corn and tares,’ and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but sometimes lift up their minds to better things even in the midst of their pains; thirdly, *that He might set a copy for parsons.*”

“The Country Parson is not only a father to his flock, but also professeth himself thoroughly of this opinion, carrying it about with him as fully as if he had begot his whole parish. And of this he makes great use; for by this means, when any sins, he hateth him not as an officer, but pities him as a father; and even in those wrongs which are done to his own person, he considers the offender as a child, and forgives, so he may have any sign of amendment; so, also, when, after many admonitions, any continues to be refractory, yet he gives him not over, but it is long before he proceeds to disinheriting; or perhaps never goes so far, knowing that some are called at the eleventh hour, and therefore, he still expects and waits, lest he should determine God’s hour of coming, which, as he cannot touching the last day, so neither the intermediate days of conversion.”

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“In preaching to others, he forgets not himself, but is first a sermon to himself, and then to others, *growing with the growth of his parish.*”

“The parson is very careful to avoid all visible sin—*especially that of drinking—because it is the most popular vice.* By having fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, he disableth himself of authority to reprove them; *for sins make all equal whom they find together, and then they are worst who ought to be the best.* Neither is it for the servant of Christ to haunt inns, or taverns, or ale-houses, to the dishonor of his person and office.” “The parson’s ‘yea’ is yea, and ‘nay’ is nay; and his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without spots or dust or smell, the purity of *his mind breaking out and dilating itself even to his body, clothes and habitation.*”

“The Country Parson is full of all knowledge. They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge but in a skillful hand serves, either positively, as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge. But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the Book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort,—the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things: Precepts for life; doctrines for knowledge; examples for illustration; and promises for comfort. These he hath digested severally. But for the understanding of these, *the means he useth are: first, a holy life,* remembering what his Master saith, ‘If any do God’s will, he shall know of

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the doctrine,' and assuring himself that wicked men, however learned, do not know the Scriptures, because they fear them not, and because they are not understood but with the same Spirit that writ them. *The second means is prayer*, which if it be necessary in temporal things, how much more in things of another world, where the well is deep and we have nothing of ourselves to draw with. *The third means is a diligent collation of Scripture with Scripture*. For all truth being consonant to itself, and all being penned by one and the same Spirit, it cannot be but that an industrious and judicious comparison of place with place must be a singular help for the right understanding of the Scriptures. *The fourth means are commentators and Fathers*, who have handled the places controverted. As he doth not so study others as to neglect the grace of God in himself, and what the Holy Spirit teacheth him; so doth he assure himself that God in all ages hath had His servants, to whom He hath revealed His truth as well as to him; and that as one country doth not bear all things, that there may be a commerce, so neither hath God opened or will open all to one, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the servants of God for the planting both of love and humility."

"A prophecy is a wonder sent to posterity, lest they complain of want of wonders. It is a letter sealed and sent, which to the bearer is but paper, but to the receiver and opener is full of power."

"All may certainly conclude that God loves

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them, till either they despise that love, or despair of His mercy;—not any sin else but is within His love; but the despiser of love must needs be without it. The thrusting away of His arm makes us only not embraced.”

“The Country Parson is a lover of old customs, if they be good and harmless; and the rather because country people are much addicted to them, so that to favor them therein is to win their hearts, and to oppose them is to deject them. If there be any ill in the custom that may be severed from the good, *he pares the apple and gives them the clean to feed upon.* Particularly, he loves procession (i. e., walking in procession around the boundaries of the parish) and maintains it *because of four manifest advantages*:—blessing of God for the fruits of the field; justice in the preservation of bounds; charity in loving walking and neighborly accompanying one another with reconciling of differences, if there be any; and mercy in relieving the poor. Another old custom there is of saying, when light is brought in, ‘God send us the light of heaven.’ The parson likes this very well; neither is he afraid of praising or praying to God at all times, but is rather glad of opportunities to do them. Light is a great blessing,—as great as food for which we give thanks; those who think this superstitious, neither know superstition, or themselves. As for those that are ashamed to use this form as being old and obsolete and not the fashion, he teaches them that at baptism they professed not to be ashamed of

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Christ's cross, or for any shame to leave that which was good. *He that is ashamed in small things will extend his pusillanimity to greater.* Rather should a Christian soldier take such occasions to harden himself and to further his exercises of mortification."

We end our citations from "The Country Parson" with some sentences which portray him as preaching:—

"The Country Parson preaches constantly; the pulpit is his joy and his throne. When he preaches, he procures attention by all possible arts, both by earnestness of speech (it being natural for men to think that where is much earnestness there is somewhat worth hearing) and by a diligent and busy cast of the eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he observes who marks and who not, and with particularizing of his speech—now to the younger folk, then to the elder—now to the poor, and now to the rich, 'this is for you, and this is for you'; *for particulars ever touch and awake more than generals.* Herein also he serves himself of the judgments of God,—those of ancient times, and especially of the late ones; and those most which are nearest to his parish; for people are very attentive to such discourses, and think it behooves them to be so, *when God is so near them, and even over their heads.* Sometimes he tells them stories and sayings of others according as his text invites him; for them also men hold and remember better than exhortations, which though earnest often

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die with the sermon, especially with country people, which are thick and heavy and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they will remember."

"He often tells them that sermons are dangerous things; that none goes out of church as he came in, but either better or worse; that none is careless before his judge, and that the Word of God shall judge us."

"By these and other means the parson procures attention. It is gained, *first, by choosing moving and ravishing texts*, whereof the Scriptures are full; *secondly, by dipping and seasoning all our words and sentences in our hearts before they come into our mouths*,—truly affecting and cordially expressing all that we say, so that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart deep; *thirdly*, by turning often, and making apostrophes to God, as 'Lord, bless my people and teach them this point'; or, 'O my Master, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace, and do Thou speak Thyself, for Thou art love, and when Thou teachest, all are scholars.' Such irradiations thrown scatteringly in the sermon carry great holiness in them. *Fourthly*, by frequent wishes for the people's good and joy therein. Herein St. Paul excelled. What an admirable Epistle is the Second to the Corinthians! How full of affections! He joys and he is sorry; he grieves and he glories; never was there such care of a flock expressed save in the great Shepherd

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of the fold who first shed tears over Jerusalem and their blood. *This care may be learned there, and then woven into sermons.* Lastly, by an often urging of the presence and majesty of God, by such speeches as, 'Oh, let us all take heed what we do! God sees us; He sees whether I speak as I ought, or you hear as you ought; He sees hearts as we see faces; He is among us; He is a great God and terrible; His voice is as the sound of many waters; and He, Himself, is a consuming fire.' "

We have here a picture of a preacher of apostolic zeal and earnestness. And in this picture Herbert, himself, can be discerned; for Walton says, that "his behavior toward God and man may be said to be a practical comment on the directions set down in that useful book, 'The Country Parson.' " Furthermore, he composed the book, "that he might the better preserve those holy rules, which *such a priest as he intended to be, ought to observe.*"

On the evening following his induction into the pastoral office, he said to a friend in reference to his former ambitious desires for some place of worldly eminence: "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. . . . In God and His service is a fullness of all joy and pleasure and no satiety. I beseech Him that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my Lord Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be

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my Master and governor, and I will always condemn my birth or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of 'Jesus my Master.' " "This exclamation," says Walton, "'Jesus my Master,' was often upon his lips; the repetition of it seemed to perfume his mind and leave an oriental fragrance in his very breath."

His simplicity of character, unaffected piety and abounding charity, made his life among his people saintly. The influence that radiated from the parsonage and the little chapel adjacent to it, pervaded the little community and affected all classes with sanctifying power. "When Mr. Herbert's saint's bell rang for the daily prayers," says Walton, "most of his parishioners and many gentlemen in the neighborhood made a part of his congregation; and some of the meaner sort did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert that they would let their plow rest at the call of the bell, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him, and would then return back to their plow. And his holy life was such, it begot such reverence to God and to him, that they thought themselves the happier when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labor."

His first sermon to his rustic congregation at Bemerton was florid with a display of great learning and eloquence, to show them that their minister was a scholar, and that, if need be, he could

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be learned and eloquent; but at the close of the sermon, he told them that, "this should not be his usual way of preaching; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that for their sakes his language and his expressions should, in his future sermons, be more plain and practical."

Outside of his pulpit and chapel services, he was an admirable example of pastoral kindness and faithfulness, as the following anecdotes show: He was very fond of music and was proficient in it as a composer and a performer. Bemerton rectory being less than two miles from Salisbury Cathedral, he was often drawn thither, sometimes twice a week, to attend those religious services in which impressive, soul-stirring music was blended; or to participate as a superior player at an appointed private practice meeting of a musical association. Such music, he said, "elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth."

"In one of his walks to Salisbury," Mr. Walton says, "he overtook a gentleman living in that city, and in their walk together Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused if he asked him for some account of his faith; saying, 'I do this the rather, because, tho' you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant, and, Sir, I am the bolder to do it because I know there be some sermon hearers that be like

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those fishes that always live in salt-water, and yet are always fresh.' After which expression Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity and for a practical piety, in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him that he would often afterwards contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton, mentioning him with veneration and praising God for the occasion of knowing him."

Another incident, encountered by him at another time on his way to Salisbury, reveals in a still more striking manner his pastoral compassion for such as appealed to his sympathy when in distress, when he shrank at nothing, however disagreeable, demanded for their relief.

One day he met a poor man on the road whose overladen horse had fallen under his load. Both were in distress and needed immediate help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, promptly rendered by throwing off his canonical coat and assisting the man's efforts to lift up his beast, so that he might pursue his journey. Deeply grateful, "the poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and like the good Samaritan he gave him money to refresh both himself and horse, and told him that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast."

At his coming to his musical friends in Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Her-

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bert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed. He told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, he answered that "the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided him and made discord in his conscience whensoever he passed that place. 'If I be bound to pray for all in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for; and though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or showing mercy, and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments.' "

These incidents from his life show a rare and charming personality, irradiated and exalted by the purest, unmistakable piety without any blemish of affectation. Combining in himself the dignity of noble birth, the refinement of high culture and the humility of a saint, he might be fitly described by these lines of Wordsworth's Sonnet to Milton:

"Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

From all that we can learn about him, George Herbert must have had what is called "personal charm" to an extraordinary degree. It shines

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forth from every page of his "Country Parson"; it perfumes, as with heavenly fragrance, his poetry; it is evident from the power amounting almost to fascination which he exercised over all persons who came within his influence.

The story of his marriage curiously illustrates his engaging powers. Before he ever met her who was destined to be his wife, he became acquainted with her father, Mr. Charles Danvers, and so favorably impressed him, that he wished that his favorite daughter, Jane, might have Mr. Herbert for a husband; and so warmly commended him to her that "she became so much a Platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen." Before the two met, however, the father died; but the wish of his heart was afterwards accomplished. When, at length, a meeting occurred, love, whose coming had been thus prepared for, made swift progress in Jane's heart, and she was prevailed on by Mr. Herbert to become his wife in three days. The marriage was a happy one and not an illustrative example of the proverb, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." The friends that had paved the way to it were "true friends to both parties," Walton says, "such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, so that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more, because it proved so happy to both parties. For the eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections—so happy that there never was any

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opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which would most incline to a compliance with the other's desires." Their happiness was brief. He died in 1633, before he had completed three years of pastoral service in Bemerton. She was, while he lived, the almoner of his charity to the poor, and his willing co-worker in it, "for she rejoiced in the employment." "He set no limits to it, nor did he ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them—relieve them cheerfully, and would praise God as much for being willing, as for being able to do it."

Next to Christianity itself, Mr. Herbert loved the English Church, and devoted much time to explaining the meaning of the various parts of the Prayer Book, and to the prescribed services of the Church.

Thus, he continued active in works of charity and instruction;—he said, "to teach the ignorant is the greatest alms,"—till consumption attacked and so weakened him as to confine him to his house, and, after a painful sickness, borne with great patience and Christian submission, in a few months caused his death. "His virtuous and lovely wife," says Walton, "continued his widow for about six years, bemoaning his loss as the spiritual guide to her soul, and regretting that she had not been able to treasure up all his sayings in her heart, but in default of that, 'resolved to live like him, that where he now is I may be also.'"

Thus "she continued mourning till time and

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conversation had so moderated her sorrow that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Hingham, who put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body and was so like Mr. Herbert as not to govern like a master but as an affectionate husband." So the happiness of both was assured.

"Like Mr. Herbert, an affectionate husband!"

It is told of one of our most eminent public men, that one day entertaining a company of friends in his happy home, his attractive and accomplished wife sitting at the table with them, one of the company asked him, "Who would you like to be, if other than yourself?" "I would like to be the second husband of my wife," he promptly said, casting his eyes significantly toward her. As her second husband his lot in the world, and hers also, would still be enviable. So with Sir Robert and his adorable wife.

She was his wife eight years, and by him she had one child, a daughter, and lived his widow about fifteen years. "She died in the year 1663, and was buried with Sir Robert at Hingham; Mr. Herbert, in his own church, under the altar, and covered with a grave stone without any inscription."

Just before his death Mr. Herbert placed in the hands of a clerical friend, Mr. Duncan, who was in constant attendance at his bedside during the last days of his sickness, a book of manuscript to be delivered to his very intimate friend, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, of Gidden Hall near Hunting-

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ton, saying, "Deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in Whose service I have found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it, and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." This little book was "The Temple," a book of religious poems. Upon reading it, Mr. Ferrar said, "There is in it the picture of a divine soul in every page, and the whole book is such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety." This prediction has been amply fulfilled. In spite of some faults, as its verbal conceits, occasional obscurity, a forced ingenuity shown in odd metres, puns, and occasional bad taste, the Encyclopedia Britannica says, "The quaint beauty of Herbert's style and his genuine poetical feeling give 'The Temple' a high place in literature. Among the gems contained in it are the following: 'Sunday,' 'Virtue,' 'Man,' 'The Collar,' 'The Pulley,' 'The Flower,' 'The Elixir.'" Of these, the finest is "Man," which this writer in the Britannica says, "is Miltonic in its sublimity of conception, and shows how poets, in their loftier moods, often anticipate the discoveries of science and the most far-reaching speculations of philosophy."

Lack of space forbids our quoting more than

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one example, "The Pulley," which we find in
"The Oxford Collection of English Verse."

"When God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by—
'Let us' (said He) 'pour on him all we can;
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span.

"So strength first made a way,
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
 So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast."

"The Temple" is a sort of prelude, though long
antecedent, to Keble's "Christian Year." Those
who delight in the music of Keble cannot but
be charmed by that of George Herbert sung two
hundred years before.



THOMAS FULLER

Wit and Wisdom are born with a man.—*John Selden.*

No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new;
for he saith, The old is better.—*Jesus.*

THOMAS FULLER

(b. 1608; d. 1661)

“WIT and wisdom” are the most prominent qualities of Thomas Fuller as a writer. The highest literary authorities vouch for the fact. “Wit,” says Coleridge, “was the stuff and substance of Fuller’s intellect; it was the element, the earthen base, the material which he worked in; and this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts, for the beauty and variety of the truths, into which he shaped the stuff.”

The subject of such high encomium was born in 1608 in an English rectory, the son of Rev. Thomas Fuller of Aldwinkle. The wit for which Fuller was remarkable seems, however, to have been *mother-wit* rather than an inheritance from his father. She belonged to a gifted family, which numbered among its members scholars and divines of distinction. The son early displayed uncommon precocity of mind. Entered at Queen’s College, Cambridge, in his 13th year, he received the degree of A. B. at seventeen, and that of A. M. at twenty. Made curate of St. Benet’s, Cambridge, at twenty-two, he immediately acquired popularity as a preacher, and “attracted the audience of the University.”

Ecclesiastical preferment came rapidly. The

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following year he was chosen fellow of Sydney College and prebendary of Salisbury; four years later, rector of Broadwindsor, a rural charge, which he had six years. Here he composed "*The Holy War*" and "*The Holy and Profane States*"—the latter one of his best works. He had an irresistible inclination to literary production. Robert South describes him as "ever scribbling, and each year bringing forth new *folia* like a tree." During his rectorate at Broadwindsor he married and had a son born to him there.

On the eve of the Civil War, forecasting the coming storm, he removed with his family to London, the better to observe and, if possible to shape the course of events; also to obtain, for the furtherance of his literary work, the advantages of its libraries and of the society of its learned men—those "standing and walking libraries," as he called them. Through the influence of powerful friends (he found friends everywhere), he obtained a hearing in various pulpits and soon acquired celebrity as a preacher. He also was invited to become lecturer at the famous Savoy Chapel—where his audience overflowed the place of worship and extended out into the Chapel yard, "the windows of that little church and sextonry so crowded, as if bees had swarmed to his mellifluous discourse." The excellent matter of his discourses was enhanced by a pleasing delivery and genial personality. As described by his contemporaries, Fuller was tall and well-made, graceful in carriage and unaffectedly polite

Thomas Fuller

and courteous in manner. He had bright blue, laughing eyes, and a frank, ruddy countenance set off by light, curling hair. His disposition was amiable and kindly, and his conduct and behavior, in his domestic and sociable relations, irreproachable. His personal character was in keeping with his appearance and disposition. It was admirable. He was catholic in his opinions, just and broad minded in his judgments. Neither political enmity nor religious prejudice blinded him to the merits of those who were of a different party or religious communion. He recognized and applauded merit, wherever found, in Puritan or Cavalier. His temper was always serene; his cheerfulness nothing could disturb; he faced poverty and defeat with unfailing fortitude.

While in London, Fuller labored hard in his preaching to allay the public ferment fast ripening into war. As well might a song sparrow, persistently singing its fair-weather notes while thunder-clouds darken the sky, think to silence their thunders and bring back the sunshine! The bird gets drenched, unless, retiring before the storm, it seeks a timely shelter. Similar was Fuller's fate; his endeavors for peace, instead of turning back the tempest, exposed him to the angry criticism of both parties in the strife. To add to his trouble, his wife died, leaving their infant son to his care. When the storm at length broke he sided with the King, and followed him to the loyal city of Oxford. There he preached before the King and Prince Charles a sermon on

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"Jacob's Vow," which was published by royal request.

In his political sermons in Oxford, however, Fuller evinced a calmness and moderation, which displeased the hot Royalists, who charged him with lukewarmness to their cause. To refute and silence their censure, he became chaplain to one of the royal regiments—that of Lord Hopton,—and for five years he accompanied this troop, showing upon occasion that he could fight as well as preach and pray.

The best known and most valued of Fuller's literary works had a vital connection with his army life. For the religious among the soldiers and the Royalists in the towns, like Exeter, occupied by them, he published about the year 1645 "*Good Thoughts in Bad Times*," and two years later, as their cause grew darker, "*Good Thoughts in Worse Times*." To these in 1660, on the eve of the Restoration, he added "*Mixed Contemplations for Better Times*," to soften the asperities of the Royalists. These three works were combined in one volume and published during our Civil War by a Boston publishing house (Ticknor and Fields) as suitable to our condition as a people at that time and afterwards, and had a wide circulation. Abounding in wholesome moral lessons, noble aspirations, and wise, illuminating comments on Scripture passages, historic incidents and personal experiences, all expressed in the most felicitous language, every sentence of this volume is striking and rich in meaning. They

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show—as do nearly all his writings—an original mind and excellent moral spirit. He likewise possessed, as we soon discover, a very fertile imagination, by which he adorned and illustrated his thought. “Fuller could not put pen to paper,” says a discerning critic, “without writing some sentences which arrest the reader and astonish him by their brilliancy.” We cull from this volume a few examples:—

“Lord, I discover an arrant laziness in my soul. For when I am to read a chapter in the Bible, before I begin it, I look where it endeth. And if it endeth not on the same side, I cannot keep my hands from turning over the leaf, to measure the length thereof on the other side; if it swells to many verses, I begin to grudge. Surely my heart is not rightly affected! Were I truly hungry after heavenly food, I would not complain of meat. Scourge, Lord, this laziness out of my soul; make the reading of Thy word, not a penance, but a pleasure unto me; teach me that as among many heaps of gold, all being equally pure, that is the best which is the biggest; so I may esteem that chapter in Thy word the best that is the longest.”

“Lord, I find David making a syllogism, in mood and figure; two propositions he perfected:—‘If I regard wickedness in my heart, the Lord will not hear me, but verily God hath heard me, He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.’ (Psalm 66.) Now I expected that David should have concluded thus: ‘Therefore I regard not

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wickedness in my heart'; but far otherwise he concludes:—'Blessed be God who hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me.' "

"Thus David hath deceived, but not wronged, me. I looked that he should have clapped the crown on his own, and he puts it on God's head. I will learn this excellent logic; for I like David's better than Aristotle's syllogisms; that whatsoever the premises be, I make God's glory the conclusion."

"Lord, I read how Paul writing from Rome, spake to Philemon to prepare him a lodging, hoping to make use thereof; yet we find not that he ever did use it, being martyred not long after. However, he was no loser, whom thou didst lodge in a higher mansion in heaven. Let me always be thus deceived to my advantage. I shall have no cause to complain, though I never wear the new clothes fitted for me, if, before I put them on, death clothe me with glorious immortality."

"Lord, this morning, I read a chapter in the Bible, and therein observed a memorable passage, whereof I never took notice before. Why now, and no sooner, did I see it? Formerly my eyes were as open, and the letters as legible. Is there not a thin veil laid over thy word, which is more rarified by reading, and at last wholly worn away? Or was it because I came with more appetite before? The milk was always there in the breast, but the child till now was not hungry enough to find out the teat. I see the oil of thy word will

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never leave increasing whilst any bring an empty barrel. The Old Testament will still be a New Testament to him who comes with a fresh desire of information."

"Lord, the apostle dissuadeth the Hebrews from covetousness (Heb. 13:5) with this argument; because God said, 'I will not leave thee nor forsake thee.' Yet I find not that God ever gave this promise to all the Jews, but he spake it only to Joshua (Josh. 1:5) when first made commander against the Canaanites; which, without violence to the analogy of faith, the apostle applieth to all good men in general. Is it so that we are heirs apparent to all promises made to thy servants in Scripture? Are the characters of grace granted to them good for me? Then will I say with Jacob, 'It is enough.' But because I cannot entitle myself to thy promises to them, except I imitate their piety to Thee, grant I may take as much care in following the one, as comfort in the other."

"Almost twenty years since I heard a profane jest, and still remember it. How many pious passages of far later date have I forgotten? It seems my soul is like a filthy pond, wherein fish die soon, and frogs live long. Lord, raze this profane jest out of my memory. Leave not a letter thereof behind, lest my corruption (an apt scholar) guess it out again; and be pleased to write some pious meditation in the place thereof. And grant, Lord, for the time to come (because such bad guests are easier kept out), that I may

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be careful not to admit what I find so difficult to expel."

"I have observed that towns which have been casually burnt have been built again more beautiful than before; and roofs, formerly but thatched, after advanced to be tiled. The apostle tells me that I must 'not think strange concerning the fiery trial which is to happen unto me' (1 Peter 4:12). May I likewise prove improved by it. Let my renewed soul, which grows out of the ashes of the old man, be a more firm fabric, and stronger structure; so shall affliction be my advantage."

"In the days of King Edward VI, the Lord Protector marched with a powerful army into Scotland, to demand their young Queen Mary to our King, according to their promises. The Scotch refusing to do it, were beaten by the English in Musselborough fight. One demanding of a Scotch Lord (taken prisoner in the battle), 'Now, Sir, how do you like our King's marriage with your Queen?' . . . 'I always,' quoth he, 'did like the marriage, but I do not like the wooing, that you should fetch a bride with fire and sword.' "

"It is not enough for men to propound pious projects to themselves, if they go about by indirect courses to compass them. God's own work must be done in God's own ways. Otherwise we can take no comfort in obtaining the end, if we cannot justify the means used thereunto."

"Ha! is the interjection of laughter. Ah! is

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an interjection of sorrow. The difference between them very small, as consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in a minute, in the very turning of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning!"

"I perceive there is in the world a good nature, falsely so called, as being nothing else but a facile and flexible disposition,—wax for every impression. What others are so bold to beg, they are so bashful as not to deny. Such oziers can never make beams to bear stress in Church and State. If this be good nature, let me always be a clown; if this be good fellowship, let me always be a churl. Give me to set a sturdy porter before my soul, who may not equally open to every comer. I cannot conceive how he can be a friend to any who is a friend to all, and the worst foe to himself."

One more example, Fuller's apology "To the Courteous Reader" for not arranging his "Thoughts" in good order, which is applicable to his other works:—"I confess myself subject to just censure, that I have not severally sorted these Contemplations, setting such as are, 1. of Scripture; 2. Historical; 3. Occasional; 4 Personal, distinctly by themselves, which now are confusedly heaped, or rather, huddled together. This was caused by my haste, the press hourly craving with the daughter of the horseleech, 'give, give.' "

The materials for the larger and most impor-

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tant works of Fuller, "*The Church History of Britain*" and "*The Worthies of England*," were gathered as he marched with his regiment back and forth through the land.

In every town and shire, of special interest, to which they came, he spent much of his time in studying their antiquities and historic monuments, their traditions and the associations connected with their noble families, cultivating assiduously, everywhere, the acquaintance of the more intelligent and respectable people of these various localities. "Nor," says one of his biographers, "did the good doctor ever refuse to light his candle, in investigating truth, from the meanest person's discovery. He would endure contentedly an hour or more of impertinence from an aged church officer, or other superannuated people, for the gleanings of two lines to his purpose."

It was a long time, however, before the valuable stuff thus accumulated was woven into the completed fabric which they finally composed,—the "*Church History*" not appearing until 1655, and the "*Worthies of England*" not till after his death. The danger and disquietude to which he was exposed forbade prolonged successful effort. He quaintly says of his situation, under the circumstances: "I had little list or leisure to write, fearing to be made a history and shifting daily for my safety. All that time I could not live to study, who did only study to live."

Notwithstanding all these distractions and besetting difficulties, the works produced were of

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extraordinary interest. They were the delight of Coleridge, Lamb and Henry Rogers, and, such is their perennial charm, are favorites of the best critics and students of English Literature in every generation. We do not know anywhere an Ecclesiastical History of any Country more fascinating than Fuller's "Church History of Britain." It is composed mainly of the "valuable stuff," as stated above. The "original documents," on which the work of later histories is based;—the traditions and simple chronicles of towns and shires; the personal diaries hid away and carefully preserved in family archives; and private libraries of descendants of churchmen and great nobles; local histories of cathedrals and their dioceses; of rural communities and their Manor Houses. All these sources of information, rich in local flavor and coloring, having received his inspection are put into it with sufficient editing to preserve their connection and appositeness in the story, and all touched with the wit and historic imagination of the historian's genius,—they make the work a unique treasure in the library that contains it, and a constant source of entertainment to the readers of it.

Similar things may be said of "*The Worthies of England*." It is an interesting portrait gallery of notable historic personages, whose portraits are here sketched by a master's hand with a stroke of genius that make them immortal. Examples: Those of Archbishop Laud and Sir Walter Raleigh.

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Of Laud, Fuller says, "He was of low stature but high parts, piercing eyes and cheerful countenance, wherein gravity and pleasantness were well compounded; admirable in his naturals, unblamable in his morals, strict in his conversation. Of him I have written in my Church History, though I confess it was somewhat too soon for one with safety and truth to treat of such a subject on account of the prejudices and passions of the times. Some kinds of game are not fit for food when first killed, and therefore cunning cooks bury it for some hours in the earth, till the rankness thereof being mortified thereby, it makes most palatable meat. So the memory of some persons newly deceased is neither fit for a writer's or reader's repast, until some competent time after their interment. However, I am confident that impartial posterity, on a serious review of all passages, will allow his name to be reposed among the heroes of our nation."

Of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he characterizes more fully and at greater length, he says:—

"The sons of Heth said unto Abraham, 'Thou art a great prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none shall withhold them from thee.' So may we say to the memory of this worthy knight: 'Repose yourself in our Catalogue, under what topic you please, of Statesman, seaman, soldier, learned writer, what not? His worth unlocks our closest cabinet, and provides both room and welcome to entertain him.'

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“He was born in Budeley (the County of Devonshire), of an ancient family, but decayed in estate, and he, the youngest brother thereof. He was bred in Oriel College, Oxford, and thence coming to Court found some hopes of the Queen’s favors reflecting upon him. This made him write in a glass window obvious to the Queen’s eye:—‘Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.’ Her Majesty espying, or being shown this, did under write:—‘If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.’ However, he at last climbed up by the stairs of his own desert; but his introduction into the Court did bear an elder date from this occasion. . . . This Captain Raleigh, coming out of Ireland to the English Court in good habit (his clothing then being a considerable part of his estate), found the Queen walking, till meeting with a plashy place she seemed to scruple going thereon. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the Queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his free and seasonable tender of so fair a foot-cloth. Thus, an advantageous admission into the first notice of a prince is more than half a degree to preferment.

“It is reported of the women in the Balear Islands that, to make their sons expert archers, they will not, when these are children, give them their breakfast before they hit the mark. Such the dealing of the Queen with this knight, making him to earn his honor, and by pain and peril to purchase what places of credit or profit were

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bestowed upon him. Indeed, it was true of him what was said of Cato Uticensis, that he seemed to be born to that only which he went about, so dexterous was he in all his undertakings,—in Court, in camp, by sea, by land, with sword, with pen. Witness in the last his History of the World, wherein the only fault (or rather defect) is, that it wanteth one-half thereof. Yet had he many enemies (which worth never wanteth) at Court,—his cowardly detractors, of whom Sir Walter was wont to say: ‘If any man accuseth me to my face I will answer him with my mouth; but my tail is good enough to answer such as traduceth me behind my back.’ ”

The same book, “*English Worthies*,” quotes many local proverbs he had encountered, his explanation and comments on which are equally interesting:—

Proverb I. “Wotton under Weaver,” “Where God came never.” It is time this old profane proverb should die in men’s mouths forever. It took its original from the situation of Wotton,—covered by hills from the light of the sun, and therefore a dismal place. But were there a place indeed where “God came never,” how many years’ purchase would guilty consciences give for a small abode therein, thereby to escape Divine Justice for their offenses!

Proverb II. “He may whet his knife on the threshold of the Fleet.” The “Fleet” is a prison, to which many are committed for their debts; so called from a brook running by, as *that* from

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its former fleetness, though now it creepeth slow enough; not so much for age, as the injection therein of City refuse wherewith it is obstructed. The proverb is applicable to those who never owed aught, or else, having run into debt, have crept out of it, so that they may defy danger and arrest, yea, may *triumphare in hostico*, laughing in the face of the serjeants. Surely the threshold of the Fleet so used setteth a good edge on the knife, and a better on the wearer thereof, making him a free spirit from all engagements.

Proverb III. "He must take him a house in 'Turn again Lane.'" This in old records is called "Windagain Lane," and lyeth in the Parish of St. Sepulchre's, going down to Fleet Dyke; in which men must turn the same way they came, for there it is stopped. The proverb is applied to those who, sensible that they embrace destructive courses, most seasonably alter their manners, which they may do without any shame to themselves. It is better to go back through "Turn-again," though a narrow and obscure lane, than to go (on an ill account) straight forward in a fair street hard by, whence "*vestigia nulla retorsum*," as leading westward to execution (i. e. the High Road to Tyburn).

Proverb IV. "Tenterden's Steeple is the cause of the breach in Goodwin Sands." This proverb is used commonly in derision of such as, being demanded to render a reason of some important accident, assign *non causam pro causa*, or a ridiculous and improbable cause thereof.

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Hereon a story depends: When the vicinage in Kent met to consult about the inundation of Goodwin Sands, and what might be the cause thereof, an old man imputed it to "the building of Tenterden Steeple in this County"; "for those Sands," said he, "were firm lands before the Steeple was built, which ever since were overflowed with seawater." Hereupon all heartily laughed at his unlogical reason, making that the effect in Nature which was only consequent in time,—not flowing from but following after the building of the Steeple. But one story is good till another is heard. Though this be all whereon the proverb is generally grounded, I met awhile since with a supplement thereunto. It is this: Time out of mind, money was constantly collected out of this County to fence the East banks thereof against the irruption of the Sea; and such sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester. But, because the sea had been quiet for many years without any encroachings, the bishop commuted that money to the building of a Steeple and endowing a church in Tenterden. By this diversion of the collection for the maintenance of the banks, the sea afterwards brake in upon Goodwin Sands. And now the old man had told a rational tale, had he found the due favor to finish it. And thus sometimes that is carelessly accounted ignorance in the speaker, which is nothing but impatience in the auditors unwilling to attend the end of the discourse.

After the overthrow and ruin of the royal cause,

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Fuller repaired to London and resumed with avidity his literary work. From 1648 till his death in 1661 he toiled continually and strenuously, chiefly upon the two great works just described. Robert South, who hated him, speaks of him as "always scribbling." "At length," says South, "the 'Church History' came forth with 166 dedications to wealthy and noble friends; and with this huge volume under one arm and his little wife [he had then married again] under the other, he ran up and down the streets of London seeking at the houses of his patrons invitations to dinner to be paid by his jests at table." Beneath this ill-natured caricature of South we discern the genial social qualities of Fuller, which made him ever a welcome guest at the houses of his friends, whose hospitality he richly repaid by his witty sallies and conversation at table, and by the "dedications" South refers to—as readable as anything he wrote—by which the piety and virtues of their ancestors, or themselves, were extolled and their names given a place on the roll of fame.

His moderation of tone during the Civil War now had its reward—he found good friends on both sides. Among these friends was the Earl of Carlyle, who presented him with the Curacy of Waltham Abbey, and John Howe, one of Cromwell's Chaplains. In danger of losing the living of Waltham Abbey through Cromwell's famous Ecclesiastical Court of "Tryers," before whom he was summoned for examination as to his cler-

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ical fitness, Fuller appealed to Howe for his friendly assistance, saying, "Sir, you may have observed that I am a pretty corpulent man, and I am to go through a passage that is very straight; I beg you would be so good as to give me a shove and help me through." By Howe's counsel, joined to his own prudence, Fuller was enabled safely to pass the dreaded ordeal.

He was reputed to have an extraordinary memory of whose marvelous power the "Tryers" desired him to give an example. "'Tis true, gentlemen," he said, "that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and, if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." They told him they should look upon it as an obligation and besought him to begin. "Gentlemen, I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular business in which you are employed. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbor, from his living, and committed him to prison. He has a large family of children and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you will please to release him from prison and restore him to his parish, *I will never forget the kindness while I live.* The brightness of this "instance," and the kindness of it toward a clerical brother in distress so pleased the "Tryers" that they granted this request also.

"The facetiousness of his temper," says an admirer, "added to his wit and learning made him generally beloved. He was so engaging that

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he made his associates pleased with their own conversation as well as his; his blaze kindled sparks in them till they admired their own brightness." "We verily declare for ourselves," says a reviewer of his life and writings, "that if we had the power of resuscitating any man from the dead, to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation, we do not know anyone on whom our choice would sooner fall than Fuller."

He found another powerful patron in Hon. George Berkley, of Cranford House, who presented him with the Cranford Church rectorship.

At the Restoration Fuller was made one of the royal Chaplains, and was about to be made a bishop, when he was attacked with sudden illness while preaching in Savoy Chapel and died of a malignant fever, Aug. 16, 1661, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in Cranford Church, where a mural tablet says, that "while he was seeking to immortalize others [by his 'Worthies,' which he was just finishing], he, himself, was immortalized."

But, happily for lovers of literature, he still lives for them in his works, and these are among the most interesting in the language—good companions for dull, heavy hours.

We have given examples of their contents; what are the qualities that distinguish him as a writer and as a man? As was stated at the beginning of this study, *wit* was his most distinguishing quality. This wit, like sunlight, brightened and glorified whatever subject it

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touched. It was inexhaustible and infinitely varied, but rarely acrid,—like sweet oil, not oil of vitriol. In this respect Fuller's wit is in striking contrast with that of Robert South, whose keen satire bites like a whip-lash those whose faults and vices he scourges. This made men afraid of him, though they laughed at his witticisms. They did not delight in his intimate companionship, as in the case of Fuller; were not similarly fond of having him as a guest at their tables for the pleasure his brilliant conversation gave to the company present.

This sparkling wit is usually united with a *wisdom* that flavors it agreeably to the taste. In all his rollicking mirth the lessons of wisdom are not forgotten; and because to the average mind they are dry and unsavory, he tries to make them more palatable, and in this endeavor he is successful.

His illustrative faculty, whether imagination or fancy, is also remarkable next to his wit in its power of lending attractiveness and force to his moral and religious teaching. Gems of thought are scattered by it with careless prodigality upon almost every page.

Vivacity—natural, sustained, unforced vivacity—is another characteristic quality of Fuller's. "His way of telling a story," says Lamb, "for its eager liveliness and the perpetual running commentary of the narrator happily blended with the narration, is perhaps unequalled. On account of this, there is scarcely a dull page in his volum-

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inous writings. See how interesting he makes a dry list of the names of Bible places by his quaint, droll comments upon their association!

“*Nain*, where our Savior raised the Widow’s son, so that she was twice a mother yet had but one child.”

“*Aphék*, whose walls, falling down, gave both death and grave stones to 27,000 of Benhadad’s soldiers.”

“*Gilboa*, the mountain that David cursed, that neither dew nor rain should fall on it; but of late, some English travellers climbing this mountain were well wetted,—David not cursing it by a prophetic spirit, but in a poetical rapture.”

“*Gilgal*, where the manna ceased, the Israelites till then having been fellow commoners with the angels.”

“*Gaza*, the gates whereof Samson carried away; and, being sent for to make sport in the house of Dagon, acted such a tragedy as plucked down the stage, slew himself and all the spectators.”

“*Pisgah*, where Moses viewed the land; hereabouts the angels buried him, and also buried the grave, lest it should occasion idolatry.”

Most people find the genealogy of Christ at the beginning of Matthew’s Gospel unprofitable, and they get but little benefit from the reading of it. But Fuller found it like a placer gold-mine, where a keen sighted miner discovers rich nuggets mingled with the sand, as the following example shows:—

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“Lord, I find the genealogy of my Savior strangely chequered with four remarkable changes in four generations. 1. “Roboam begat Abia”; that is, a bad father begat a bad son. 2. “Abia begat Asa”; that is, a bad father a good son. 3. “Asa begat Josaphat”; that is, a good father a good son. 4. “Josaphat begat Joram”; that is a good father, a bad son.

“I see Lord, from hence, that my father’s piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me. But I see also, that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son.”

He was a keen observer of men; shrewd in detecting shallow pretense and effective in hitting off and puncturing empty bubbles of conceit trying to pass themselves off as wise and worthy under a mask of modest reserve or prudent silence. “They do wisely,” he says, “to counterfeited a reservedness, and to keep their chests always locked,—not for fear any should steal treasure thence, but lest some should look in and see there is nothing in them.”

“Generally nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion. Yet, some by their solemn faces may pass current enough till they cry themselves down by their speaking; for men know the bell is cracked when they hear it tolled.”

He was an admirer of good women, as his “Dedications” show, but his admiration of them was cooled if their modesty was overborne by

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slavery to fashion. Of good women improperly dressed he says, "I must confess that some honest women may go thus, but no whit honest for going thus. That ship may have Castor and Pollux for the sign (Acts 28:11) which, notwithstanding, has St. Paul for the lading."

The impression may have been given from the examples offered and the anecdotes told that Thomas Fuller was frivolous in mind and lacking not only in seriousness but also in tenderness of heart and depth of feeling. But there are many passages in his writings which prove the contrary, that he was upon occasion suitably serious, tender and capable of the deepest sympathy.

Take the following passage in regard to those who had succumbed and recanted in the Marian persecution. "Heart of Oak hath sometime warped a little in the scorching heat of persecution. . . . When a child, I loved to look on the pictures in the Book of Martyrs. I thought that there the Martyrs at the stake seemed like the three children in the fiery furnace, ever since I had known them there—not one hair more of their heads burnt, nor any smell of the fire singeing their clothes. This made me think martyrdom was nothing. But oh, though the lion be painted fiercer than he is, the fire is far fiercer than it is painted. Thus it is easy for one to endure an affliction, as he limns it out in his own fancy and represents it to himself in a bare speculation; but when it is brought indeed, and laid home to us, there must be the man, yea, there must be

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God to assist the man, to do it. There is more required to make one valiant than to call Cranmer or Jewell, 'coward!' as if the fire in Smithfield had been no hotter than what is painted in the Book of Martyrs."

WHERE IS CHARLIE?

A Meditation on

A LITTLE BOY THAT DIED

Where hast thou been, these years, beloved?
What hast thou seen,—
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been?

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the time to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left.
O trusted broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!
The deep Heart answered, "Weepest thou?
Worthier cause for passion wild
If I had not taken the child.
What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again."

—*R. W. Emerson's Threnody.*

WHERE IS CHARLIE?

He left us many years ago. He was then a bright, fair-haired, radiant boy of nine years of age. A more blithe, sweet-natured child one seldom finds. As we used to hear him stirring and singing about, he reminded us of a song-bird in June, so happily active and so tuneful was his spirit.

His sudden removal from our family circle, after a brief, sharp sickness, left us stunned and bewildered at his loss. It was hard to realize what had happened. Many times in the few weeks following his death I had the same pathetic heart experience that the Rev. John Pierpont describes in his poem, "My Child":

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!
I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a foot-fall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

Oh, the difficulty of adjusting one's self, in such a case, to the changed situation! The fond hopes

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that are scattered! The large parental plans that may be buried in a little child's grave!

"How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!"

Since my own bereavement, I have been impressed by the large place in literature given to the death of children. Its pages are vocal with the sad complaints and mental bewilderment of parents over the loss of their precious offspring. How pathetic are some of these! Besides the poem of the Rev. John Pierpont already quoted from, that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, entitled "Only a Year"; that of James Russell Lowell, entitled "After the Burial"; Mrs. Craig's "My Little Boy that Died"; Emerson's "Threnody"; and many others.

In a letter to Carlyle, Emerson thus describes the sorrow that had befallen him in the loss of

The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom,

commemorated in his "Threnody":

A few weeks ago I counted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all. What would it avail to tell you anecdotes of a sweet and wonderful boy, such as we solace and sadden ourselves with at home every morning and evening? From as perfect and as happy a life . . . as ever child enjoyed, he was hurried out of my arms in three short days. . . . A promise like that boy's I shall never see. How often I have pleased myself that one day I should send to you this Morning Star of Mine, and stay at home so gladly with such a representative.

I dare not fathom the Invisible and Untold to inquire what relations to my departed ones I yet sustain. Lidian, the poor Lidian, moans at home by day and by night. You too will grieve for us, afar.

Where Is Charlie?

The following is Carlyle's reply—he never wrote anything more wise or tender:

This is heavy news that you send me. What can we say in these cases? There is nothing to be said—nothing but what the wild son of Ishmael, and every thinking heart, from of old, have learned to say: God is great, he is terrible and stern; but we know also he is good. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Your bright little boy, chief of your possessions here below, is rapt away from you; but of very truth *he* is with God, even as we that yet live are, and surely in the way that was *best* for him, and for you, and for all of us. Poor Lidian Emerson; poor mother! To her I have no word. Such poignant, unspeakable grief, I believe, visits no creature as that of a mother bereft of her child. The poor sparrow in the bush affects one with pity, mourning for its young; how much more the human soul of one's friend! I cannot bid her be of comfort. May good influences watch over her, bring her some assuagement. As the Hebrew David said, "We shall go to him: he will not return to us."

But where will they find him? And where is *my* Charlie? These questions have a double significance, both meanings of which are intensely interesting to us.

They may mean, where is the heaven to which he has gone? Is it afar off or nigh? I never doubted that he went to heaven. The words of Jesus concerning children, "It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish," assured me of this, and the assurance was confirmed by the religious character of my boy. He was a child of God from his earliest years, and beautifully exemplified the natural religiousness of children. Confidence in God's love and care, and faith in Jesus were as real with him as faith in his parents. He was fond

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of singing with jubilant voice, whose music I still can hear :

I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
Tells of his love in the book he has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
But this is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

Such a religious soul was "meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." But where is that realm of light? I do not think of it as afar off. It is "a far land" only in its remoteness from earth's sin. The Bible makes the impression on me that it is near at hand. The angelic messengers to men, spoken of in it, seem not, at their appearance, to have traveled far. They suddenly appeared and as suddenly vanished, as if only a veil separated their world from ours. Such likewise was the manifestation of Moses and Elijah at the transfiguration.

This impression made by the Bible as to the nearness of the heavenly world is confirmed by the examples of extraordinary spiritual vision and ecstatic happiness occasionally found among the dying. These departing saints have seemed, like Stephen, to see the heavens opened and the glory of God and Jesus, with whom they talked as with one near at hand. Some also, like the Shepherds at the Advent, have had the joy of hearing the heavenly host praising God.

In the interesting Journal of Mrs. Caroline Fox, mention is made of the death of a friend, Mrs. S., who said just before she expired, "Oh! I hear such beautiful voices, and the children's

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are the loudest." It was as if her hearing had become preternaturally acute with the progress of her body's dissolution, and she heard, not far off, celestial sounds and music, like the singing of angels and of the happy spirits of the redeemed, which those at her bedside, still closely wrapped in their vestments of dull clay, could not hear.

Though death, then, has separated me from my boy, we are not parted very far. The thought of this has made my heart less desolate. At times the sense of nearness has been like that of companionship, so that I can say with Mrs. Craig:

Continually God's hand the curtain raises,
And I can hear his merry voice's sound,
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.

My questions may also mean, in what stage of growth is he? I am writing on my child's birthday. Had he lived until now, supposing the promise of his childhood fulfilled, he would have become a well-proportioned, athletic young man, with a handsome thoughtful face, clear deep eyes, and attractive moral qualities. Did death entirely destroy that early promise? Did it arrest his spiritual development, and make him forever a child? Or did his mental and moral faculties keep right on in their development, like those of his surviving earthly playmates, though under the more favorable conditions, we may suppose, of the spiritual world?

I do not think any positive or certain answer

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can be given. We can only conjecture; and in the exercise of this liberty men will probably differ in their conclusions. In favor of the first view there are some reasons which, to say the least, give it plausibility.

One reason is found in the fact, which cannot be questioned, that most people think of those who die young as abiding in perpetual childhood. So general is this view, that it may be considered the *natural* view. Death embalms them so that they change not. The children that are lost are not the children that die, but those that live and cease to be children. Time robs us of our children, not death. The children that die forever remain such to our thought, with a transfigured beauty indeed, but still in the morning light of an immortal childhood. Thus they always appear to the mother in her wistful thoughts of them as she dwells on the mystery of death and questions its incommunicable secret; thus they revisit her, long years after, in sweet transporting dreams; and thus they keep alive in her heart, unwithered and fresh to the last, the blissful maternal affections they called forth and exercised. Can it be that such thoughts and visions are entirely delusive?

Another reason in favor of this idea of an immortal childhood for those who die young is found in the unsatisfactory conclusion that otherwise follows. It is not pleasing to think that children will be wanting to the perfected state of heaven; that, when the end of this world comes,

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and no more souls go hence to the spirit-world, then, after those who entered it as children shall have reached maturity, childhood will wholly cease, and be known only as a beautiful memory. A large part of earth's joy is derived from the children. Life would be dreary here without them. So, as we now feel, would heaven be also. It is difficult to perceive how it could be otherwise. No satisfaction, arising from the perfected development and maturity of the redeemed, could compensate, as it seems, for the loss of the charm imparted to life by the presence of children. The very angels themselves, who now minister to them, could hardly be pleased, one would suppose, at such a consummation.

And yet, notwithstanding these strong natural grounds for believing in the perpetual childhood of the children that die, the alternative proposed, that they keep on in their development until they reach maturity, is perhaps the more *reasonable*; has more to commend it to sober reflection.

Death is naturally reckoned but an incident in the life of the soul. If so, why should it be thought to stop the soul's growth? A broken column symbolizes a life that ends prematurely. But Christian hope suggests that the column is more gloriously completed elsewhere.

Childhood, though so lovely, is only one stage of the soul's normal life, and a stage of immaturity. If the soul were arrested by death in its development *there*, then death instead of perfecting would rob it of its perfection.

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For these reasons, most prefer to believe that the soul of the child, overtaken by death, continues to develop, but under more favorable conditions, like a bud removed to a more genial clime.

Longfellow was led to this belief by his Christian faith and possibly poetic insight. In his poem, "Resignation," he thus speaks of the daughter of a friend taken away in childhood:

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

• • • • •

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:
But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

Among the "more favorable conditions" into which young children overtaken by death pass, to have a better development than is possible here on earth, by reason of which the daughter of his friend would become

"a fair maiden
Clothed with celestial grace,"

the poet mentions *three* as certain, viz., the superior teaching of guardian angels in "that school," safety "from temptation," and safety "from sin's pollution." If this be thought a mere dream

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of the poet's imagination, we have something like a justifying *adumbration* of it in what occasionally is witnessed when a little child of the slums is removed from its demoralizing conditions by adoption into a Christian family, where wise and loving foster parents provide for it good teaching, and exercise over it a watchful care, to guard it from the temptations and sin's pollution existing in the slums as a moral blight to the children that continue to live there.

Whichever of these views described be true, I believe that the promise of my boy's childhood will be found fulfilled in a better way than if he had lived.

"Is not life, then, worth living?" Certainly. God has not implanted within us the natural love of life and the sentiments of hope and of honorable ambition for ourselves and those we love, to mock us with vain desires. "He that desireth life and loveth many days that he may see good" is justified in his hopes and wishes, provided he lives rightly. God has made the world beautiful for man to live in, and endowed him with faculties and capabilities of happiness which make life desirable. Despite its trials, disappointments and hardships, one may well say with Matthew Arnold:

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done?

Much more is life worth living from the Chris-

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tian's standpoint; especially in our Christian land and age of high pursuits and various opportunities of service.

Christ by living our human life added immensely to its dignity and worth. Who so dull of mind and slow of heart as not to have perceived this? Every stage of life, from infancy to manhood, has been glorified by the fact that He passed through it. The humblest tasks of life—the working man's toil and meager wage—have been ennobled and blessed by the thought that this Son of a Carpenter,—and himself a carpenter,—patiently endured them. And every earthly tie of friendship and family,—those of mother, sister, brother, son and father,—has been transfigured by the memory of the tender and sacred significance, which He, the Son of God, gave to every one of them. Son of God and son of man, He has linked together heaven and earth in his own person, and made the glory of one shed a light upon the other, to irradiate its various ways of hardship and duty, of struggle and sadness, which the sons of men are called to tread. Whosoever, therefore, now lives and acts in the spirit of Christ, will surely find life attractive and never question whether it be worth living.

But the Rev. W. J. Dawson represents Goethe in his old age as saying: "In all my seventy-five years I have not had four weeks of genuine well-being"; and another eminent man, an "ambitious and successful statesman," as affirming,

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"Youth is folly, manhood is struggle, old age regret." What was the trouble with these men? It was, as Mr. Dawson intimates, that they had not learned of Christ how to live. He invests life with a constant enduring charm.

His teaching enables us also to bear with fortitude and cheerfulness its trials, disappointments and hardships. These experiences are God's discipline for developing and perfecting a beautiful character. Such schooling is, in general, indispensable; as needful for our spiritual improvement in our present state of existence as that of childhood and youth for the highest glory of manhood. Not even Christ was exempt from it. And so the Christian should pray, with the Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock:

Lord, let me make this rule:
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

The most docile, faithful, unshrinking scholar, however, sometimes will look away from his task, and, gazing wistfully through the window at the blue sky and green fields, long to have school done. So does the Christian, in the midst of life's toil and struggle, sometimes long to escape from it, and enter the rest that remaineth for the people of God. He is glad that earth is not his abiding place; that his citizenship,—his real home,—is in heaven; and, therefore, he is ready

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to join gratefully with Maltbie Babcock in the closing verse of his poem:

Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As, with a shout
That school is out
And lessons done,
I homeward run.

In view of these experiences, it is not hard to believe that "to die is gain," even for a little child, if it pleases God to call him home.

God may have some other way to develop and perfect human character besides that of life's hard school. It must be so, since so many of the human race die in infancy and childhood. We can not think of them as robbed by Death of life's chief good. The love, which is "the greatest thing on earth," and which forms the basis of holy character, they may learn, as "their angels" learn it, by beholding in heaven the face of God the Father, and doing there his behests. They *certainly* have secured it, we care not further to conjecture how.

I have, therefore, no solicitude in regard to Charlie's welfare. Whatever he may have lost by his early death is more than counterbalanced by the heavenly gain. God took him to give him a fairer destiny. There is no telling what he might have become had he remained on earth.

"Few bring back at eve immaculate
The manners of the morn."

Life is a perilous boon. In spite of parental

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love and watchfulness, it often is attended with loss of all that makes childhood lovely. Often too the direful change is due to parental fault. I might have spoiled my child in his training. God in taking him kept him and *me* from that, and gave him a transfiguration. Therefore, I can say with John Williamson Palmer, whose poem, "For Charlie's Sake," seems written for me:

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King.

• • • • •

The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake and mine.

THE VALUE AND USES OF THE
IMAGINATION IN PREACHING
AND IN RELIGIOUS
LITERATURE

The sin of the pulpit against the Holy Ghost is dullness.
—*Sydney Smith.*

Imagination, no less than reason, is God's gift. It is the power by which dullness or boldness is avoided.
—*Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon.*

Imagination I regard as the most important of all the elements that go to make the preacher. It is a most vital element in preaching.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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IMAGINATION IN PREACHING
AND IN RELIGIOUS
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THE most successful preachers and religious writers of the past and present have been and are, almost without exception, distinguished for their power and use of the imagination. Their sermons and writings glow with light, life, and beauty. The truths they enforce are made clear, attractive, and pungent by appropriate illustrations. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Most people are best taught by object-lessons. Pictures and similes interest alike grown people and children. While abstract propositions and bald statements of truth leave a congregation, generally, dull, listless, and unresponsive; all faces light up with interest and show themselves wide-awake and attentive, when the preacher gives to them an apt illustration. Like an enchanter's wand, this opens dull ears and arrests careless attention. Only a fraction of the congregation, and the smallest fraction, too, can follow a train of close reasoning; but all of them can appreciate and enjoy a good story, or a simile which happily illustrates the thought. In the one case the preacher appeals to a faculty possessed

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in different degrees by a limited number; in the other, to one that is universal, at least in its receptive capacity. Though one declare and think himself destitute of imagination, this statement is not strictly true of any one. He may lack the poetic faculty, be incapable of the novelist's art or story-teller's power of invention, but not the vision and the faculty divine, which sees and delights in pictorial representations of truth when presented.

In the following essay, the functions of the preacher and of the religious writer are regarded as identical. The aim of both is clearly to convey and commend God's truth, and they are dependent alike upon the imagination to do so effectively. Neither of them is likely to succeed well unless possessed of this faculty, and skillful in his use of it; and his reputation in either case, whether in the ministry or in religious literature, is according to the perfection of his art. In our discussion of the subject, the work of the preacher is given the most prominence, but the work of the religious writer is not lost sight of. Sometimes distinction is won by a man in both of these fields; he is eminent as a preacher and also as a religious writer. John Bunyan, Jeremy Taylor, and Horace Bushnell are good examples. In these cases the truth is at one time conveyed by the voice, and at another by the pen; but in both instances the imagination is an invaluable instrument of persuasion in the efforts made to win the hearts of men to religion.

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What is the imagination? What things are included in the range of its operations? It is the picture-making faculty of the mind. "The imagination," says Dr. C. C. Everett, "is the power of mental vision, a power which creates that which it beholds." Its simplest operation is where the mind reproduces for itself the forms which the senses have presented to it before,—as when one recalls the scenes of childhood, or walks along a familiar street in a very dark night. The darkness is so great that his eye sees nothing,—not the houses on the street, nor the breaks and inequalities of the sidewalk; but his mind sees them,—their shape, color, location, and he walks on without hesitation or perplexity, and turns in at the right door.

Travelers and artists habituate themselves to this use of the imagination. The summer tourist who has visited Switzerland or England, on his return recalls the striking and sublime mountain scenery of the one, and the cathedrals, palaces, historic monuments, and cities of the other, and describes to listening friends what interesting things are stored in his mind as in a picture-gallery. It is said that the faces in the pictures of Raphael are but reproductions, many of them, of faces he had seen. Walking the streets of Florence or Rome, he saw these people, noted their features, expressions, attitudes, and gestures, and went home and depicted them on his canvas. This well-known fact has suggested to the teachers of schools of art a most valuable

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practice for training their pupils. They show them an object to be copied, and, permitting them to look at it awhile, withdraw it and require them to copy it from memory alone. Thus their pupils are taught to observe, to note accurately the form, pose, color, and other particulars observable in each of the objects studied, that these may be recalled to the imagination, and this may reproduce the mental pictures thus secured. Happy is that student, whatever be his subject of study, who has thus been trained to *observe* what his eyes behold. After a while his mind becomes stored with pictures of memory, subject to the call of the imagination, such as no gallery of art is large enough to contain.

But the imagination does more than accurately reproduce the things actually seen. It analyzes them into their elements, and recombines these elements into creations of its own. If the objects seen are defective, their defects are repaired by adding what is lacking to their perfection, as the faults of a face seen by Raphael were sometimes corrected by the great artist by substituting for the actual features whatever might be needed to make it ideally perfect. The imagination then appears as the idealizing faculty. It discerns in the familiar objects of the outward world analogies and resemblances to things spiritual; it exhibits these things to the mind in similes and metaphors that make them more tangible and impressive to it. In all cases alike, it takes the things encountered in nature and human experi-

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ence, and, perceiving in them a deeper and more glorious significance, finishes them up to its dream. It dreams or imagines better and fairer things than it finds in the outward world and in human life, because man is a child of God, and the Spirit of God inspires him with these ideas and conceptions of better things that have failed to be perfectly realized in nature and life; and it is the function of the imagination to receive these ideas and give more complete expression to them.

The materials upon which the imagination works are those actually furnished by nature and human experience. In its idealizing constructive work it adheres strictly to facts; it is loyal to the truths of nature and experience, and does not deviate from the lines they faintly disclose. In this, imagination differs from fancy, which is a frolicsome faculty conceiving things not found in heaven or in earth; as centaurs, satyrs and other creatures of fable, which combine features and qualities that are incongruous and unnatural.

It is this strict adherence of the imagination to the facts of experience that has made it, in the progress of knowledge, the useful handmaid of science, as set forth by Professor Tyndall in his famous essay upon "The Scientific Uses of the Imagination," published about the middle of the last century. In that interesting essay, Professor Tyndall shows that the most eminent men of science, instead of carefully avoiding, as often supposed, all use of the imagination and abso-

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lutely excluding it from any share in their investigations,—confining themselves to observed and proven facts,—have sometimes taken it into their service as a guide, and been conducted by it to their most brilliant discoveries. Kepler, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Fraunhofer (discoverer of the lines in the solar spectrum), and Edison may be mentioned as doing this. Their brilliant and important discoveries were, in the first place, but lucky guesses or conjectures of truth made by men who were familiar with certain facts whose import had previously puzzled and baffled many observers until it flashed upon their minds what these facts signified, and they leaped to the conclusions published to the world. This leap of the mind to conclusions suggested by the facts and phenomena of nature and experience is the work of the imagination. In a similar way it aids the inventor, and the architect, and the successful man of business. Each and all of them have beforehand visions or intuitions of the completed work, and are guided by these to the successful achievement of it.

But the imagination is the special handmaid of religion. Religion concerns largely, though not chiefly, the unseen world. Three-fourths of religion, some one says, is conduct. But the remaining fourth is where we get the motives and inspiration to right conduct. We derive them from our knowledge of God, from our apprehensions of duty and human possibility, from our belief in

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the destiny that awaits us as individuals and as a race, if we live according to the divine will.

Now the great question is, How can we come into vital relations with God? We all of us may say, with Job:—

“Oh that I knew where I might find him!
That I might come even to his seat!”
“Behold, I go forward, but he is not there;
And backward, but I cannot perceive him;
On the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold
him;
He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.”

To this bewildered cry of Job, followed by the declaration of trust,—

“But he knoweth the way that I take;
When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold,”

add the words of the Apostle Paul to the Athenians,—

“The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is he served by men’s hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; . . . that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from each one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; . . . For we are also his offspring. Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the God-head is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and device of man.”

The power that pierces the veil of mystery behind which God is hid—that feels after him, and finds him, and at length arrives at the tranquil assurance reached by both Job and the Chris-

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tian apostle—is the idealizing power of imagination. It is by this that we apprehend his presence, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty. It is by this that we perfect and maintain our conceptions of him, and renew and restore to freshness and power our fading ideals of character and conduct.

The gulf that separates ignorant, sinful man from God sometimes seems impassable. But it has been, and evermore may be, bridged. The bridge rests upon four sustaining piers: The revelation of God in nature, the revelation of God in human experience, the revelation of God in the gospel, and the revelation of God in human testimony concerning the victories of faith and the actual salvation of men from sin when ready to obey and live in harmony with him.

The beginnings of religion are laid in God's disclosure of himself in nature and human experience. The call of Abraham, the growth of his faith under God's providential leading, and Jacob's experience at Bethel, by which he was roused from sleep to a vivid realization of God's existence and unseen presence and led to consecrate himself to his service, are examples. These experiences of primitive religion are repeatedly given to men. Men are often brought nigh to God by the works of nature, and by their experiences in life, and they would often be so, if attentive to the disclosures God makes of himself in them. Well were it for us, if, in this respect, the childhood of the race were perennial, and we

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were always susceptible to the impressions of nature that hint the presence of God, like the Scotchman of whom Hamilton Mabie tells, who "for forty years was accustomed to take off his bonnet before the rising sun" in adoring homage to the beauty of the world and its Creator.

It is to the honor of poets that through their imaginations they preserve in undecaying freshness this susceptibility. Wordsworth gives us an example of it in the familiar lines:—

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

There are four great defects in the religion of most people:—

1. They have no worthy ideas of God. Their ideas are belittling and dishonoring to him, and powerless to produce in them any effect of reverence and true worship. Instead of thinking of him as "the High and the Holy One" that he really is,—and such as the Creator and Preserver of the world must be,—they think of him as their narrow, unspiritual thoughts conceive of him, and as the idols of the heathen represent him.

2. Most people have no adequate, influential conception of God's presence. Though "not far from each one of us," "closer than hands or feet," for in him we live and move and have our being, practically, in effect, he is remote to our

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feeling and our hearts are seldom stirred and thrilled by the realization of his presence.

3. Most people have but a faint notion of God's unfailing, infinite love for faulty, sinful men.

"The love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

This love embraces all sorts and conditions of men. None are excluded from it, however humble and unworthy. None need despair of its benefits, however black the record against them. The only condition of receiving it is a penitent heart ready to turn from its sinful courses, and live henceforth in obedience to God. "Let the wicked forsake his way," says the prophet, "and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

4. Most men have but little practical faith in God's active interest and controlling agency in human affairs. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." This declaration of the Psalmist should be the comfort and stay of every religious man. However dark the prospect may seem to human sight and judgment, his hope and courage and faith should remain unshaken.

"I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street,

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That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of Love,
As broad as the blue sky above:

.
That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day."

—*R. C. Trench.*

The preacher or religious writer should address himself continually and unweariedly to the effort to correct these defects. By a skillful use of the imagination he will be greatly helped to do this. He will dwell on the ideal of God, and feed his imagination upon the intimations of his love, glory, and greatness, found in nature and the pages of Scripture, until, like Robert Hall, he shall say:—

"The idea of the Supreme Being has this peculiar property: that, as it admits of no substitute, so from the first moment it is formed, it is capable of continual growth and enlargement. God himself is immutable; but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accessions, is continually growing more extended and effulgent, by having transferred to it new elements of beauty and goodness; by attracting to itself, as a center, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. It borrows splendor from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe;"

and men shall go from hearing his sermons transported with the thought of God; saying with St. Paul, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding

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out!" or with Charles Kingsley in the rapture of his spirit, "How beautiful God is!" or with Faber, as his heart utters itself in the hymn,—

"My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end."

A preacher also needs the help of a sympathetic imagination to adapt his gospel message to the various conditions of men. It has been truthfully said, that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." The temptations, trials, and miseries of that unknown half are never suspected by the other half. If they were, men would be more charitable in their judgments, more patient with their fellow-men's faults, more pitiful, and more active and strenuous to assist, relieve, and comfort one another. The preacher's imagination gives him a real insight into the situations of those variously tortured souls, guides him in his application of Christian truth, shows him how blind to their own welfare and how much they lose when men reject the grace of God of which he constantly speaks. As George Herbert says: "The thrusting away of his arm makes us only not embraced."

Finally, the preacher must have imagination, that he may duly estimate the value of the souls he tries to win, and the dignity of his ministerial office, as he preaches publicly and from house to house. There come times in his life when his work drags and his enthusiasm for it falters, and

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such complaining thoughts as these arise within him: "Who and what are these people for whom I am toiling, and upon whom I lavish without stint all my wealth of heart and mind, all my time and service? Few and small are their personal attractions, destitute of grace and social charm, narrow-minded, unappreciative and unresponsive, poverty-stricken in mental resources and worldly goods, they tire me and I am tired of visiting their poor homes, which my pastoral office obliges me to enter."

When such unworthy thoughts as these come, what is needed to rebuke his unchristian mood? The faculty of Ruskin, who, hearing one say, "What a dreary prospect you have here," replied, "Do you think so? When I look out I always see the sky." The vision and faculty divine of such an imagination makes the minister in his work tread in the footsteps of Christ and his apostles. He sees in these humble people those for whom Christ died; every one of whom is an object of his redeeming love, and has the possibilities of saintly character; whose humble dwelling God himself does not refuse to visit with his presence and blessing. As George Herbert says of his ideal parson, "He holds the rule that nothing is little in God's service; if it once have the honor of that name it grows great instantly. Wherefore neither disdaineth he to enter into the poorest cottage, though he even creep into it, and though it smell never so loathsomely; for both God is there also and those for whom God died."

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Seeing that the imagination is so potent a faculty, and has such an important function in the preacher's and the religious writer's work, what are its specific methods of operation? It has, like the sunlight, three distinct and well-recognized uses: *it illumines, it glorifies, and it vitalizes.*

1. *It illumines truth.* It thus aids the understanding to comprehend truth. It does this by the use of simile, metaphor, story, and other forms of illustration employed for this purpose. "Illustrations," says Thomas Fuller, "are the windows that let in light." When one rises in the morning and descends to the rooms below, where most of the day is spent and the work of the house is done, those rooms are dim because of the drawn curtains and closed shutters which gave privacy to the family the previous evening. A twilight invests almost everything, so that one with imperfect vision can scarcely see and is liable to stumble over things that stand in the way. What an illuminating effect is produced by lifting the curtains and opening the shutters! Everything then is clearly revealed in all its distinctive features of form and color. No difficulty then in making one's way and seeing at a glance whatever objects of utility or ornament may be contained in those rooms. Such is the effect, according to Fuller's metaphor, of appropriate illustrations: "They are the windows of speech; through them truth shines, and ordinary minds fail to perceive truth clearly unless it is presented to them through this medium."

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Men are often puzzled by questions like the following: Why did not Christ and his apostles eradicate immediately the social evils they found existing? Why did they not smite slavery and other forms of social wrong as with a tornado, overwhelming them in instant destruction? Why did they not lash the world to do it in the spirit and after the manner of those Jehus of modern reform who wish to drive on its chariot furiously? It is not easy to tell. The method of Christ and the apostles of Christianity was not the method of the common zealot of reform,—not one of lightning and quick destruction, but rather of slow death without violence.

Open a volume of the Sermons of Maclaren, and see how he lights up and makes clear these dark things of God. The two examples I take are found in the first sermon of the third series of "Sermons Preached in Manchester."

"Paul never said a word to encourage any precipitate attempts to change externals. He let slavery, he let war alone. . . . He believed in the diffusion of the principles which he proclaimed and the mighty name which he served as *able to girdle the poison tree and take the bark off it, and that the rest—the slow dying—might be left to the work of time.*"

A little further on, in the sermon, the preacher thus explains the potential good in things painful, and how all things may work together for good to them that love God:—

"A true appreciation of all outward good and a charm against the bitterest sting of outward evils are ours, . . . when we have learned to look upon our work as primarily

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doing His will, and upon all our possessions primarily as means for making us like Himself. Most men seem to think they have gone to the very bottom of the thing when they have classified the gifts of fortune as good or evil, according as they produce pleasure or pain. But that is a poor, superficial classification. It is like taking and arranging books by their bindings. . . . The only question worth asking in regard to the externals of our life is—how far does each thing help me to be a good man? . . . How far does it make me capable of larger reception of greater gifts from God? What is its effect in preparing me for that world beyond? . . . To care whether a thing is painful or pleasant is as absurd as to care whether the bricklayer's trowel is knocking the sharp corner off a brick, or plastering mortar on the one below it before he lays it carefully on its course. *Is the building getting on?* That is the one question that is worth thinking about."

The illuminating effect of good illustrations is best shown, perhaps, in the convincing effect they give to arguments. The undisciplined minds of common, uneducated people are soon wearied by endeavors to follow and appreciate the force and pertinency of arguments. After a little their attention flags and they give up the effort, unless the preacher can relieve their attention and brighten the obscurities of the way by apposite stories and pleasing figures of speech which they readily understand and enjoy.

One of the best examples we know of is given by Moses Coit Tyler in his "History of American Literature" as an extract from the writings of Roger Williams. The subject was "Religious Toleration," one of the most difficult that the mind of man can handle so as to make it appear reasonable and right in practice. So to treat it that the practice of it shall not seem to be dis-

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loyalty and treason to the truth Christians hold, men have labored in vain age after age to do. Though they have seemed to succeed, as did Jeremy Taylor in his excellent and convincing argument upon "Liberty in Prophesying," and John Stuart Mill in his eloquent and powerful "Essays on Liberty," yet when those who have pleaded for it regain their power, and the passion of controversy revives and the false zeal of religious intolerance flames up under the influence of churchly pride and arrogance, then they pursue dissent with the old relentless persecution, which when sufferers from it themselves they deprecated, and when breathing the tolerant spirit of charity created within them by a rational mind they had thought they never would practice again. Roger Williams' plea for religious toleration was concisely put by him in the following illustration:—

"It hath fallen out sometimes that Papists, Protestants, Jews and Turks may be embarked in one ship: upon which supposition I affirm that all the liberty of Conscience I ever pleaded for turns upon these two hinges, that none of the Protestants, Papists, Jews or Turks be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship,—nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any. I further add that notwithstanding this liberty, the commander of this ship ought to command the ship's course, yea, and also command that justice, peace and sobriety be kept and practiced both among the seamen and all the passengers. If any refuse to obey the common laws and orders of the ship concerning their own peace and preservation, if any shall mutiny and rise up against their commanders and officers—in such cases the commander may judge, resist, compel and punish such transgressors according to their deserts."

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Professor Tyler says: "Here we have the final result of ages of intellectual effort presented without effort,—a long course of abstract reasoning made transparent and irresistible in a picture. It fixes for all time the barriers against tyranny on the one side, against lawlessness on the other."

Such illustrations give convincing force as well as clearness to truth. "Vividness," says Hoyt, "is an element of strength. We feel strongly only as we see vividly"; and, we may add, we grasp and hold with tenacious conviction only the truths that we have been made to see clearly and feel strongly.

2. A second use of the imagination is to *give an attractive splendor to truth*. Truth needs not only to be made clear but beautiful and glorious. Recurring to our own illustration as to the illuminating power of imagination, how its touch is like that of the hand which opens the shutters of a darkened room in the morning, we recall the story of Sydney Smith,—how, when he came down from his chamber in the morning to the sitting-room below, he used to say as he opened its shutters to admit the sunlight, "Let us glorify the room!" So the preacher should try to exhibit truth in all its attractiveness. Often men have such misconceptions in regard to it, or such inadequate notions of it, that, instead of being drawn to Christ and the life he calls them to, they are repelled from him and the Christian life. It was the high distinction of Phillips Brooks as a

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preacher that he made Christianity appear glorious. In his sermons, as Professor Hoyt observes, Christian truth "is presented in its manifold relations, in the divineness of its meaning and power. The gospel is seen to be the most splendid thing in the world. The most heavenly motives are brought to bear upon the humblest duty, and not a fact or duty of life but is glorified by this heavenly light." Listen as he preaches on the text, "The truth shall make you free," and endeavors to show men that Christianity calls them to freedom and dignity and worthy living instead of bondage, and a contracted, undesirable life:—

"A man puts aside some sinfulness. He has been a drunkard, and he becomes a sober man. He has been a cheat, and he becomes a faithful man. He has been a liar, and he becomes a truthful man. He has been a profligate, and he becomes a pure man. What has happened to that man? Shall he simply think of himself as one who has entered upon a course of self-denial? Nay, it is self-indulgence that he has really entered upon. He has risen and shaken himself like a lion, so that the dust has fallen from his mane, and all the great range of that life which God gave him to live lies before him. This is the everlasting inspiration. . . . Oh! how this world has perverted words and meanings that the mastery of Jesus (which one accepts when he becomes a Christian) should seem to be the imprisonment and not the enfranchisement of the soul! When I bring a flower out of the darkness and set it in the sun, and let the sunlight come streaming down upon it, and the flower knows the sunlight for which it was made and opens its fragrance and beauty; when I take a dark pebble and put it into the stream and let the silver water go coursing down over it and bring forth the hidden color that was in the bit of stone,—opening the nature that is in them, the flower and stone rejoice. I can almost hear them sing in the field and in the stream. What then? Shall not man bring his nature into the fullest illumination, and surprise himself

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by the things that he might do? Oh the way in which we fail to comprehend, or, when we do comprehend, deny to ourselves the bigness of that thing which it is to be a man, to be a child of God!"

Such a preacher casts a transfiguring light upon the religion of Christ and makes men feel in regard to it like Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, happy to be there and desirous of abiding there in lasting tabernacles of peace and joy.

3. The third use of the imagination is to invest with *fresh, perennial* interest old, familiar, time-worn truths, to preserve them from the deadening effect of triteness and familiarity. Truth is affected by much repetition and talk about it, as a gold or silver coin by much handling. It becomes in this way defaced and tarnished, and its brightness dimmed. It needs to be *reminted*, so to speak, and renewed, that its value and beauty may be clearly seen and appreciated. The imagination, quickened by a fresh experience of its worth, renews it, and reminds it, and utters it to the delight and satisfaction of the world. In the course of time the most precious truth grows dull and despoiled of its original power. Its quickening force decays until its utterance ceases to stir the heart and move to action. Embodied in hymns, it thrills the soul, at first, but by and by the music loses its charm and becomes a weariness. Made the theme of the pulpit, the sermons uttered there attract and delight large congregations, hold them in rapt attention as if spell-bound,

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and produce wonderful conversions from lives of sin and transformations of moral character. But soon the sermons pall on the hearing and cease to attract or move. These phenomena of religious interest are only too common. They create for the minister, as his stay with his people continues year after year, a perplexing problem. How shall he maintain their interest in his preaching, how shall he preserve his own interest and enthusiasm in his work of ministering to them God's truth? There is only one way. The experience of the ministry in the past abundantly proves it. He must live near to God through prayer and constant unwearying study and meditation of his Word. He must feed upon it as his necessary daily food, and so keep piety alive, and he must, by the constant exercise and use of his imagination, seek to *vitalize* and preserve in undecaying spiritual power and significance the truth which he ministers. A vital Christianity never loses its power,—it is like the beauty of the morning and the springtime, of which men never grow tired, and to the charm of which their souls respond, no matter how often they have seen them or how old they are. As Wordsworth says:—

“So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man.”

Among preachers we find notable examples and illustrations of this in Bushnell, Maclaren, Beecher, and Phillips Brooks. They were eminent for their piety and spirituality fed continually

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from the celestial springs of Revelation, and for their poetic imaginations. You can scarcely open to a page of their sermons without finding evidence of it. The very titles of their sermons show it. We want to emphasize the fact that their imagination, as well as their piety and spirituality, imparted a perennial charm to their preaching. Without imagination, by bare statement and earnest iteration of Christian truth they might have interested men for a while and done much good, as does many a Salvation Army exhorter, or worker in the Young Men's Christian Association; but their ministry to their churches would have been short-lived instead of continuing year after year with unabating power and interest and profit to their congregations. We think, therefore, that we are warranted in recommending to the theological student and the young minister to cultivate the imagination by every means possible, that it, as the ally of his piety and evangelizing zeal, may impart to his preaching lasting interest and vitality. "It is," as a distinguished English bishop says, "the power by which dullness or baldness is avoided,"—"the power by which the truth of God may be arrayed in undecaying attractiveness."

Incidentally also it serves the important use of assisting men to remember the truth they hear, so that it shall not seem to go into one ear and pass out through the other. Good illustrations in sermons are a preserving salt to keep them long in remembrance. It was the discovery of this

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fact, when a young preacher, that led Guthrie to cultivate the pictorial style of preaching for which he became distinguished.

4. Still another use of imagination is to develop in men the idealizing habit, which enables them to rise above the cares and depressing circumstances which more or less vex and oppress all mankind. The preacher who kindles and *keeps alive* in the souls of his hearers the ideals of religion, makes religion the solace and inspirer of their souls in times of special discouragement. The influence of true, vital religion on men's minds is analogous to that of poetry. "Poetry," says Emerson, "is the consolation of mortal men." But religion more than poetry is fitted to console men. The sorrows, trials, and vexations of life, with the disgust they produce in the mind, often make life a dreary possession. It is then like a sea shell, whose exterior is rough, corrugated, weather-stained, of which one may say, "There is no beauty in it that we should desire it!" But as such a shell may be lined with pearl tinted with the colors of the sunset, and its concave appear like an image of the sky, so life has a hidden under-side that may yield something like heavenly delight, and it is the work of religion, far more than of poetry, to discover that beauteous better side of life, and turn it to the view of men and make them insensible or superior, through the inspiration and joy it gives, to the unlovely, repulsive side. How many illustrations we have of this in the Bible, and in the con-

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stant experience of God's people! When Elisha and his servant were encompassed by a hostile host with horses and chariots at Dothan, the servant cried, "Alas! what shall we do?" "Fear not," the tranquil prophet said, "for they that be with us are more than they that be with them"; and when at his prayer the Lord opened the young man's eyes, he too became calm, seeing the "mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," the apostle Paul says. He lived in the visions of his imagination. Therefore he could say, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Christ made a little child the type of a Christian disciple, because his disciples should have the vision and the faculty divine characteristic of children. In the midst of most forbidding circumstances children are persistently happy. Their homes may be cheerless and poverty-stricken, they may be clothed in rags and have scarcely anything bright and pleasant about them, and yet their joy abounds. It is because they do not live wholly in the actual world about them, but largely in an ideal realm. Observe the occasional dreamy look on their faces. Their eyes may fall upon things dark and repulsive, but it is as if they saw them not. They seem to look *through* them to some glory beyond. By this imaginative faculty and their hopefulness

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they rise superior to the dreariest situations, and live in a world of light and beauty. It works greater marvels than the magician's wand.

"It makes them rich in greatest poverty;
Makes water wine; turns wooden spoons to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Where'er it comes it seems from heaven sent,
Filling the heart with song, banishing discontent."

So with those who wait on God. By their faith-quickenened imaginations and beatific visions they are transported out of themselves and away from their troubles.

It was one of the distinctions of the late Dr. C. L. Goodell, of St. Louis, as a pastor and a preacher, that he had the prophet's and the child's imaginative insight to make him cheerful and tranquil, and that in his ministry he had the prophet's power of opening men's eyes to spiritual realities and of calming their fears and disquietude in the midst of life's worry. The same thing may be even more strongly affirmed of Phillips Brooks, as appears from the remarkable sermon on "Unseen Spiritual Helpers" in the volume entitled "New Starts in Life."

Some may think that the subject has no pertinence to them because they think their natural gift of imagination is so small that it is vain for them to cultivate it or try to use it. No doubt the natural gift of some is larger than that of others, but even these have it in sufficient degree, we think, to warrant them in making the most of it. Thus doing, they are certain to surprise and

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delight themselves and those who know them by the gratifying results of their endeavors. This was the case of Dr. William M. Taylor, who in the beginning of his ministry thought he had no faculty for it and seldom attempted an illustration in his preaching, but, being led by Sydney Smith's witticism that "the sin of the pulpit against the Holy Ghost is dullness," and by his own observation that his preaching was ineffective, he cultivated the art—persistently and perseveringly cultivated it—until he became remarkable for his power of apt, varied, and impressive illustration.

It is a power which grows with use, and after a while becomes affluent in its store of illustrative riches. The testimony of Henry Ward Beecher, the Shakespeare of our American pulpit, is suggestive and encouraging. He says in his Yale Lectures on Preaching:—

"While illustrations are as natural to me as breathing, I use fifty now to one in the early years of my ministry. I developed a tendency that was latent in me and educated myself in this respect; and that, too, by study and practice, by hard thought and by a great many trials, both with the pen, and extemporaneously by myself when I was walking here and there. Whatever I have gained in that direction is largely the matter of education."¹

A few words need to be said as to the fields where the preacher would best seek his illustrations. Not in books, or compilations of illustrations, such as circulars of some enterprising publishers try to tempt us into buying. To buy

¹ First Series, p. 175.

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them with the expectation of pleasing with them is like supposing that men would prefer to drink the stale water of a catch-rain barrel to quenching their thirst with the sweet water of a living spring. A minister's purchase and use of them is like a man who is blest with good legs for walking buying a pair of crutches and hobbling on them instead of using his own legs. We indorse with entire approval Dr. John Watson's satire upon this folly:—

"It is said that there are ingenious books which contain extracts—very familiar as a rule—on every religious subject, so that the minister, having finished his sermon on faith or hope, has only to take down this pepper caster and flavor his somewhat bare sentences with literature. If this ignominious tale be founded on fact and be not a scandal of the enemy, then the Protestant Church ought also to have its *Index Expurgatorius*, and its Central Authorities insert therein books which it is inexpedient for ministers to possess. In this class should be included 'The Garland of Quotations' and 'The Reservoir of Illustrations,' and it might be well if the chief of this important department should also give notice at fixed times that such and such anecdotes, having been worn threadbare, are now withdrawn from circulation. The cost of this office would be cheerfully defrayed by the laity."¹

Abjuring, then, all such ready-made illustrations, let the preacher endeavor to invent or find his own. He will find these as a rule more pertinent to his need, and they will be more pleasing to his hearers from having a flavor of his personality. This flavor of personality, given by a preacher to his thinking and preaching, is usually one of his best qualities. He cannot afford to lose

¹ The Cure of Souls, pp. 50-51.

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it by borrowing from others assistance which he would do better without.

As to where the preacher shall seek his illustrations, this will depend largely upon his personal tastes and predilections, and the field of his labors. "The world is all before him where to choose." He may wisely be advised to draw his illustrations from many sources—the Bible, History, Travel, Literature, Science, the Arts, and the Trades. Thus the truth will receive a manifold explanation, and all classes of people be likely to be interested in turn, and impressed and benefited by it, from having it interpreted and enforced in so many different ways. And let him remember that some of the most impressive and telling illustrations are still to be found where Christ and his apostles found them, among the homely, common things of life. These are not to be despised because homely and familiar, for, as vehicles of truth, they are all the more effective with common people on this account. "Doubtless the Holy Scripture," says George Herbert, "intends thus much when it condescends to the naming of a plow, a hatchet, a bushel, leaven, boys piping and dancing, showing that things of ordinary use are not only to serve in the way of drudgery, but to be washed and cleansed and serve for lights even of heavenly truths."

One may be wisely cautioned not to overdo the matter. Let him keep his illustrations strictly subordinate to the truth, not using more of them than is needed for his purpose, nor dwelling too

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long on any single one, lest he seem to be lacking in seriousness and to care more for the entertainment of his hearers than for their religious instruction and persuasion to right living. Giving heed to these counsels and cautions, he will find the imagination most helpful to his aim as an expounder of truth and promoter of righteousness.

**THE PSYCHOLOGIC VALUE OF
SELF-FORGETFULNESS**

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark.—*Saint Paul.*

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is when the soul unto the lines accords.

—*George Herbert.*

If I cannot do great things, I can do small things in a great way.—*James Freeman Clark.*

THE PSYCHOLOGIC VALUE OF SELF-FORGETFULNESS

THERE are some matters of common experience of which the received explanations are not satisfactory. Of these is the disappointment felt in visiting some wonder of nature or art, of which we have heard glowing accounts and formed exalted conceptions. The popular and generally received explanation is, that the imagination has previously formed such an exaggerated notion of the object, that when seen it appears common and of but little worth.

This may be true, and may explain in part, but does not account for the fact that as we linger in the presence of the object, its power gradually dawns upon us by imperceptible advances, until our souls are filled with its glory as the horizon is filled with morning light.

This new discovery indicates that something else besides extravagant expectation causes our disappointment; something that makes the real excellence, which later impresses us, invisible to our eyes at first. A much more satisfactory solution is found in a very able article in an early number of the *American Theological Review*, from the pen of the late Professor Henry B. Smith. Professor Smith ascribes the disappointment, of which we have spoken, to the self-con-

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scious state we are in at the time we first look upon the object. He thus states the case and gives its explanation:

“However truly the heart may be working, begin to watch it and it ceases to work. Begin to think of your own emotions and, as a present fact, they are no more. They vanish under your scrutiny. This for the simple reason that your attention is withdrawn from the object that awakened them. We are apt to be most charmed by spectacles that come upon us unawares; not so much from the force of novelty, but because they absorb us.”

The principle involved in this explanation is of wide application, throws light upon many curious facts in human experience, and suggests some interesting reflections upon the value of self-forgetfulness as a condition of mental power. Without this, excellence of performance of any kind seems impossible. Wherever the first disappointment is succeeded by an entire appreciation ready to declare that the half had not been told, the change in judgment and feeling arises from the fact that the mind ceases to look inward upon itself. The objects gradually beguile it from its self-contemplation, and fix it by an insensible fascination entirely upon themselves. Then, and not till then, is their full glory discovered. It has shined with an equal radiance all the while, but the averted mind could not be illumined by it.

We here find the secret of the most magical

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power possessed by trivial relics and memorials. Two travelers were once wandering among the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, seeking to form some conception of the ancient magnificence of the city, and to realize the exalted emotions with which they had expected to be agitated in the place. But the expected tide of feeling did not flood their souls; they wandered about unmoved amidst the splendid desolation. The historic memories of the place were recalled in vain. They evoked no pleasing illusions of departed grandeur. The old city still remained a lifeless abstraction, and the glowing visions of a re-summoned past, of which other visitors had told, a dream and a fable. But with a sort of listless persistency they continued their explorations, examining hidden nooks and odd recesses, till one who had climbed up with a bold hardihood to the roof of the ruined Parthenon, came suddenly and by a sort of surprise upon a sculptured flower, hidden in a sheltered nook under the over-hanging roof, as fresh and perfect as when it sprang up like a thing of life under the chisel of the artist two thousand years before. In this retreat, sheltered from the wearing winds and rains, it had escaped the ravages of time, the mutilating rage of the barbarian Turk, and the sacrilegious vandalism of travelers and museum collectors little less barbarous, blooming like an immortal lily in the midst of surrounding decay. In an instant the eyes that had been holden were opened, and Athens as she was in the days of Pericles,

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in all her architectural magnificence, rose before them as if by enchantment—the dead city reviving again like the fabled Phœnix from her ashes.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table once had a similar experience, which he thus narrates in words that give full confirmation to the view advanced:

“Lively emotions very commonly do not strike us full in front, but obliquely from the side. A scene or incident in undress often affects us more than one in full costume. The rush that should have flooded my soul in the Colosseum did not come. But walking one day in the fields about the city, I stumbled over a fragment of broken masonry, and lo! the World’s Mistress, in her stone girdle—‘*alta moenia Romae*,’—rose before me, and whitened my cheek with her pale shadow, as never before or since.”

The same principle applies to all our enjoyments and emotions of pleasure. Whenever this shadow of self peers over our shoulder to observe them, we are distracted, and their best relish to us is gone. The only moments of perfect rapture we have are those which we catch when we escape from ourselves; for then only do our minds work with a full energy.

How common is the feeling of disappointment when one hears for the first time any distinguished orator or speaker! Perhaps the experience of men is almost uniform in such cases. What is the reason? Not, as is generally supposed, because too much has been expected of

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him, but because we give the speaker a divided attention, and do not yield ourselves wholly to his influence. Mindful of the reports which we have previously received of his eloquence, how he sways at will the feelings of his auditors, exciting laughter or tears, fierce indignation or gentle pity, as suits his purpose, we are from the first on the lookout for similar effects upon ourselves. We seek to verify in our own experience all that we have thus heard reported. We listen with an introverted gaze. We say to ourselves: "Let us see what there is in this much applauded man. Is report a veracious witness concerning his power? Is he really such a master of the human heart that he can make it play any tune he pleases, whether sad or gay, soft or loud? If so, let him touch us as he touches others." Thus half of our attention is given to him and half to ourselves; or we alternately turn to him and to ourselves, and at each turn the weaving spell is broken.

To feel his power, we should yield ourselves up to him and become absorbed in his speech with no distracting thoughts about its effect. Let its effect be considered afterwards, if you will, but now there is no time for such reflection. The heart will not act under observation. Its emotions are shy of inspection, and however warm their play or high their frolic, if curiously looked in upon they as quickly retire to their cells as the fabled fairies vanished when surprised at their moonlight revels. Unless, therefore, this

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subjective alertness can be laid asleep we give the orator no fair chance.

What has here been said of orators and preachers holds equally well of celebrated singers. We venture to say that years ago when Jenny Lind came to this country and gave her first concert, many who then heard her were not so delighted with her first performances as with those that came after. They were incapable of it by reason of their self-consciousness. We remember reading a newspaper account several years since of a distinguished singer's debut in Boston. It declared her first reception to be rather cold. Her finest strains received only a feeble applause. But as the evening advanced, the feeling of the audience gradually thawed, and toward its close the enthusiasm was rapturous. Now it was with no intentional reserve, assumed for the purpose of showing themselves superior to the people of other cities, that her audience received the fair performer with such coldness. Neither was it because she failed to meet their expectations; the hearty applause awarded her at last disproves this supposition. Nor, again, was it probably due to her having sung inferior pieces at first, though it may be a rule to withhold the best until the last. The result would no doubt have been the same had the order of the programme been reversed. The true explanation lay hid in the principle we are considering. The audience did not listen directly to the first piece, but to its echo in themselves. They were not so attentive to the

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singing as to their judgment of the singing, and the question whether the delight it produced was worthy of the singer's antecedent fame. Their admiration was not awakened till they gave an undivided attention to what alone could awaken it. As soon as they did this, whether from weariness at the double attention, or because beguiled into forgetfulness by the charm of her singing, then they recognized her eminence and were ready to confirm her reputation.

There is another mystery of experience, to which this fact of self-consciousness furnishes the clew. It is, reason why formal preparation to entertain, and elaborate efforts to please, generally prove a failure. These things set us to self-examination, which is opposed to a condition of just appreciation. As arguments avowedly entered upon to change one's opinions arouse a spirit of opposition which will not be convinced, so these undisguised endeavors to please produce a self-consciousness which, while it lasts, removes the capacity of enjoyment. Hence such impromptu occasions of delight as come upon us without flourish of announcement move us most gratefully. Says Herbert Spencer:

“Who that has lived thirty years in the world has not discovered that pleasure is coy, and must not be too directly pursued, but must be caught unawares? An air from a street piano, heard while at work, will often gratify more than the choicest music played at a concert by the most accomplished musicians. A single good picture

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seen in a dealer's window may give keener enjoyment than a whole exhibition gone through with catalogue and pencil. By the time we have got ready our elaborate apparatus by which to secure happiness, the happiness is gone. It is too subtle to be contained in these receivers garnished with compliments and fenced round with etiquette."

We have thus far considered self-consciousness, or self-watchfulness, as it is seen to affect injuriously the mind when held in a comparatively passive state. It is quite as annoying when the mind would exert itself more actively.

No truth is more familiar to us than that the advantage we obtain from reading is proportionate to the attention with which we read. Perfect attention is entire absorption. This cannot exist, it is evident, without a total self-oblivion; it is the experience of most of us that no cause of distraction is more troublesome than its opposite. If, for example, while reading a book, we never forget the advantage or pleasure expected from it, we are sure to miss the greatest good of it. Mrs. Browning well states the case:

"We get no good
By being ungenerous even to a book
And calculating profits, so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, in a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty or salt of truth,
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

As in reading, so with speaking or preaching.
It is not always entirely the fault of the hearers

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that the first moments of a distinguished speaker's discourse produce in them a feeling of disappointment. It may be partially the fault of the speaker, himself. Yet there is the same general cause. He is troubled with self-consciousness as well as his auditors, which makes him appear constrained and unnatural. Perhaps he is naturally diffident, and the presence of the audience embarrasses him. Instead of thinking only of what he is to say, he is thinking also of the appearance he makes, and whether he is likely to maintain his reputation. He would be speaker and auditor too, and tries to hear and judge of the merits of his own discourse, while he is making it. As long as he continues such vain endeavors, he cannot be otherwise than frigid and mechanical. But as his thoughts are gradually withdrawn from self to become engaged with his theme, and this entrances him more and more, he warms to his work and grows eloquent.

A memorable passage in Phillips Brooks' "Lectures on Preaching" occurs to us as a fine confirmation of our thought as to the hindrance to the preacher caused by self-consciousness: "I put next to the fundamental necessity of character as an element of the preacher's power the freedom from self-consciousness. My mind goes back to a young man whom I knew in the ministry, who did an amount of work at which men wondered, and who, dying early, left a power behind him whose influence will long go on after his name is forgotten; and the great feature of his character

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was his forgetfulness of self. . . . There is wonderful clearness and economy of force in such simplicity. No man ever yet thought whether he was preaching well without weakening his sermon. I think there are few higher or more delightful moments in a preacher's life than that which comes sometimes when, standing before a congregation and haunted by questionings about the merit of your preaching, which you hate but cannot drive away, at last, suddenly or gradually, you find yourself taken into the power of your truth, absorbed in one sole desire to send it into the men whom you are preaching to; and then every sail is set, and your sermon goes bravely out to sea, leaving yourself high and dry upon the beach, where it has been holding your sermon stranded. . . . Devotion is like the candle which, as Vasari tells us, Michael Angelo used to carry stuck on his forehead in a pasteboard cap, and which kept his own shadow from being cast upon his work while he was hewing out his statues."

The writer once knew a certain preacher who at times would display an extraordinary power of eloquence. Ordinarily he was one of the most awkward and ungainly of men, preaching generally with a hand in his trousers' pocket and his eyes bashfully fixed upon his manuscript. But when excited to a certain pitch of feeling where he ceased to think of himself, he would take on a surprising grace of action and grandeur of appearance. An excessive or a morbid self-con-

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sciousness usually bound him as with invisible cords which cramped and restrained his action. Self-forgetfulness, whenever the interest of his discourse was such as to beguile him into it, alone gave him liberty. Then the fetters of reserve were burst asunder and he dilated into the majesty of an ancient god. His astonished flock then could scarcely believe it was their pastor who addressed them in such a grandly eloquent strain, so great was the transformation in him. But if these sudden revelations of a chained and repressed majesty were amazing, it was like seeing an Apollo turned into a satyr when he relapsed into his habitual awkwardness; and the sad query perplexed those who discerned his worth, how such a genius could be so enslaved.

The effect of this state of mind is the same upon literary composition. We find it unfavorable here as elsewhere. Self-forgetfulness is necessary to perfect performance. We find abundant illustration of this in the history of every literature. The great masterpieces of a nation are the products of its unspoiled childhood, when it expresses itself with a natural grace and an unaffected simplicity, according to its own free, unchecked impulses. After a while the national mind, like that of an individual growing out of childhood, becomes as it were hobbledehoy. Then it is self-conscious and affected, and all that it does is stiff and mechanical. If any hearty, genuine utterance is ever made, it is when some all-absorbing topic has been suddenly presented, or when the watchful

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spirit is beguiled of its vigilance by the soothing, silently wrought charm of genius and nature.

Metaphysics is a later growth than poetry, and both cannot flourish in highest excellence in the same period. Criticism as a distinct department of literature does not begin to exist until the age of highest inspired production has closed. Here as elsewhere, the critical faculties must sleep while the mind is at its work; else, seeking to supervise its operations, they only paralyze its action, or render it constrained and unnatural. Macaulay says of Shakespeare, that he

“Falls into affectation whenever he means to be particularly fine. While he abandons himself to the impulse of his imagination, his compositions are not only the sweetest and the most sublime, but also the most faultless that the world has ever seen. All that is bad in his works is bad elaborately and of malice aforethought. The only thing wanting to make them perfect was, that he should never have troubled himself with thinking whether they were good or not.”

His genius, like the fairy Lady of Shallot, reflected in perfect truth and with something of a superadded grace all the phases of human life and the beautiful forms of the natural world, as they came into its crystal field. While he wove steadily and had no other care, he wrought a magic web; but when he turned back the curse fell upon him.

“Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side.”

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It is said as illustrative of the morbid self-consciousness under which Thomas Campbell wrote, that

“Whenever Campbell the poet sat down to compose, Campbell the critic sat down on the other side of the table to criticise and condemn. The result was such as might have been expected. Though perfect in finish, the most of his poetry is almost wholly destitute of animating freshness of spirit—polished, but tame, and discovering traces of the curb. Like the chagrined lover’s spleenful portrait of the face of Maud, it might be characterized as

‘Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more.’”

The truest and best poetry is not written in this way. “Thoughts that breathe and words that burn” are born and blended in moments of deep fervor. They can come only when the mind is wrought up to a fiery pitch of feeling; only during the white heat of passion. One might as well expect to scatter a shower of sparks from iron plunged in water, as burning thoughts in glowing words while in the chilling mood and process of criticism.

“No smooth array of phrase,
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,
Which the cold rhymer lays
Upon his page with languid industry,
Can wake the listless pulse to liveliest speed,
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.”

This is our own Bryant’s judgment of this style

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of composition. In another stanza he lays down the truer method:

"The secret wouldst thou know
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?
Let thine own eyes o'erflow;
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
And bind in words the fleet emotion fast."

One more example of the harm of self-consciousness. It is a certain difficulty of religious experience, which often troubles with distressing doubts, and holds in spiritual gloom, many really good and sincere Christians. The difficulty alluded to concerns the subject of religious enjoyment. A person, from reading the biographies of pious people and from hearing their recitals of Christian experience, comes to regard certain joyous feelings as the unfailing and necessary signs of spiritual renewal. At that mysterious touch of God whereby the soul is regenerated, they are presumed to gush out and fill the heart to overflowing, as an opened fountain fills its basin. Looking upon them thus as certain evidences of true conversion, the man, as soon as he has resolved to become a follower of Christ, is anxious to realize in himself these feelings of joy and peace. So he fixes his gaze inward to see if he can discover there anything identical with them. But he finds nothing to correspond, and is therefore plunged in distress. He thinks that God, who is gracious to all, turns away from him; fears lest he has committed "the unpar-

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donable sin"; that, therefore, though now he would inherit the promised blessing, he is rejected; and there is no place for repentance, though he seek it carefully with tears.

What is the reason of this absence of joy and consequent despondency? Most frequently simply this: The man will not allow himself to experience it, through his persistent introspection. His attention is withdrawn from the things which would produce it,—viz., the thoughts of God, his unfailing promises and the glory of the atonement,—and is turned within to look for emotions that will not come forth to meet such inspection.

If a genuine emotion should begin to flow it would be frozen stiff and still by this effort to examine it. Let the man turn away from himself and lift up his eyes to the cross of Christ, behold the glory and sufficiency of the atonement, and confide in the declaration that "whosoever will" may "come and take the water of life freely"; finally, let him put his hands to the work that God gives him to do, regardless whether the looked-for joy be given at once or not, and he shall not be long without it. Nay, it shall come even as he ceases to look for it, as Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene when she turned away from the sepulchre where she had vainly sought him, and wept that she could not find him.

Our subject explains how vanity and ambition are often self-foiled, and prevent the attainment of that which excites them. Excessive solicitude

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for the esteem and admiration of men induces a habitual state of self-consciousness incompatible with the excellences which alone can win them. Then affectation in its various forms is likely to arise. The mind, while thus reflecting upon itself, being incapable of any genuine, natural working, seeks to gratify its vanity by artificial and counterfeit products, which, however well executed, bear but a sorry resemblance to its spontaneous growths. He who thinks to be eloquent only utters bombast. Affected pathos moves to disgust rather than to tears. Even in the matter of bodily motion, one can not do well what he does self-consciously. The man who aims to walk with a graceful carriage will strut, and the woman mince.

Observe the contrast exhibited, in this particular, between the movements of artless childhood and those of self-conscious boyhood or manhood. How charming are all the attitudes of a child! how graceful every motion! because it moves about in self-forgetfulness, as nature impels, intent only upon its objects, and never troubling itself about appearances.

In literary labors, he only possesses genuine power who, regardless of applause, can sit in the circle of his own thoughts, and preserve the spell under which he weaves them into beautiful combinations from being dissolved by the voice of flattery.

A child-like nature is as necessary to the highest intellectual attainment as to a right entrance

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upon the Christian life. The simple earnestness with which it is absorbed in the objects that fill its vision, is the only atmosphere in which the best things are possible. Into such a soul all nature pours her wealth, unobstructed by barriers of self-criticism.

Greatness of mind through all time has been characterized by this simplicity and directness of habit, and has worn it as its most appropriate and graceful adornment. And in truth, what a dignity, above all reach of affectation, is there in a simple, artless character whose traits hang as naturally upon it as blossoms upon a fruit tree, and as much excel all affectation as a genuine product of nature excels any insipid imitation of it! The one has the luster and fragrance of a divine creation; the other the tawdry color and bungling finish of a human manufacture.

A man acts and lives most becomingly, when unconscious of it. Happy, therefore, is he who can entrance himself in his work. Using the words of another, with some slight accommodation, we say that such

“A man’s life may possess all the majesty which the imagination pictures in archangels and in God. . . . He who rests utterly in his action shall belittle . . . whatsoever mankind has dreamed or fabled of grace or greatness. He shall not peer about with curiosity to spy approbation, or with zeal to defy censure; he shall not know if there be a spectator in the world; his most public deed shall be done in a divine

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privacy on which no eye intrudes; . . . his deed when done falls from him like autumn apples from their boughs; neither the captive of yesterday nor the propitiator of tomorrow, he abides simply, majestically like a god, in being and doing.”

The classic mythology tells the story of Metanira—how she robbed her infant son of immortality by watching its divine nurse as she secretly performed the rites that would make her child a god. So men may debar the offspring of their brains, if not of immortality, yet of great excellence, by a too eager self-inspection. If nature would act unobserved, if she asks a veil of secrecy for her processes, it is folly to spoil all, and deprive ourselves of what she would do for us, by insisting on watching her methods. If it is a fact that we see better, hear better, write better, speak better, and do better every way, when we are not thinking of how we are doing, but are absorbed in whatever occupies us, it is surely well worth while to leave out of mind all such troublesome thinking. Self-forgetfulness, in the obvious sense which our theme suggests, is like bodily health, the condition of the highest enjoyment and efficiency.

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